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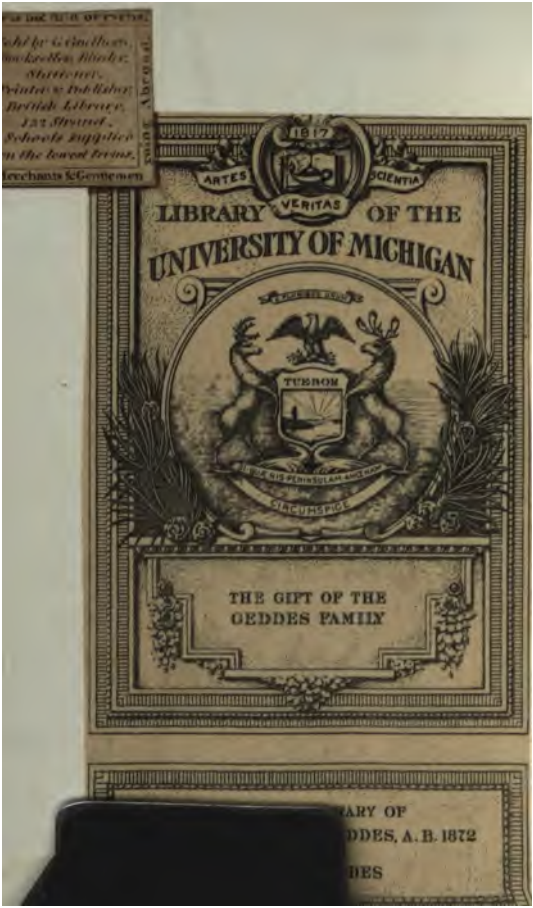
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHA. CHURCHILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Muse's office was by Heaven design'd
To please, improve, instruct, reform, mankind;
To make dejected Virtue nobly rise

[redacted]

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ROSCIAD,	CONFERENCE,
APOLOGY,	FAREWELL,
NIGHT,	CANDIDATE
EPIST. TO HOGARTH,	JOURNEY.

Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heaven, indulgent, grant that prayer!)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams thro' the church-yard whilst his dinner 's drest,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies;
Whilst, (O what joy that pleasing flattery gives!)
Reading my Works, he cries--Here Churchill lives!

CANDIDATE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1793.

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THE LIFE OF
CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THIS gentleman was the son of the Rev. Mr. Charles Churchill, Curate and Lecturer of St. John's in Westminster. He was also educated in Westminster-school, and received some applause for his abilities from his tutors in that famous seminary. His capac[illegible] was greater than his application; so t[illegible]d the character of a boy who could d[illegible] would. As the slightest accounts o[illegible] noted are agreeable, it may not be [illegible]serve, that having one day got an exercise to make, and from idleness or inattention having failed to bring it at the time appointed, his master thought proper to chastise him with some severity, and even reproach his stupidity: what the fear of stripes could not effect, the fear of shame soon produced; and he brought his exercise the next day finished in such a manner, that he received the public thanks of all the masters.

Still, however, it is to be supposed that his progress in the learned languages was but slow; nor is it to be wondered at, if we consider how difficult it is for a strong imagination, such as he was possessed of, to conform and walk tamely forward in the trammels of a school education: minds like his are ever starting aside after new pursuits; desirous of embracing a multiplicity of amusing ob-

jects, eager to come at the end without the painful investigation of the means; and, if we may borrow a term from the mercantile world, a genius like his, disdaining the painful assiduity of earning knowledge by retail, aimed at being a wholesale-dealer in the treasures of literature.—This much was necessary to premise, in order to palliate his being refused admittance into the University of Oxford, to which he was sent by his father, for want of proper skill in the learned languages. He has often mentioned his repulse upon that occasion; but whether his justification of himself is to be admitted we will not undertake to determine: certain it is, that both he and his companions have often asserted that he could have answered the college examination had he thought proper; but he so much despised the trifling questions that were put to him; that instead of making the proper replies, he only launched out in satirical reflections upon the abilities of the gentlemen whose office it was to judge of his.

Be this as it will, Mr. Churchill was rejected from Oxford, and probably this might have given occasion to the frequent invectives we find in his works against that most respectable university. Upon his returning from Oxford, he again applied himself to his studies at Westminster-school, and there, at the age of seventeen, contracted an intimacy with the lady to whom he was married, and who still survives him. This was one of those im-

prudent matches which generally begin in passion and end in disgust. However, the beginning of this young couple's regards for each other were mutual and sincere, and so continued for several years after. At the usual age for going into orders Mr. Churchill was ordained by the late Bishop of London, notwithstanding he had taken no degree, nor studied in either of our universities, and the first place he had in the church was a small curacy of thirty pounds a year in Wales. To this remote part of the kingdom he brought his wife; they took a little house, and he went through the duties of his station with cheerfulness and assiduity. Happy had it been for him in this life, perhaps more happy in that to which he has been called, if he had still continued here in piety, simplicity, and peace. His parishioners all loved and esteemed him; his sermons, though rather raised above the level of his audience, were however commended and followed. In order to eke out his scanty finances, he entered into a branch of trade which he thought might end in riches, but which involved him in debts that pressed him some years after; this was no other than keeping a cyder cellar, and dealing in this liquor through that part of the country. A poet is but ill qualified for merchandize, where small gains are to be patiently expected and carefully accumulated. He had neither patience for the one, nor

economy for the other; and a sort of rural bankruptcy was the consequence of his attempt.

Upon leaving Wales he came up to London; and his father soon after dying, he stept into the church in which he had officiated. In order to improve his scanty finances, which in this situation did not produce full an hundred pounds yearly, he undertook to teach young ladies to read and write English, and was employed for this purpose in the boarding-school of Mrs. Dennis, where he behaved with that decency and piety which became his profession. Nor should we here omit paying proper deference to a mode of female education which seems new among us. While in other schools our young misses are taught the arts of personal allurements only, this sensible governess pays the strictest attention to the minds of her young pupils, and endeavours to fit them for the domestic duties of life with as much assiduity as they are elsewhere formed to levity and splendor.

While Mr. Churchill was in this situation, his method of living bearing no proportion to his income, several debts were contracted in the city which he was not in a capacity of paying, and a gaol, the continual terror of indigent genius, seemed now ready to close upon his miseries. From this wretched state of uneasiness he was relieved by *the benevolence* of Mr. Lloyd, father to the poet

ne, who paid his debts, or at least satis-
ditors.
mean time, while Mr. Lloyd the father
relieving Churchill by his bounty, Mr.
son began to excite him by his example.
r, a poetical epistle, written by this gen-
id addressed to Mr. Bonnel Thornton,
ind relished by all the judges of poetical
gave the author a distinguished place
writers of his age. Mr. Churchill soon
to write The Rosciad, a work, though
ore confined plan, yet more adapted to
ic curiosity. It first came out without
of the author, but the justness of its re-
d particularly the severity of the satire,
d public curiosity. Though he never
his having written this piece, and even
ried in it, yet the public, unwilling to
uch merit to one alone, ascribed it to a
n of wits; nor were Messrs. Lloyd
, or Colman left unnamed upon this oc-
This misplaced praise soon induced M
to throw off the mask, and the secon
eared with his name at length; and now
hich before was diffused upon many ob
ne centered to a point. As The Rosciad
st of this poet's performances, so many
ion that it is his best; and indeed I am
concur in the same sentiment. In it

we find a very close and minute discussion of the particular merits of each performer, their defects pointed out with candour, and their merits praised without adulation. This poem, however, seems to be one of those few works which are injured by succeeding editions. When he became popular, his judgment began to grow drunk with applause; and we find in the later editions, men blamed whose merit is incontestible, and others praised who were at that time in no degree of esteem with the judicious, and whom at present even the mob are beginning to forsake.

His next performance was his Apology to the Critical Reviewers. This work is not without its peculiar merit, and as it was written against a set of critics whom the world was willing enough to blame, the public read it with their usual indulgence. In this performance he shewed a peculiar happiness of throwing his thoughts, if we may so express it, into poetical paragraphs, so that the sentence swells to the break or conclusion, as we find in prose.

His fame being greatly extended by these productions, his improvement in morals did not seem by any means to correspond; but while his writings amused the Town, his actions in some measure disgusted it. He now quitted his wife, with whom *he had cohabited* for many years, and resigning his *gown and all clerical* functions, commenced a com-

: the first just cause of separation ;
n be more false than this rumour ;
sure the public that her conduct in
among her acquaintances was ever

asure to palliate the absurdities of his
ow undertook a poem called Night,
general subject indeed, but upon false
nely, that whatever our follies are,
er undertake to conceal them. This
rchill's other poems being shewn to
and his opinion being asked con-
he allowed them but little merit,
ld to the author, he resolved to re-
ate opinion with a public one. In
, therefore, of The Ghost he has
tleman under the character of Pom-
e who disliked Mr. Johnson, allow-
crit. But our Poet is now dead, and
heard without the imputation of
h we entertain no small opinion of
's abilities ; yet they are neither of a
tness to compare with those of the
Rambler, a work which has in some

places enlarged the circle of moral enquiry, and fixed more precise landmarks to guide Philosophy in her investigation of truth. Mr. Johnson's only reply to Mr. Churchill's abuse was; that he thought him a shallow fellow in the beginning, and that he could say nothing worse of him still.

The poems of Night and of The Ghost had not the rapid sale the author expected; but his prophecy of Famine soon made an ample amends for the late paroxisms in his fame. Night was written upon a general subject, and for that reason no way alluring; The Ghost was written in eight syllable verse, in which kind of measure he was not very successful; but the Prophecy of Famine had all those circumstances of time, place, and party, to recommend it that the author could desire; or, let us use the words of Mr. Wilkes, who said, before its publication, that he was sure it must take, as it was at once personal, poetical, and political: it had accordingly a rapid and an extensive sale; and it was often asserted by his admirers, that Mr. Churchill was a better poet than Mr. Pope. This exaggerated adulation, as it had before corrupted his morals, now began to impair his mind; several succeeding pieces were published, which being written without effort were read without pleasure. The Gotham, Independence, and The Times, seem more to be written by a man who desired to avail him

the avidity of the public curiosity in l avour; d are rather aimed at the pockets tha e hearts his readers.

How shall I trace this thoughtless m through e latter part of his conduct, in which aving all e milder forms of life he became entirely guided his native turbulence of temper, and permitted mind to harass his l all the various odes of debauchery! young lady, d afterwards living less adul- y; his beating a ma end, with- t any previous provoc known: yet us not be severe in y were it for n, perhaps, if ours was the only tribunal at ich he was to plead for those irregularities which mental powers rendered more culpable.

We shall close the life of Churchill with an anec- te frequently told of him, which is to be found in *rysal*, vol. I. chap. 21, leaving the credit due to e story, which is much to the honour of humanity, th the reader. "The company to which my new master was in such haste to go, consisted of a few persons whom a similarity of temper had linked in the closest intimacy; with these he spent the re- mainder of the evening in a manner which few would dislike, though fewer still could approve it; the spirited wit and liveliness of their conver- sation gilded the *grossest debaucheries*, at the *same time that the rectitude* and sublimity of

"their sentiments, whenever their hearts could find "opportunity to speak, made the vices of their "practice still more horrible by the contrast.

"They broke not up, as it might be imagined, "till nature sunk under their excesses; when my "master, as he staggered home, was accosted by a "female, who had something in her air and man-"ner so different from those outcasts of humanity "who offer themselves to casual prostitution in "the streets, that his curiosity was struck, and he "stopped to take more particular notice of her. "She appeared to be about fifteen. Her figure was "elegant, and her features regular; but want had "sicklied over their beauty, and all the horrors of "despair gloomed through the languid smile she "forced when she addressed him.

"The sigh of distress, which never struck his "ear without affecting his heart, came with double "force from such an object. He viewed her with "silent compassion for some moments, and reach-"ing her a piece of gold, bade her go home and "shelter herself from the inclemencies of the night "at so late an hour. Her surprise and joy at such "an unexpected charity overpowered her; she drop-"ped upon her knees in the wet and dirt of the "street, and, raising her hands and eyes towards "Heaven, remained in that posture for some mo-"ments, unable to give utterance to the gratitude "that filled her heart.

:h a sight was more expressive th… …e
…s of eloquence. He raised her tend… …m
…ound, and, soothing her with word… …-
offered to conduct her to some pl… …ere
…ight get that refreshment of which… …ip-
…d to be in too great want. "O! Si…, …d
…ressing the hand that had raised her w… …n
…rembling lips, "my deliverer, sent b… …-
…save me from desp… …not think of
…g refreshment myself, …ave first pro-
it for those whose … …nts I feel ten
…and times more sev… …my own."
…o can they be?" in…r… …he with anxious
…ience. "Can humanity feel greater wants
those under which you are sinking?"
…r father," exclaimed she, bursting into tears,
…ishing under infirmities acquired in the ser-
…f his country, my mother, worn out with
…ling on him, and both perishing for want,
…ven grant they are not already dead!) toge-
with two infant brothers, insensible of the
… of their distress, and crying to them for a
…sel of bread, which it is not in their power
…e."
…here can such a scene of wretchedness be
…n from relief? I'll go with you myself di-
…r. But stop! let us first procure somfortable
…shment from some of the houses which are
open at this late hour for a very different pur-

"posé. Come with me; we have no time to lose."—
"With these words he went directly to a tavern,
"and inquiring what victuals were dressed in the
"house, loaded her with as much as she could carry
"of the best, and putting a couple of bottles of wine
"in his own pocket, walked with her to her habita-
"tion, which was in a blind alley, happily for her,
"not very far distant, as weakness, together with
"the conflict of passions struggling in her heart,
"made her scarce able to go.

"When they came to the door she would have
"gone up first for a light, but he was resolved to
"to accompany her, that he might see the whole
"scene in its genuine colours; he therefore followed
"her up to the top of the house, where, opening the
"door of the garret, she discovered to him such a
"scene of misery as struck him with astonishment.
"By the light of a lamp that glimmered in the fire-
"less chimney, he saw lying on a bare bedstead,
"without any other covering than the relicks of
"their own rags, a man, a woman, and two chil-
"dren, shuddering with cold, though huddled to-
"gether to share the little warmth which exhausted
"nature still supplied them with.

"While he stood gazing in horror at such com-
"plicated wretchedness, his conductress ran to the
"bedside, and falling on her knees, "O! Sir! Ma-
"dam!" (exclaimed she in rapture) arise; I ha
"got relief from an angel of Heaven!"—

e care," answered a voice, the holl
of which was sharpened with ind
are it is not from a fiend of hell,
advantage of your distress to temp
for with whom else could you b
night? But know, wretched gir
ever eat the earnings of Vice and
hours will put an end to my miseries,
have received the o e addition by
ur folly."

must be such indeed, my master,
ore struck with sentin ommon in
situation, "who coul apting her
circumstances to any rony? I will with-
while you arise, and then we will consult
an be soonest done to alleviate a distress of
you appear so undeserving."—While he
is he took the wine out of his pockets, and
it to the daughter, went directly down
without waiting for a reply, and walking
nd forward in the street for some time, en-
he sublimest pleasure the human heart is
e of, in considering how he had relieved,
ould farther relieve, the sufferings of ob-
worthy of relief.
he time he thought they might have learned
eir daughter the circumstances of her meet-
h him, and taken some nourishment, he
d to them, when the moment he entered

"the room, the whole family fell upon their knees "to thank him. Such humiliation was more than "he could bear. He raised them one by one as fast "as he could, and taking the father's hand, "Gra- "cious God!" said he, "can a sense of humanity "be such an uncommon thing among creatures who "call themselves human, that so poor an exertion of "it should be thought deserving of a return proper "to be made only to Heaven? Oppress me not, Sir, "I conjure you, with the mention of what it would "have been a crime I could never have forgiven my- "self to have known I had not done. It is too late "to think of leaving this place before to-morrow, "when I will provide a better, if there is not any to "which you chuse particularly to go. I am not "rich, but thank Heaven that it has blessed me "with ability and inclination to afford such assist- "ance as may be immediately necessary to you, till "means may be thought of for doing more."

"O! Sir," answered the mother, "well might my "daughter call you an angel of Heaven; you know "not from what misery you have already re- "lieved."——

"Nor will I know more of it at this time," inter- "rupted my master, "than that which I too "plainly see. I will leave you now to your rest, "and return as soon as it is day.

"Speak not of leaving us, Sir," exclaimed the "daughter, who was afraid that if he should

e might not return; "what rest can we
n so short a time? Leave us not, I beseech
; leave us not in this place."——
Cease, my child!" interrupted the father, "nor
press your benefactor to continue in a scene of mi-
sery that must give pain to his humane heart."—
"If my staying will not give you pain," answer-
ed my master, "I will most willingly stay; but it
must be on condition [illegible] ersation points
entirely forward to h[illegible]: there will be
time enough hereafter[illegible]."—
"Saying this he sa[illegible]he bedside (for
other seat the apartm[illegible] none) between
the husband and wife [illegible]om he spent the
little remainder of the [illegible]n such discourse as
he thought most like[illegible]y to divert their attention
from their present misery, and inspire their
minds with better hopes, while the children, all
but the daughter, who hung upon his words, com-
forted at heart with a better meal than they had
long tasted, fell fast asleep as they leaned their
heads upon their mother's lap.
"As soon as it was day, "Now, Madam," said
my master, addressing himself to the mother, "I
will go and provide a place for your reception, as
you say all places are alike to you. In the mean-
time accept of this trifle (giving her ten guineas)
to provide such necessaries as you may indispens-
ably want before you remove: when you are set-

"tled we will see what further can be done. I shall "be back with you within these three hours at "most."

"For such beneficence there was no possibility "of returning thanks, but their hearts spoke "through their eyes in a language sufficiently in- "telligible to his. Departing directly, to save "both himself and them the pain of pursuing a con- "versation that grew too distressful, he went, "without regard to change of dress or appearance, "to look for a proper lodging for them, where he "he laid in such provisions of every kind as he "knew they must immediately want. This care "employed him till the time he had promised to re- "turn, when he found such an alteration in the "looks and appearance of them all as gave his heart "delight.

"You see, Sir," said the mother, as soon as he "entered, "the effects of your bounty, but do not "think that vanity has made us abuse it. These "clothes, what we could raise on which has for some "time been our sole support, were the purchase of "happier times, and were now redeemed for much "less than we must have given for the worst we "could buy."—

"Dear Madam!" interrupted my master, taking "her hand respectfully, "mention not any thing of "the kind to me, I beseech you. You will soon see "such times again." Then turning to the husband,

re taken a lodging, Sir," continued he; "it is enient but not large, as I imagined would be ur choice. I will call a coach to take us to it rectly. If there are any demands here let the people of the house be called up, and they shall be paid. I will be your purse-bearer for the present."

"No, Sir," replied the husband, "there are not any: you have enabled us to discharge all demands upon us. People in c tes cannot find credit—because they

"My master would for a coach, but the daughter insi im that trouble; upon which he family into it, and walked away be to their new lodgings. It is impossible to describe what these poor people felt when they saw the provision he had made for their reception; the father, in particular, could not bear it, but sinking into a chair, "This is too much!" said he, as soon as a flood of tears had given vent to the fulness of his heart, this is too much! Support me, gracious Heaven! who has sent this best of men to my relief; support me under the weight of obligations which the preservation of these alone (looking round upon his wife and children) could induce me to accept."

—Then addressing himself to my master, "My heart is not unthankful," continued he; "but gratitude in such excess as mine, where there is

)spect of ever making a return, is the se-
: pain.
y master, who sought none, attempted often
.ve the conversation another turn; but finding
. they could speak or think of nothing else as
, he took his leave, promising to come the next
/, when their minds should be better settled, to
nsult what more was in his power to serve
em, having first privately taken an opportunity
o slip a couple of guineas into the daughter's
iand, to avoid putting the delicacy of her fa-
ther and mother to farther pain."

DEDICATION.

TH to great Glo'ster—from a man unknown,
lds thy health as dearly as his own.
his greeting—nor let modest fear
one maiden blush.—I mean not here
nd with flatt'ry—'tis a villain's art,
ts not with the frankness of my heart.
est becomes an orthodox divine,
te of hell that character is mine:
k even bitter truths I cannot fear;
h, my Lord, is panegyrick here.
1 to great Glo'ster—nor thro' love of ease,
ll priests love, let this address displease.
favour—not one note I crave,
n this busy brain rests in the grave,
that time it never can have rest)
t trouble you with one bequest.
nbler friend, my mortal journey done,
r in blood, a nephew or a son,
read hour executor I'll leave,
as! have many to receive,
out little.—To great Glo'ster health;
ıy true and proper love of wealth
: a false alarm—In purse tho' poor,
I'm right proud, nor can endure

The mention of a bribe—Thy pocket's free:
I, tho' a Dedicator, scorn a fee.
Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share;
I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.
Think not a thought unworthy thy great soul,
Which pomps of this world never could control,
Which never offer'd up at Pow'r's vain shrine.
Think not that pomp and pow'r can work on mine
'Tis not thy name—tho' that indeed is great,
'Tis not the tinsel trumpery of state,
'Tis not thy title—Doctor tho' thou art,
'Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart.
State is a farce, names are but empty things,
Degrees are bought, and by mistaken kings
Titles are oft misplac'd; mitres, which shine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unless set off by virtue; who deceives
Under the sacred sanction of lawn sleeves
Enhances guilt, commits a double sin,
So fair without and yet so foul within.
'Tis not thy outward form, thy easy mien,
Thy sweet complacency, thy brow serene,
Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
Where fifty Cupids as in ambush lie,
Which can from sixty to sixteen impart
The force of Love and point his blunted dart;
'Tis not thy face, tho' that by Nature's made
An index to thy soul, tho' there display'd

ıind at large, and thro' thy skin
t courtesy which dwells within ;
birth, for that is low as mine,
heads no lineal glories shine—
birth—when to delight mankind
make those arms they cannot find,
ırt to thyself, thy sire unknown,
lch genealogy alone ?
inward man, thy proper worth,
st estimation here on earth,
doctrine uniformly join'd,
from that wholesome source thy mind,
contempt of Persecution's rod,
for man, thy love of God,
Christ, so well approv'd 'mongst men,
give life and utt'rance to my pen.
ıot thy rank demands my lays ;
Bishop but the Saint I praise :
at theme I soar on wings more strong,
orth into praise withheld too long.
I wish, ev'n whilst I kept those sheep
ny curse I was ordain'd to keep,
as t to keep thro' need not choice,
which never heard their shepherd's voice,
ıot know yet would not learn their way,
'd themselves yet griev'd that I should

which my good father (on his bier
r drop the pious tear)

Kept well, yet starv'd himself, ev'n at that tir
Whilst I was pure and innocent of rhyme,
Whilst sacred dulness ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew,
Much did I wish, tho' little could I hope,
A friend to him who was the friend of Pope.
His hand, said I, my youthful steps shall g
And lead me safe where thousands fall beside
His temper, his experience, shall control,
And hush to peace the tempest of my soul;
His judgment teach me, from the critic school
How not to err, and how to err by rule;
Instruct me, mingle profit with delight,
Where Pope was wrong, where Shakspere was
right;
Where they are justly prais'd, and where thro'
How little's due to them, how much to him.
Rais'd 'bove the slavery of common rules,
Of common sense, of modern, ancient, school
Those feelings banish'd which mislead us all,
Fools as we are, and which we Nature call,
He by his great example might impart
A better something, and baptize it Art;
He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,
Might shew me what is taste by what is not;
By him supported with a proper pride,
I might hold all mankind as fools beside;
He (should a world, perverse and peevish grow
Explode his maxims and assert their own)

nself to be content,
eir punishment,
ach his adopted son
quote a Warburton.
uld I so much deceive
pes? could I believe
his Maker sworn,
our, would be torn
nd leave that dear employ,
duty and his joy,
l waste his precious time,
ended, for a rhyme?
task he undertook,
reak his past'ral crook?
eav'n!) so high in place,
quit the work of grace,
'er the Muses' hill,
nkind stand still?
n thee—yes, far from thee
ace, and far from me
guilt is in the thought—
Warburton been taught,
-Recall that day well known
od's honour—and his own)
forth—Methinks I now
roned on his brow,
ld terrors—from his tongue,
Christian fury hung,

Methinks I hear the deep-ton'd thunder's roll,
And chill with horror ev'ry sinner's soul——
In vain they strive to fly—flight cannot save,
And Potter trembles even in his grave——
With all the conscious pride of innocence
Methinks I hear him in his own defence,
Bear witness to himself, whilst all men knew,
By gospel rules, his witness to be true.
O glorious man! thy zeal I must commend,
Tho' it depriv'd me of my dearest friend.
The real motives of thy anger known,
Wilkes must the justice of that anger own,
And, could thy bosom have been bar'd to view,
Pity'd himself, in turn had pity'd you.
Bred to the law you wisely took the gown,
Which I like Demas foolishly laid down;
Hence double strength our Holy Mother drew,
Me she got rid of, and made prize of you.
I, like an idle truant fond of play,
Doting on toys and throwing gems away,
Grasping at shadows let the substance slip;
But you, my Lord, renounc'd attorneyship
With better purpose and more noble aim,
And wisely play'd a more substantial game:
Nor did Law mourn, bless'd in her younger s
For Mansfield does what Glo'ster would have d
Doctor! Dean! Bishop! Gloster! and my L
If happ'ly these high titles may accord

eek spirit, if the barren sound
ights thee, to the topmast round
e ladder got, despise not one
smooth hypocrisy undone,
low, turn's up his wond'ring eye,
it envy sees thee plac'd so high:
brain, (as brains less potent might)
ounded, giddy, with the height,
l and lose distinction, lose her skill
l pow'rs of knowing good from ill,
ruth from falsehood, friends from foes;
r well remember how he rose,
s back on men who made him great;
t, gorg'd with pow'r and drunk with
t once he was, tho' now so high, [state,
low mean, and full as poor, as I.

* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

Cætera desunt.

It is presumed the sudden death of the Author will sufficiently apologize for the dedication remaining unfinished.

Nature descend'd, each high-aspiring play'r
Ah'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends,
For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And their applause to gain recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome
To win the meb a suppliant's form assume,
In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
And show where honour bled in ev'ry scar.
But tho' here merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way,
And they will best succeed who best can pay:
Those who would gain the votes of British tribes
Must add to force of merit force of bribes.
What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
Cash has been rudely banish'd from the stage;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there;
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour sea of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon
And of Roast Beef they only know the tune:

But what they have they give: could Clive do m
'Tho' for each million he had brought home fo

Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of Humour will be there.
In Smithfield Yates prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love instead of meat.
Foote at Old House, for even Foote will be
In self-conceit an actor, bribes with tea*,
Which Wilkinson at second-hand receives,
And at the New pours water on the leaves.

The Town divided, each runs sev'ral ways,
As passion, humour, int'rest, party, sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises—he's so droll!
Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart
Palmer! oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf with aking eyes
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size,
Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.
When place of judgment is by whim supply'd
And our opinions have their rise in pride,

* In order to evade the act of parliament Foote c
his morning entertainments Giving Tea.

When in discoursing on each mimick elf
We praise and censure with an eye to self,
All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fai
In such a court, as Garrick for the chair.
At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be try'd;
But this their squabbles did a-fresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial—Who?
For Johnson* some, but Johnson it was fear'd
Would be too grave, and Sterne too gay appear'd
Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own;
For Colman many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent age found out that he was young;
For Murphy some few pilf'ring wits declar'd,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands and Wisdom star'd.
To mischief train'd ev'n from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts by which gay villains rise,
To reach the heights which honest men despise;
Late at the bar and in the senate loud,
Amongst the dullest, proudest of the proud,
Swift, prim, prater of the northern race†,
Ice in his heart and famine in his face,

* Samuel Johnson, author of the Rambler.
† The voice of Calumny gave this portrait to A. Wed-
derburne, Esq. who in 1778 was made Attorney-Genera-
—er of this note is no judge of likenesses.

Stood forth—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tie, thrice strok'd his band.
"At Friendship's call," (thus oft with trait'rous
Men void of faith usurp faith's sacred name) [aim
"At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,
"Who thus by me develops his intent;
"But lest transfus'd the spirit should be lost,
"That spirit which, in storms of rhetoric tost,
"Bounces about and flies like bottled beer,
"In his own words his own intentions hear:—
"Thanks to my friends—but to vile fortunes born
"No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.
"Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw;
"Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law?
"Twice, (curs'd rememb'rance!) twice I strove to gain
"Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,
"Who in the Temple and Gray's-Inn prepare
"For client's wretched feet the legal snare;
"Dead to those arts which polish and refine,
"Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,
"Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,
"And foul rejection gave me up to shame.
"To laws and lawyers then I bade adieu,
"And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.
"Who will may be a judge—my kindling breast
"Burns for that chair which Roscius once possest.
"*Here give your votes, your int'rest here exert,*
"*And let success for once attend desert.*"

With sleek appearance and with ambling pace,
A type of vacant head with vacant face,
Proteus Hill, put in his modest plea—
Favour speak for others, Worth for me."—
who like him his various pow'rs could call
so many shapes, and shine in all?
could so nobly grace the motley list?
or, Inspector, Doctor, Botanist!
ows any one so well—sure no one knows—
once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?
o can—But Woodward came—Hill slipp'd away,
ting, like ghosts, before the rising day.
With that low cunning which in fools supplies,
amply too, the place of being wise,
ich Nature, kind indulgent parent! gave
qualify the blockhead for a knave; [charms,
h that smooth falsehood whose appearance
reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
ich to the lowest depths of guile descends,
vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
as in the day and bitterer in the night;
h that malignant envy which turns pale
sickens even if a friend prevail,
ich merit and success pursues with hate,
damns the worth it cannot imitate;
h the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
ich fears not guilt, but *always* seeks a screen,

Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous, impudence
Which, dead to shame and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless in spreading Vice's snares
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings which we seldom find
Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive or pen describe,
Came simp'ring on, to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage impanell'd matrons would perplex;
Nor male nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, tho' of Irish growth;
A six foot suckling, mincing in its gait,
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful it seem'd, tho' of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.
Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays;
Much too of writings which itself had wrote,
Of special merit tho' of little note,
For Fate in a strange humour had decreed
That what it wrote none but itself should read;
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics and misplac'd applause;

Then with a self-complacent jutting air
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled, to the chair,
And with an awkward briskness—not its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Sense, appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed, with Plain Truth, to guard the chair;
The Pageant saw, and blasted with her frown
To its first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the Muse, (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing shall be mortify'd)
Nor shall the Muse (should Fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot,

Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules,
With solemn consequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone:
Dupes to their fancy'd excellence the crowd
Obsequious to the sacred dictate bow'd.

When from amidst the throng a youth stood fo
Unknown his person—not unknown his word
His look bespoke applause; alone he stood,
Alone he stem'd the mighty critic flood:
He talk'd of Ancients as the man became
Who priz'd our own but envy'd not their fame
With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rom
And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

"But more than just to other countries grown
"Must we turn base apostates to our own?
"Where do these words of Greece and Rome ca
"That England may not please the ear as wel
"What mighty magic's in the place or air
"That all perfection needs must centre there?
"In states let strangers blindly be prefer'd*,
"In state of letters Merit should be heard.
"Genius is of no country; her pure ray
"Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
"Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
"And may hereafter ev'n in Holland rise.

* The future political satirist seems to break forth *his line.*

ot (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
heer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
ot some great extensive genius raise
ame of Britain 'bove Athenian praise, 214
hilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
England great in letters as in arms? [aspires
may—there hath—and Shakspere's Muse
d the reach of Greece; with native fires,
ting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
t Sophocles below stands trembling at his
eight.

y should we then abroad for judges roam,
ables judges we may find at home? 222
r in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
we not Shakspere?—is not Jonson* ours?
em your nat'ral judges, Britons! vote; 225
ll judge like Britons who like Britons wrote."
d, and conquer'd—Sense resum'd her sway,
appointed pedants stalk'd away:
re and Jonson, with deserv'd applause,
lges were ordain'd to try the cause. 230
e the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd
or tell his name—Who is it?—Lloyd†.

Jonson.
Critical Reviewers, in their wisdoms, informed
who was the author of The Rosciad by tran-
he latter half of this line——"Who is it?—

Thus when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
And tamely prudent gave up the dispute,
Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly stood forth the advocate of Truth,
Confuted Falsehood, and disabled Pride,
Whilst baffled Age stood snarling at his side.
The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
Lest day of trial should be put off here.
Causes but seldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few—fees none at all.
The morning came, nor find I that the sun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.
Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art
With decent modesty perform'd her part,
Rose a tribunal; from no other court
It borrow'd ornament or sought support:
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
No gowns-men, partial to a client's cause,
To their own purpose turn'd the pliant laws:
Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
As Mansfield wise, and as old Foster just.
In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,

Sat Shakspere—in one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore,
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd thro' Nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And passing Natures bounds was something more.
Next Jonson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment fancy's flights restrain'd,
Correctly prun'd, each wild luxuriant thought
Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault:
The book of Man he read with nicest art
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart,
Exerted penetration's utmost force,
And trac'd each passion to its proper source,
Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view:
The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
And fools hung out their brother fools deterr'd:
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law.
But hark!—the trumpet sounds, the crowd gives way,
And the procession comes in just array.
Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine,

Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode,
And waken Mem'ry with a sleeping ode*;
For how should mortal man in mortal verse
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?
But give, kind Dulness! memory and rhyme,
We 'll put off Genius 'till another time.
First Order came—with solemn steps and slow,
In measur'd time his feet were taught to go; 296
Behind from time to time he cast his eye,
Lest this should quit his place, that step awry;
Appearances to save, his only care;
So things seem right no matter what they are: 3
In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude. [Fl
Then came Drum, Trumpet, Hautboy, Fi
Next Snuffer, Sweeper, Shifter, Soldier, Mu
Legions of Angels all in white advance,
Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view
Fools hand in hand with fools go two by t
Next came the Treasurer of either House,
One with full purse, t'other with not a sou
Behind a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of state

* Mason, at whom our Author's satir
almost all his writings, had published An O
See Mason's Poems.

And feather consecrate to fame,
Ye kings and queens without a name.
Ye Hazard, all serene, in the same strains
Ye, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
Ye easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies: on my life
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—
Statesman all over!—in plots famous grown!
He mouths a sentence as cars mouth a bone.
Next Holland came—With truly tragic stalk
He creeps, he flies.—A hero should not walk.
As if with Heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries against the skies;
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
By Fortune thrown on any other stage
He might perhaps have pleas'd an easy age,
But now appears a copy and no more
Of something better we have seen before.
The actor who would build a solid fame
Must imitation's servile arts disclaim,
Act for himself, on his own bottom stand;
I hate ev'n Garrick thus at second-hand.
Behind came King.—Bred up in modest lore,
Bashful and young, he sought Hibernia's shore,
Hibernia! fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face:

From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all sense of shame;
Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in brass.
Lo, Yates!—Without the least finesse of art
He gets applause—I wish he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear?
When active fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tiptoe for some wish'd event,
I hate those careless blunders which recall
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.
In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,
Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,
There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause;
But when to please himself or charm his wife
He aims at something in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's* clothes.
Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,

* See Farquhar's Constant Couple.

From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.
Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the Town,
Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures, every limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart;
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taste;
Hence hath the Town so often seen display'd
Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.
But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
Some comic character strong featur'd urge
To probability's extremest verge,
Where modest Judgment her decree suspends,
And for a time nor censures nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the spot
Whether it is in Nature found or not,
There Woodward safely shall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he shews desert;
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kitely scarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts,
Now in this centre, now in van or rear, [scra
The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer,
His strokes of humour and his bursts of sport
Are all contain'd in this one word, Distort.

Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt
Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault;
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
Ev'n I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom having made she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that Nature's errors are my own*.

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward ca
Wilkinson this, O'brien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,
The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood.
The last, by Nature form'd to please, whc
In Jonson's Stephen, which way genius gro
Self quite put off, affects with too much ar
To put on Woodward in each mangled pa
Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare, nay
His voice, and croaks, for Woodward croak

* [illegible] has here made up a rod which [illegible] as well as the [illegible]

[illegible] neglects,
[illegible] vile arts
[illegible] parts.
her perversest mood,
[illegible] endu'd,
Observe that settled glare,
[illegible]ppit than a play'r;
ever Discord hear
her untun'd ear?
very tender part
[illegible] instinct on the heart;
r thought bereft,
to place the left;
oth his weeping spouse,
nother turns and bows:
l, stiff, without the skill
or standing still,
is of his brother,
away from t'other.
down from age to age,
nd still possess the stage:
ve a parent's faults adore,
thers err'd before?
thor's mind,
st they could not find,
arr'd fair Nature's mien,
of the simple scene,

ll we, if reason rightly is employed,
t see their faults, or seeing not avoid?
hen Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
/hy without meaning rolls Love's glassy e
Vhy?—There's no cause—at least no ca
it was the fashion twenty years ago. [k
Fashion—a word which knaves and fools m
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
To copy beauties forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults is want of sense.
Yet (tho' in some particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails)
If in these hallow'd times, when sober sad
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by h
To violate a Vestal as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to eng
An act of toleration for the stage,
And courtiers will, like reasonable creatur
Suspend vain fashion and unscrew their f
Old Falstaff play'd by Love shall please o
And Humour set the audience in a roar.
Actors, I've seen, and of no vulgar n
Who being from one part possess'd of f
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine
Still introduce the fav'rite part in all.
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou
To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'ro

Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by Humour cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—himself the first and last—
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Tho' the knight wears the weeds of Dominic,
And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack
In *Anno Domnine* of Falstaff's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching slow;
A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which Pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curse the managers, and curse the town,
Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest,
At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings and buz about the stage,
"'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
"To arm satiric truth against a play'r?
"Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
"Actors unlash'd themselves may lash mankind."

What! shall Opinion then, of Nature free,
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which less than nothing ape the pride of kings?

No—tho' half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line,
Tho' rage and malice dim their faded cheek,
What the Muse freely thinks she'll freely speak;
With just disdain of every paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.
Austin would always glisten in French silks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks;
For who like Ackman can with humour please? 515
Who can like Packer charm with sprightly ease?
Higher than all the rest see Bransby strut,
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous Nature! which at once could show
A man so very high, so very low.
If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play.
Let critics with a supercilious air
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is still at top;—but scorn that rage 525
Which in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies universally embrac'd
At once provoke our mirth and form our taste.
Long from a nation * ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd 530

* Ireland.

nown their sport, with partial view
notions from the rascal few,
ople as for vices known
ir country banish'd seek our own.
e'er, the slavish chain is broke,
ken'd scorns her ancient yoke:
, Moody, we now learn to raise
ir foibles, from their virtues praise.
ne legions which our summer Bayes
e and there contriv'd to raise,
st hopes, and certain to succeed,
cannot write and scarce can read.
re support the rotten cause,
Elliot's worth they reap applause;
f determines to rely;
ded and let Elliot fly.
rs so well an author fit,
l, and foes declar'd to wit.
ngue, so empty was each head,
alk'd, so very little said,
ull, and yet so wondrous vain,
ng and unfit to reign,
wore, nor would the oath recall,
master's soul inform'd them all.
various disappointments sad,
only kept from being mad *,
he rest, great Murphy came—
ls and wits the rage of fame.
s to madness sure are near ally'd."

His restl[illegible]
To make his triump[illegible]

* This was the name of a periodic[illegible] Lord Bute was appointed First Commissioner of [illegible] sury 2[illegible]th May 17[illegible]2; on the same day was published No. 1. of The Briton; No. 1. of the North Britain appeared June 5; and No. 1. of the Auditor June 10. Wilkes and his friends were supposed to be concerned in the North Briton, and Murphy in the other two papers. There is a deep stroke of politics upon record which deserves to be remembered. The gentlemen concerned in The North Britain conveyed a letter to the conductor of The Auditor, reprobating the art of falshood which had been employed to set every acquisition made by the treaty of peace in a contemptible light, and more particularly th[illegible] acquisition of Florida, "Than which," says the lett[illegible] writer, "I never saw a finer country. The only, at pr[illegible] "sent, profitable tracts of Florida are certain large bo[illegible] "which produce an excellent kind of fuel, pretty m[illegible] "the same thing which in England is called Peet or T[illegible] "Of this there is by far a greater quantity than w[illegible] "serve the inhabitants for firing, were they ten [illegible] "more numerous. Now, Sir, it is a fact notori[illegible] "true, and which I have been an eye witness, that all[illegible] "of fuel are extremely scarce in the West-Ind[illegible] "don't mean for boiling the sugars, for with [illegible] "trash of the sugar cane abundantly supplies th[illegible] "for domestic uses. The scarcity is such, th[illegible] "safely affirm not one of the lower kind of plan[illegible] "comfortable fire in his parlour or bed-chamb[illegible] "even amongst the better sort I have seldom s[illegible] "fire, though at the severest season of the [illegible] "then a small advantage to add, and that at a[illegible] "to the conveniencies and comforts of fello[illegible] "and fellow Christians!" —— This curiou[illegible] Auditor immediately published in his [illegible]

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If symmetry could charm depriv'd of ease:
When motionless he stands we all approve:
What pity 'tis the thing was made to move.
His voice in one dull, deep, unvary'd, sound
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground;
From hollow chest the low sepulch'ral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.
Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace †,
All must to him resign the foremost place.

taking merit to himself for printing it "exactly as he "received it," that he might "throw all the lights in "his power upon the solid value of the advantages pro- "cured by the late negotiation." Before it appeared the person who conducted the paper went out of town; but on his return, in order to be ready for the periodical day of publication, he found the whole town on fire with his

When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.
Still in extremes he knows no happy mean
Or raving mad or stupidly serene:
In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flag
In passion tears the passion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all m
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dus
When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bor
Whilst Common Sense stood trembling at the
How few are found with real talents blest!
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.
Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame, but most mistake the wa
Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made
With various readings stor'd his empty scul,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull;
Or at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had stood in City annals fair,
And prudent Dulness mark'd him for a may
What then could tempt thee, in a critic ag
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pai
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?

reason ev'n to thee have shown
praise had been to live unknown?
lity like thine despair;—
s Folly her peculiar care.
irone high-plac'd in Smithfield view,
lness and her first-born due,
jaste in happy hour repair,
t claim, nor fear a rival there;
f shall own thy juster claim,
gers puff their Murphy's * name,
an or Dapper, call him which you will,
: trumpet, and give out the bill.
secure from critics and from sense,
l Genius rise to give offence;
shall bless the happy shore,
ions break thy rest no more.
nt-Garden crowds promiscuous go,
use knows not, nor desires to know:
seem'd, but knew of arms no more
hat time arms they never bore:
ister militia train'd to fight,
knew the left hand from the right:
ng such troops to shew the head,
ere scatter'd, and their heroes fled.
s glass sat comfortably down
wn from smile and smile from frown.

* Supposed to be the author of The

Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his part.
Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he.
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sound
Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,
Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
At variance set, inflexible, and coarse,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor show the mingled pow'rs of light and shade,
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself,
Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
An awkward rage for elocution feel,
Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name.
Shuter, who never car'd a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, tho', levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where city swains in lap of Dulness dream,

Where quiet as her strains their strains do flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,
And spin out happy folly thro' the year.

But think not, tho' these dastard chiefs are fled,
That Covent-Garden troops shall want a head:
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar
The hero seated in fantastic car!
Wedded to Novelty, his only arms
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms:
On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,
And on the other his arch-patron, Lun;
Behind, for liberty a-thirst in vain,
Sense, helpless captive! drags the galling chain:
Six rude mishapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom Reason loaths, and Nature never saw,
Monsters with tails of ice and heads of fire,
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chymæras dire *:
Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight,
Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.
The town, as usual, met him in full cry;
The town, as usual, knew no reason why:
But Fashion so directs, and Moderns raise
On Fashion's mould'ring base their transient praise.

* Milton.

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Next to the field a band of females draw
Their force, for Britain owns to Salique law:
Just to their worth we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.
First giggling, plotting, chambermaids arrive,
Hoydons and romps, led on by Gen. Clive.
In spite of outward blemishes she shone,
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own:
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trode,
Nor sought the critic's praise nor fear'd his rod:
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please:
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On humour's base, more merit or more praise.
With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in jig and trip
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip:
Not without art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the town with humour just yet new:
Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.
Lo! Vincent comes—with simple grace array'd
She laughs at paltry arts and scorns parade:
Nature thro' her is by reflection shown,
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.
Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I see it all, but must forgive it here;

hese. which modest terrors cause,
nce itself extort applause.
leason still take Virtue's part;
foibles in so good a heart.
y Arne with usual pomp of style,
—whose only merit's to compile,
pilf'ring here and there a bit,
out as Murphy deals out wit,
osals, laws for taste prescribe,
he praise of an Italian tribe;
se kind Nature's first decrees.
'n Brent a method not to please;
ll a truly British age
ce of eunuchs on the stage:
work's call'd National in vain
voice pollutes the strain.
ts rule, and slaves with joy obey
instrels pour th' enervate lay;
ar more noble pleasures spring,
es whilst Beard and Vincent sing.
re give a title unto fame
hould with Yates dispute her claim?
nay not partial trophies raise,
actress in the woman's praise.
hand her words and actions go,
t feels more than the features show,
regions of that beauteous face
y of passions trace;

Dead to the soft emotions of the heart
No kindred softness can these eyes impart:
The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's sullen frame
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.
What's a fine person or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tire
They seem like puppets led about by wires:
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we viev
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themselves are what we beauties call;
It is the manner which gives strength to all:
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the noblest light:
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps al
If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, Expression's lively force
With Beauty's softest magic holds discourse,
Attract the eye; if feelings void of art
Rouse the quick passions and inflame the heart
If music sweetly breathing from the tongue
Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.

[redacted]th rank ill-nature terms Conceit,
[redacted]om conquer'd, shall retreat;
[redacted]t, tutor'd by experience sage,
[redacted]broad, and gather strength from age;
[redacted]en, in mercy, shall the stage release
[redacted]dull slumbers of a still-life piece;
[redacted]me stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
[redacted]ig hath hung, tho' wither'd, on the stalk,
[redacted]dly drop, then Bride shall make her way,
[redacted]rit find a passage to the day;
into action, she at once shall raise
[redacted] renown, and justify our praise.
[redacted]'d for the tragic scene, to grace the stage
[redacted]val excellence of love and rage,
[redacted]s of each soft art, with matchless skill
[redacted] and wind the passions as she will,
[redacted] the heart with sympathetic woe,
the sigh, and teach the tear to flow,
on Frenzy's wild distracted glare,
[redacted]eze the soul with horror and despair,
[redacted]st desert enroll'd in endless fame,
[redacted]us of worth superior, Cibber came.
n poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
rongly imag'd griefs her mind distract,
with her grief I catch the madness too,
in turns round, the headless trunk I view!
[redacted]f cracks, shakes, and falls!--new horrors rise,
eason bury'd in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart:
Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws,
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.
But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic scene, and in pretence
To comic merit breaks down Nature's fence,
I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber thro' the dark disguise.
Pritchard, by Nature for the stage design'd,
In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame.
Who knows so well in majesty to please,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease?
When, Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Moorish race,
When love, hate, jealousy, despair, and rage,
With wildest tumults in her breast engage,
Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
Her passions are the passions of a queen.
When she to murder whets the tim'rous thane
I feel ambition rush thro' ev'ry vein;
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue;
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new strung.
In comedy—"Nay, there," cries Critic, "hold;
"Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old:

'ho can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,
force a laugh with overgrown Juliett?
ler speech, look, action, humour, all are just,
ut then her age and figure give disgust."
Are foibles, then, and graces of the mind
eal life to size or age confin'd?
spirits flow, and is good breeding plac'd
ny set circumference of waist?
we grow old doth affectation cease,
gives not age new vigour to caprice?
originals these things appear
y should we bar them in the copy here?
e slice punctilio-mongers of this age,
e grand minute reformers of the stage,
es to propriety of ev'ry kind,
e standard measure for each part should find,
ich when the best of actors shall exceed
it devolve to one of smaller breed.
actors, too, upon the back should bear
tificate of birth—time when—place where;
how can critics rightly fix their worth
ess they know the minute of their birth?
audience, too, deceiv'd, may find too late
t they have clapp'd an actor out of date.
igure, I own, at first may give offence,
l harshly strike the eye's too curious sense;
when perfections of the mind break forth,
nour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth,

When the pure genuine flame, by Nature tau
Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought
Before such merit all objections fly,
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet hi

Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wondrous s
Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater st
That worth which shone in scatter'd rays befor
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow
The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies rais
Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romanc
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious pro
And like a flood rush o'er the land of Love,
Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er desig
By Fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the l
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus sportive boys around some bason's bri
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim
But if from lungs more potent there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour, they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand mar

measures words with seeming skill
hours and the left lies still;
on Scripture-grounds to go,
doth the left hand shall not know.
impropriety of speech
yond the hackney critic's reach,
allots emphatic state,
ipals, ungrac'd, like lackies wait,
trodden by himself excels,
alone in indeclinables;
on, preposition, adverb, join
new vigour on the nervous line;
llables his thunders roll,
t, and, we, ye, they, fright the soul.
on taller than the common size,
ere Barry draws admiring eyes!
'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
e rage, and struggling heaves for vent,
, with imagin'd terrors warm,
xpect the bursting of the storm;
nfit in such a pile to dwell,
comes forth like echo from her cell,
the tempest needful aid denies,
lown the stage in feeble murmurs dies.
nan like Barry with such pains can err
ion, action, character?
n could give, if Barry was not here,
applauded tenderness to Lear?

Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with every line?
Some dozen lines before the Ghost is there
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare:
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim!—
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, Ha! a sta
When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon and hurts the mind
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown
We see too plainly they are not his own:
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught,
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught:
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions as he conn'd his part.
Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame *
A stage leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own
For how could Moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to pl
Gray-beard'd vet'rans, who with partial tongue
Extol the times when they themselves were you
Who having lost all relish for the stage
See not their own defects, but lash the age,

* The Poet finely hints that fame and a smok
haunch operated upon the same sense.

Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.
Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test whilst Garrick's genius reigns,
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd if they could act as well.
But tho' presumption's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow,
Tho' we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place,
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.
His words bore sterling weight; nervous and strong,
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along:
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.
Speech! is that all?—And shall an actor sound
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And in six months my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To *weigh out* words, while passion halts behind;

To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence—Fools may feel;
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.

His eyes, in gloomy sockets taught to roll,
Proclaimed the sullen habit of his soul:
Heavy and phlegmatic he trode the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd when on some surly plan
He was at once the actor and the man.

In Brute he shone unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the Brute,
In fancy'd scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not for a moment sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature in spite of all his skill crept in:
Horatia, *Dorax*, Falstaff—still 'twas Quin.

Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame:
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit; that allows him none.
Between them both we'll steer the middle course,
Nor leaving praise rob judgment of her force.
Just his conceptions, natural and great,
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek;
But stepdame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:
In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd
To form distinctions Nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits;
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
His action's always strong, but sometimes such,
That Candour must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the Sailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?

In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame
To fright a king so harmless and so tame?
But spite of all defects his glories rise,
And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies.
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll;
View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds the merit's all his own.

Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant and vain.
One finds out—"He's of stature somewhat low—
"Your heroes always should be tall, you know.—
"True nat'ral greatness all consists in height."
Produce your voucher, Critic.—"Sergeant Kyte."
Another cann't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause.—
"Avaunt! unnat'ral start, affected pause."
For me, by Nature form to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholesale nor condemn.
The best things carry'd to excess are wrong;
The start may be too frequent, pause too long;
But, only us'd in proper time and place,
Severest judgment shall allow them grace.

uitation's plan,
us mimic man,
gled arts disgrace,
e same vacant face,
ose tricks we scorn
mean them to adorn;
re and genuine source
with gen'rous force,
soul's portray'd,
ck's are display'd,
est feelings caught,
ch pause is thought;
en's wild alarms,
is up in arms,
demn the play'r
sense pauses there,
heart, the fire I trace,
ng on the face,
the very man,
ty those who can.
m the tortur'd brain
ith curious pain;
thanks must pay—
kind of clay;
th spleen diseas'd,
ith Nature pleas'd;
ck, I agree,
ust be pleas'd with thee.

Now might I tell how silence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout,
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
Was pale as ashes or as red as fire;
But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.
The judges, as the sev'ral parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim,
And in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both great Shakespeare thus decreed.
" If manly sense, if nature link'd with art;
" If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
" If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd;
" If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
" If strong expression, and strange pow'rs, which lie
" Within the magic circle of the eye;
" If feelings which few hearts like his can know,
" And which no face so well as his can show,
" Deserve the pref'rence—Garrick! take the chair,
" Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there*.

* Unhappy for this country (if the theatre be of service to a nation's virtue) that while the pen is tracing this reflection, Garrick is taking possession of a grave near his own Shakspeare! He hath quitted the chair, but left no equal in his place.

APOLOGY.

ADDRESSED TO THE

CRITICAL REVIEWERS *.

[illegible]

ust the heart when giants, big with pride,
n pompous port, the martial stride,
erculean heave th' enormous shield,
weaver's beam the jav'lin wield,
oud voice of thund'ring Jove defy,
o single combat—What?—A fly.
gh we less when giant names, which shine
l as it were by right divine,
om every captive art adores,
glad Science pours forth all her stores,
in letter'd reputation sit;
Astræa like, the scales of wit,
al rage rush forth?—Oh! shame to tell!
a bard just bursting from the shell.

* a common compliment between authors and
he first stone is never thrown by the former.
was occasioned by the criticism which the
entry published of The Rosciad. The igno-
of the critic deserved the pointed severity of
t it should not be forgotten that Churchill,
Colman, were supposed to have joined in a
whose oppression was full as insufferable as
of any Review past, present, or future.

Great are his perils in this stormy time
Who rashly ventures on a sea of rhyme:
Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below;
Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends:
He hurts me most who lavishly commends.

Look thro' the world—in ev'ry other trade
The same employment 's cause of kindness made,
At least appearance of good will creates,
And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates:
Coblers with coblers smoke away the night,
And in the common cause e'en play'rs unite:
Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother authors wage.
The pride of Nature would as soon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit;
Onward they rush at Fame's imperious call,
And less than greatest would not be at all.

Smit with the love of honour—or the pence—
O'errun with wit, and destitute of sense,
Should any novice in the rhyming trade
With lawless pen the realms of verse invade,
Forth from the court, where sceptred sages sit,
Abus'd with praise and flatter'd into wit,
Where in lethargic majesty they reign,
And what they win by dulness still maintain,
Legions of factious authors throng at once,
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.

s * the ready lies repair—
ade which was not welcome there—
ner Judgment's anvil wrought,
alsehood's into public brought.
ing slanders mirth afford,
n bleeds at ev'ry word.
s of old a glorious name,
m handed merit up to fame;
ll as faults he brought to view;
great, and great his candour too:
s drew sickly Taste aside;
t'd, for Nature was his guide:
trange reverse! our critics bawl
ndour with a heart of gall;
guilt, and fearful of the light,
hrouded in the veil of night;
ction seize th' unwary prey,
bravoes all who come that way.
y Muse (perhaps more bold than wise)
rifle into light arise,
ight such tempests would ensue,
tempests would be rais'd by you.
fury rend's the tow'ring oak,
shrubs might scape the fatal stroke.
a critics fury knows no bound,
ke he deals destruction round;

* of The Critical Review, who hires the
can be had for two guineas per sheet.

Nor can we hope he will a stranger spare
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire *.
  Unhappy Genius! plac'd by partial Fate
With a free spirit in a slavish state,
Where the reluctant Muse, oppress'd by kings,
Or droops in silence or in fetters sings.
In vain thy dauntless fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal and tyrant's scorn.
Why didst thou safe from homebred dangers steer,
Reserv'd to perish more ignobly here?
Thus when, the Julian tyrant's pride to swell,
Rome with her Pompey at Pharsalia fell,
The vanquish'd chief escap'd from Cæsar's hand
To die by ruffians in a foreign land.
  How could these self-elected monarchs raise
So large an empire on so small a base?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius sleep when Dulness seized the throne,
Whence absolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the subject world dispenses law?
Without her license not a letter stirs,
And all the captive criss-cross-raw is her's.
The Stagyrite, who rules from Nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reasons too.
Our great Dictators take a shorter way—
Who shall dispute what The Reviewers say?

* Voltaire also had been criticised (*i.e.* abused) in The *Critical Review*.

d's sufficient; and to ask a reason,
state as theirs, is downright treason.
dgment now with them alone can dwell;
ch of Rome, they're grown infallible.
stitious readers they deceive,
heir easy faith on critic's sleeve,
ing nothing ev'ry thing believe!
pine we that these puny elves
giants?—we may thank ourselves:
e are, like Isr'els fools of yore,
urselves have fashioned we adore.
e Reason once resume her reign—
hall dwindle to a calf again.
l on arts which shun the face of day;
e arts they still maintain their sway;
mysterious secrecy they rise,
y are unknown, are safe and wise.
ever aim'd, howe'er severe,
om'd slander flies, no names appear:
orbid that step—then all might know,
ore equal terms engage the foe.
what Quixote of the age would care
war with dirt, and fight with air?
join'd, th' expert confed'rates stand,
he game into each other's hand:
use, in turn by all deny'd,
up and down from side to side:

It flies—hey!—presto! like a jugler's ball,
Till it belongs to nobody at all.
All men and things they know, themselves un-
And publish ev'ry name—except their own; [known,
Nor think this strange—secure from vulgar eyes
The nameless author passes in disguise;
But vet'ran critic's are not so deceiv'd,
If vet'ran critics are to be believ'd:
Once seen they know an author evermore,
Nay, sware to hands they never saw before.
Thus in The Rosciad, beyond chance or doubt,
They by the writing found the writers out. [trace,
"That's Lloyd's—his manner there you plainly
"And all The Actor * stares you in the face.
"By Colman † that was written.—On my life
"The strongest symptoms of The Jealous Wife;
"That little disingenuous piece of spite
"Churchill—a wretch unknown! perhaps might
How doth it make judicious readers smile [write."
When authors are detected by their style,
Tho' ev'ry one who knows this author, knows
He shifts his stile much oft'ner than his clothes?

* Lloyd wrote a poem so called. The Rosciad was said, in its titlepage, to be written "By the Author." The Critical Review discovered that the Author and the Actor were the same.

† The criticism of The Rosciad spoke of certain *connoisseurs* in wit. Colman was known to have been concerned in The Connoisseur.

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The Muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done, that angry Heav'n should send
The bitt'rest foe where most I wish'd a friend?
Oft' hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler Pickle stands superbly bound;
From Livy's temples tear th' historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own:
Compar'd with thee be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote The Life of Tommy Thumb.
Whoever read The Regicide but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and underplots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all.
Who can so often in his cause engage
The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,
Whilst horrors rise and tears spontaneous flow
At tragic Hist! and no less tragic Oh!
To praise his nervous weakness all agree,
And then for sweetness—who so sweet as he!
Too big for utterance when sorrows swell,
The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell;
But when those flowing tears shall cease to flow,
Why—then the voice must speak again, you know*.

* All the works ridiculed in this paragraph were Smollet's. The *Desart Island, and The* Naids of Fleet-Ditch,

Rude and unskilful in the poet's trade
Kept no Naiads by me ready made;
Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
Born from the bleeding fopperies of France;
No flimsy linsey-woolsy scenes I wrote,
With patches here and there, like Joseph's coat:
Me humbler themes befit: secure for me,
Let play-wrights smuggle nonsense duty free;
Secure for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins! bound,
And frisk and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
Secure for me, thou pretty little fawn!
Lick Silvia's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn;
Uncensur'd let the gentle breezes rove
Thro' the green herbage of th' enchanted grove;
Secure for me let foppish Nature smile,
And play the coxcomb in The Desert Isle.

The stage I chose—a subject fair and free—
'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.
All common exhibitions open lie
For praise or censure to the common eye.
Hence are a thousand hackney-writers fed,
Hence Monthly Critics earn their daily bread:
This is a gen'ral tax which all must pay
From those who scribble, down to those who

mentioned in the next, were Murphy. It is but to add, that the Critical Reviewers, when they own Poet's *Apology* asserted that Murphy never *line in their* Review, and that Smollet had *Apologist's friends* he was not the author of t *which abused* The Rovenad.

[illegible] crew? receive support
[illegible] bounty for the public sport,
[illegible] all have an equal claim,
[illegible]'s and his lordship's right the same.
[illegible] for their subsistence; all expect
[illegible] to praise their worth, their faults correct.
[illegible] active Pickle Smithfield's stage ascends,
[illegible] three days wonder of his laughing friends,
[illegible] as judgment or as fancy guides
[illegible] lively witling praises or derides.
[illegible] where's the mighty diff'rence, tell me where,
twixt a Merry Andrew and a play'r?
The strolling tribe, a despicable race?
[illegible] wand'ring Arabs, shift from place to place:
grants, by law to justice open laid,
[illegible] tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
[illegible] fawning cringe for wretched means of life
Madam May'ress or his Worship's wife.
[illegible] mighty monarch in theatric sack
[illegible] his whole regalia at his back;
[illegible] consort heads the female band,
[illegible] their heir-apparent in their hand;
[illegible] ass creeps on with conscious pride,
[illegible] a future prince on either side:
[illegible] musicians in this troop are found;
[illegible] nonsense with the charms of sound;
[illegible], no daggers, not one poison'd bowl;
[illegible] flashes here, no thunders roll;

No guards to swell the monarch's train are show
The monarch here must be a host alone:
No solemn pomp, no flow processions, here,
No Ammon's entry, and no Juliet's bier.
By need compell'd to prostitute his art
The vary'd actor flies from part to part,
And, strange disgrace to all theatric pride!
His character is shifted with his side,
Question and Answer he by turns must be,
Like that small wit in Modern Tragedy
Who, to patch up his fame—or fill his purse—
Still pilfers wretched plans and makes them worse
Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.
In shabby state they strut in tatter'd robe,
The scene a blanket, and a barn The Globe:
No high conceits their mod'rate wishes raise,
Content with humble profit, humble praise.
Let dowdies simper, and let bumpkins stare,
The strolling pageant hero treads in air:
Pleas'd for his hour he to mankind gives law,
And shores the next—out on a truss of straw.
But if kind Fortune, who sometimes we know
Can take a hero from a puppet show.
In mood propitious should her fav'rite call
On royal state in royal pomp to bawl,
Forgetful of himself he rears the head,
And seems the dunghill where he first was bred.

Conversing now with well drest kings and queens,
With gods and goddesses, behind the scenes,
He sweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
Taught by mock honours real pride t' assume.
On this great stage, the world, no monarch e'er
Was half so haughty as a monarch play'r.

Doth it more move our anger or our mirth
To see these things, the lowest sons of earth,
Presume, with self-sufficient knowledge grac'd,
To rule in letters and preside in taste?
The Town's decisions they no more admit,
Themselves alone the arbiters of wit,
And scorn the jurisdiction of that court
To which they owe their being and support.
Actors, like monks of old, now sacred grown,

And if o'erweening of their little skill,
When they have left the stage they 're actors st
If to the subject world they will give laws,
With paper crowns and sceptres made of straw
If they in cellar or in garret roar,
And kings one night are kings for evermore,
Shall not bold Truth ev'n there pursue her thei
And wake the coxcomb from his golden dream
Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
They rise superior to their present state,
If with each social virtue grac'd they blend
The gay companion and the faithful friend,
If they, like Pritchard, join'd in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife,
Shall not our verse their praise with pleasure s
Tho' mimics bark and Envy split her cheek ?
No honest worth's beneath the Muse's praise ;
No greatness can above her censure raise ;
Station and wealth to her are trifling things ;
She stoops to actors and she soars to kings.
Is there a man, in vice and folly bred †,
To sense of honour as to virtue dead,
Whom ties, nor human nor divine can bind,
Alien to God, and foe to all mankind,

† If the Poet was wrong in the man he took fo
critic, then was this character misapplied. At an
allowance must be made for exaggeration. That c
ture will never boast the strongest resemblance whi
dashed out by the hasty hands of Anger and Reven

is no character, whose ev'ry word,
fall, and sharper than the sword,
quick, whose thoughts with rancour swell,
ague on earth performs the work of hell.
such a monster, The Reviews 306
him holding forth against abuse.
profession!—'tis a deadly breach!—
ristian laws another lesson teach:—
e end shall charity endure; 310
dour hide those faults it cannot cure."
lour's maxims flow from Rancour's throat,
o serve their purpose scripture quote.
use's office was by Heav'n design'd
improve, instruct, reform, mankind; 315
dejected Virtue nobly rise
: tow'ring pitch of splendid Vice;
pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
ibling, crouch at Virtue's awful frown.
l with wrath, she bids eternal shame, 320
test justice, brand the villain's name;
e milder garb of Ridicule
, and pleases while she wounds the fool.
is often vary'd, but her aim,
he cause of Virtue, still the same. 325
f mercy let the guilty bawl;
e and folly for correction call
e mark of weakness justly bears,
taker of the crimes it spares.

But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
With harsh reflections wound the man of worth;
If wantonly she deviates from her plan,
And quits the actor to expose the man;
Asham'd she marks the passage with a blot,
And hates the line where candour was forgot *.

But what is candour, what is humour's vein,
Tho' judgment join to consecrate the strain,
If curious numbers will not aid afford,
Nor choicest music play in ev'ry word?
Verses must run, to charm a modern ear,
From all harsh, rugged, interruptions clear.
Soft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze,
Smooth let their current flow as summer seas,
Perfect then only deem'd when they dispense
A happy tuneful vacancy of sense.
Italian fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,
Fit helpless infants for the squeaking stage;
Deaf to the call of pity, Nature wound,
And mangle vigour for the sake of sound.
Henceforth farewell then fev'rish thirst of fame;
Farewell the longings for a poet's name;
Perish my Muse—a wish 'bove all severe
To him who ever held the Muses dear—

* There was a passage or two of this kind in the first edition of The Rosciad, which The Reviewers noticed and the Poet afterwards omitted. The finest passage in Churchill's Works does him less credit than these *six lines* and this anecdote.

If e'er her labours weaken to refine
The gen'rous roughness of a nervous line,
  Others affect the stiff and swelling phrase;
Their Muse must walk on stilts and strut in stays:
The sense they murder, and the words transpose,
Lest poetry approach too near to prose.
See tortur'd reason how they pare and trim,
And, like Procrustes, stretch or lop the limb!
  Waller, whose praise succeeding bards rehearse,
Parent of harmony in English verse,
Whose tuneful Muse in sweetest accents flows,
In couplets first taught straggling sense to close.
  In polish'd numbers and majestic sound
Where shall thy rival, Pope! be ever found?
But whilst each line with equal beauty flows
Ev'n excellence, unvary'd, tedious grows.
Nature thro' all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a blessing from variety.
Music itself her needful aid requires
To rouse the soul and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key the nightingale would tease,
Stil in one key not Brent would always please.
  Here let me bend, great Dryden! at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful Nine,
What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet seems to sleep?
Still when his subject rises proud to view
With equal strength the poet rises too:

With strong invention, noblest vigour, fraught,
Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their course
In vary'd sweetness flow, in vary'd force;
The pow'rs of genius and of judgment join,
And the whole Art of Poetry is thine.

But what are numbers, what are bards, to me,
Forbid to tread the paths of poesy?
"A sacred Muse should consecrate her pen;
"Priests must not hear nor see like other men;
"Far higher themes should her ambition claim:
"Behold where Sternhold points the way to fame."

Whilst with mistaken zeal dull bigots burn,
Let Reason for a moment take her turn.
When coffee sages hold discourse with kings,
And blindly walk in paper leading-strings,
What if a man delight to pass his time
In spinning reason into harmless rhime,
Or sometimes boldly venture to the play?—
Say, where's the crime?—great man of prudence,
No two on earth in all things can agree: [say.
All have some darling singularity:
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In gewgaws take delight, and sigh for toys:
Your sceptres and your crowns, and such like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indifferent Reason bids us chuse,
Whether the whim's a monkey or a Muse.

at the grave triflers on this busy scene,
they make use of this word Reason, mean,
not; but according to my plan
ord Chief-justice in the court of man,
y form'd to rule in age or youth,
iend of Virtue and the guide to Truth.
I bow, whose sacred pow'r I feel;
decision make my last appeal;
nn'd by her, applauding worlds in vain
tempt me to take up the pen again:
absolv'd my course I'll still pursue:
son's for me: God is for me too.

NIGHT.

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD.

WHEN foes insult, and prudent friends
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft' with thee, Lloyd! I steal an hour from
And in thy social converse find relief.
The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.

Let slaves to bus'ness, bodies without
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare,
We Night prefer, which heals or hides our

Rogues justify'd, and by success made bo
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctify'd by gold,
Freely may bask in Fortune's partial ray,
And spread their feather's op'ning to the
But thread-bare Merit dares not shew the
Till vain Prosperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light;
The sons of Care are always sons of Night.

The wretch bred up in Method's drowsy
Whose only merit is to err by rule,

* This poem was written in defence of our
moral character, and the irregular life of which his
mies accused him.

Who ne'er thro' heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought,
Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
Unless to move the body's dull machine,
Which, clockwork like, with the same equal pace
Still travels on thro' life's insipid space,
Turns up his eyes to think that there should be
Among God's creatures two such things as we,
Then for his nightcap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
Which kindly gave him grace to keep good hours.

Good hours!—fine words—but was it ever seen
That all men could agree in what they mean?
Florio, who many years a course hath run
In downright opposition to the sun,
Expatiates on good hours, their cause defends
With as much vigour as our prudent friends.
Th' uncertain term no settled notion brings,
But still in diff'rent mouths mean diff'rent things;
Each takes the phrase in his own private view;
With Prudence it is ten, with Florio two.

Go on, ye fools! who talk for talking sake,
Without distinguishing, distinctions make;
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourselves rules to all the world beside;
Reason, collected in herself, disdains
The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains;
Steady and true each circumstance she weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.

Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,
And Reason to herself alone is law:
That freedom she enjoys with lib'ral mind,
Which she as freely grants to all mankind:
No idol-titled name her rev'rence stirs,
No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good if virtuously enjoy'd.
Let the sage Doctor (think him one we know)
With scraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of wig declare.
The fatal consequence of midnight air,
How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,
Undermine life, and sap the walls of health:
For me let Galen moulder on the shelf,
I'll live, and be physician to myself.
Whilst soul is join'd to body, whether Fate
Allot a longer or a shorter date,
I'll make them live as brother should with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.
The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boasted rules!
Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools!
As well may sons of Physic hope to find
One med'cine as one hour for all mankind.

[illegible] out of bed
[illegible] can't hold up his head;
[illegible] me to bed must call,
[illegible] Heav'n, never akes at all?
[illegible] diff'rent tempers run;
[illegible], I sicken at the sun:
[illegible] at noon his clock goes right,
wound up at twelve at night.
[illegible]'s grateful cup I drown
[illegible], the supercilious frown,
[illegible]rve, the proud affected state
[illegible] grown rich and fools grown great;
[illegible]ect wretch disturbs my rest
[illegible]rlooks a friend distrest.
[illegible]rty the worldling goes,
[illegible]rags an inch beyond his nose,
[illegible]'d can single out his Grace,
[illegible] creep to fools who strut in lace.
[illegible] classic regions are survey'd
[illegible]ly youth together stray'd,
[illegible]nand we trod the flow'ry shore;
[illegible]ppier genius runs before,
[illegible]ir'd a thankless wretch to raise,
[illegible]mp to shoot with pilfer'd praise,
[illegible]ev'rend merit famous grown
[illegible] to kick his maker down;
[illegible]al arguments engage,
[illegible]np, *the pulpit*, bar, or stage,

If half-bred surgeons; whom men Doctors call, to
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Those mighty letter'd monsters of the earth,
Our pity move or exercise our mirth,
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray,
A gainer still thy friend himself must find,
His grief suspended, and improv'd his mind.
Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the homely
Where Virtue self-approv'd reclines her head
Whilst Vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns
And conscience plants the villain's bed with tho
Impatient of restraint the active mind,
No more by servile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her seat as waken'd from a tranc
And darts thro' Nature at a single glance,
Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves,
And see by Night what fools we are by da
Stripp'd of her gaudy plumes and vain
See where Ambition mean and loathsome
Reflection with relentless hand pulls dow
The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd and of worlds und
Triumphs like these but ill with manho
And sink the conqueror beneath the br
But if, in searching round the world,
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of al

er, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
nly at the guilty head,
cies, like heav'n's dew, refreshing fall
ove and charity to all,
behold such worth on any throne,
y pleas'd we find it on our own.
false medium things are shewn by day;
lth, and titles, judgment lead astray.
from appearance borrow state,
ght disdains to number with the great!
we laugh to see yon' lordling proud
le incense from a fawning crowd,
is beam surrounding clients play,
s in the sun's enliv'ning ray.
hu like, he drives at furious rate,
the only charioteer of state,
mself into a little god,
g empires with a single nod?
d not think, to hear him law dispense,
d int'rest, and that they had sense?
hought! beneath Night's honest shade,
np is bury'd and false colours fade,
see, at that impartial hour,
es to pride, and him the tool of pow'r.
p the man condemn'd by cruel Fate
he seeming or the real great!
ow shall he feel, and suffer more
slave who labours at the oar:

By slavish methods must he learn to please,
By smooth-tongu'd flatt'ry, that curs'd court-dis-
Supple to ev'ry wayward mood strike sail, [ease,
And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale:
To Nature dead he must adopt vile art,
And wear a smile with anguish in his heart:
A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
And Conscience ne'er must speak unless in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne, for many years,
Cold looks, forbidden frowns, contemptuous sneers,
When he at last expects, good easy man!
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing lackey or rapacious whore,
To favours of the great the surest door,
Some catamite or pimp, in credit grown,
Who temps another's wife or sells his own,
Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for some minion's minion claims the prize.
Foe to restraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
Too resolute from Nature's active heat
To brook affronts and tamely pass them by,
Too proud to flatter, too sincere too lie,
Too plain to please, too honest to be great,
Give me, kind Heav'n! an humbler, happier, state;
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where rascals promise and where fools believe,
Far from the walk of Folly, Vice, and Strife,
Calm, independent, let me steal thro' life,

ish my steady thoughts beguile
lship's frown or court his smile.
ness, I her snares defy,
hes with untainted eye:
e glitt'ring bawbles fall.
lace us far above them all.
ly on this bustling stage,
in designs mankind engage;
vith ardour they pursue,
ly brings forth twenty new.
trifles thro' the vale of life,
inst man without a cause for strife;
ed meet, and thousands bleed
pot where fifty cannot feed;
its contend, and, wrong or right,
empire kings ambitious fight.
to us 'tis all the self-same thing,
, a squirrel, and a king!
Roman spirits fam'd of old,
:ure in a patriot mould;
no private grief, they know,
gross'd by public weal or woe:
, like ours, they greatly scorn;
obler wreaths their brows adorn:
l beneath the stateman's pains,
credit for a stateman's brains.
eem'd, ev'n from the cradle, fit
itics as well as wit.

The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bless us!) statesmen all at once.
His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,
The court-bred lord his promises and debts,
Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,
The rake his mistress, and the fop himself;
Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
And their wise heads the weight of kingdoms bear.
Females themselves the glorious ardour feel,
And boast an equal or a greater zeal,
From nymph to nymph the state-infection flies,
Swells in her breast and sparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beside.
No more their little flutt'ring hearts confess
A passion for applause or rage for dress;
No more they pant for public rera-shows,
Or lose one thought on monkies or on beaus:
Coquets no more pursue the jilting plan,
And lustful prudes forget to rail at man:
The darling theme Cecilia's self will chuse,
Nor thinks of scandal whilst she talks of news.
The cit—a Common-Councilman by place,
Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,
By situation as by nature great,
With nice precision parcels out the state;
Proves and disproves, affirms, and then denies,
Objects himself, and to himself replies;

Wielding aloft the politician rod
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god;
Maintains, ev'n to the very teeth of Pow'r,
The same thing right and wrong in half an hour:
Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
And plainly proves whatever is—is not:
Fearfully wise he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread;
His useless scales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.
Peace to such triflers! be our happier plan
To pass through life as easy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen.
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show:
Let but the puppets move I 've my desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the master-wire.
What is 't to us if taxes rise or fall?
Thanks to our fortune we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His Grace who smarts may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours and excise our brains.

Burthens like these vile earthly buildings bear;
No tribute's laid on castles in the air.
Let then the flames of war destructive reign,
And England's terrors awe imperious Spain;
Let ev'ry venal clan and neutral tribe
Learn to receive conditions—not prescribe;
Let each new year call loud for new supplies,
And tax on tax with double burthen rise;
Exempt we sit, by no rude care oppres'd,
And having little are with little bles'd.
All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
And joys by fancy form'd their place supply;
Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
Nor one dull thought foretels approach of day.
Thus have we liv'd, and, whilst the Fates afford
Plain plenty to supply the frugal board,
Whilst Mirth with Decency, his lovely bride,
And wine's gay god, with Temp'rance by his side,
Their welcome visit pay, whilst Health attends
The narrow circle of our chosen friends,
Whilst frank Good-humour consecrates the treat,
And women makes society complete,
Thus will we live, tho' in our teeth are hurl'd
Those hackney strumpets, Prudence and the World.
Prudence, of old a sacred term, imply'd
Virtue, with godlike Wisdom for her guide,
But now in gen'ral use is known to mean
The stalking-horse of Vice, and Folly's screen.

ed we retain the name;
rudence are the same.
more read in men than books,
knowledge in his looks,
th high preferment bless'd,
in these words address'd:
ou, my Son! be wise and virtuous
prodigy esteem'd? [deem'd,
be what men Prudent call;
hty Prudence! gives thee all.
ces; there lies the test;
ive thee credit for the rest.
however foul within;
but then in secret sin.
to common favour grown;
vice, unless 'tis known.
barefac'd take the field;
when 'tis well conceal'd.
ssions drive thee to a whore;
l thee to a postern door:
, but take especial care
ings thee back to early prayer.
hing and with study faint,
d and reel out a saint."
outh this useful lesson heard,
ry stor'd each precious word,
u'd the plan, and now,
ord—Virtue, stand by and bow!"

And is this all?—is this the worldling's art,
To mask but not amend a vicious heart?
Shall lukewarm caution and demeanor grave
For wise and good stamp ev'ry supple knave?
Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
Gild fair their names and states with empty forms;
Whilst Virtue seeks in vain the wish'd-for prize,
Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise—
Because she frankly pours forth all her store,
Seems what she is, and scorns to pass for more?
Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold
Unenvi'd power, and boast their dear-bought gold;
Me neither pow'r shall tempt nor thirst of pelf
To flatter others, or deny myself:
Might the whole world be plac'd within my span,
I would not be that thing—that prudent man.
"What!" cries Sir Pliant, "would you then oppose
Yourself, alone, against an host of foes?
Let not conceit and peevish lust to rail,
Above all sense of interest prevail.
Throw off, for shame! this petulence of wit;
Be wise, be modest, and for once submit:
Too hard the task 'gainst multitudes to fight:
You must be wrong—the World is in the right."
What is this World? a term which men have got
To signify not one in ten knows what;
A term which with no more precision passes
To point out herds of men than herds of a

In common use no more it means, we find,
Than many fools in same opinions join'd.
Can numbers then change Nature's stated laws?
Can numbers make the worse the better cause?
Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,
Tho' thousands rail at good and practice ill.
Would'st thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage,
Because vast nations on his part engage?
Tho' to support the rebel Cæsar's cause
Tumultuous legions arm against the laws,
Tho' Scandal would our patriot's name impeach,
And rails at virtues which she cannot reach;
What honest man, but would with joy submit
To bleed with Cato and retire with Pitt?
Steadfast and true to Virtue's sacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause;
Let the World talk, my Friend! that World, we know,
Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan;
Assert the rights, or quit the name of man.
Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong;
Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd be strong.
In spite of Dulness and in spite of Wit,
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit;
Rather stand up, assur'd with conscious pride,
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

AN EPISTLE

TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AMONGT the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own?
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is jealousy, a rival there.
Be wicked as thou wilt; do all that's base;
Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race:
Let vice and folly thy black soul divide;
Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride:
Deaf to the voice of Faith and Honour, fall
From side to side, yet be of none at all:
Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
Which nature in her bounty, good as wise,
To work our safety and ensure her plan
Contriv'd to bind and rivet man to man:
Lift against virtue, Power's oppressive rod,
Betray thy country and deny thy God;
And, in one gen'ral comprehensive line
To group, which volumes scarcely could define,
Whate'er of sin and dulness can be said,
Join to a F——'s heart a D——'s head;

ay'st thou pass unnotic'd in the throng,
ree from envy safely sneak along:
igid saint by whom no mercy's shown
ints whose lives are better than his own,
pare thy crimes; and Wit, who never once
ve a brother, shall forgive a dunce.
should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,
it'rest scorn, nor madly grasp at pow'r,
l love of fame, in ev'ry noble mind
ve disease with love of virtue join'd,
hee to deeds of pith, where Courage, try'd
ason's court, is amply justify'd;
nd of knowledge and averse to strife,
d'st thou prefer the calmer walks of life;
d'st thou, by pale and sickly Study led,
e coy Science to the fountain-head;
: thy guide, and public good thy end,
l ev'ry thought to our improvement tend;
rb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
the sick weal, and humanize mankind;
n her eye and malice in her breast,
bled Horror grinning on her crest;
r each snake, and sharper ev'ry dart,
from her cell shall madd'ning Envy start:
shalt thou find, but find, alas! too late,
ain is Worth! how short is Glory's date!
halt thou find, whilst friends with foes conspire
ve more proof than virtue would desire,

Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well:
No crime 's so great as daring to excel.
Whilst Satire thus, disdaining mean control
Urg'd the free dictates of an honest soul,
Candor, who with the charity of Paul
Still thinks the best whene'r she thinks at all,
With the sweet milk of human kindness bless
The furious ardor of my zeal repress'd,
Canst thou, with more than usual warmth, she
Thy malice to indulge and feed thy pride,
Canst thou, severe by nature as thou art,
With all that wondrous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture truth ten thousand ways,
To spin detraction forth from themes of prais
To make Vice fit for purposes of strife,
And draw the hag much larger than the life;
To make the good seem bad, the bad seem wo
And represent our nature as our curse?
Doth not humanity condemn that zeal,
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?
Doth not Discretion warn thee of disgrace,
And Danger, grinning, stare thee in the face
Loud as the drum which, spreading terror ro
From emptiness acquires a pow'r of sound;
Doth not the voice of Norton strike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy soul with fea
Dost thou, fond Man! believe thyself secure
Because thou 'rt honest and because thou 'rt p

Dost thou on law and liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend!
Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of Pow'r,
When Wilkes, prejudg'd, is sentenc'd to the Tow'r?
Dost thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name?
Or to prerogative (that glorious ground
On which state-scoundrels oft' have safety found)
Dost thou pretend, and there a sanction find,
Unpunish'd thus to libel human-kind?

When poverty, the poet's constant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rhyme,
Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Hadst thou not valu'd honour more than bread,
Had Int'rest, pliant Int'rest, been thy guide,

Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue grac'd,
Fools mark'd by thee as prodigies of taste,
Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such wit, such truth, as thine to quit the gown.
Thy sacred brethren too (for they no less
Than laymen bring their off'rings to success)
Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere, as that they pay to God, whilst thou
In lawn had'st whisper'd to a sleeping crowd
As dull as R——and half as proud.
Peace, Candour—wisely had'st thou said and well
Could Int'rest in this breast one moment dwell,
Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
The firm resolves which from conviction rose.
I cannot truckle to a fool of state,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate:
Free leave have others by such means to shine;
I scorn their practice; they may laugh at mine.
But in this charge, forgetful of thyself,
Thou hast assum'd the maxims of that elf
Whom God in wrath for man's dishonour fram'd,
Cunning in heav'n, amongst us Prudence nam'd;
That servile prudence which I leave to those
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes.
Had I with cruel and oppressive rhymes
Pursu'd and turn'd misfortunes into crimes,
Had I, when Virtue gasping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant Vice and added woe to woe,

Had I made Modesty in blushes speak,
And drawn the tear down Beauty's sacred cheek;
Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays
To wound that sex which honour bids me praise;
Had I, from vengeance by base views betray'd,
In endless night sunk injur'd Ayliff's shade;
Had I (which satirists of mighty name,
Renown'd in rhyme, rever'd for moral fame,
Have done before, whom justice shall pursue
In future verse) brought forth to public view
A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
Because his worth was greater than my own *;
Had I spar'd those (so Prudence had decreed)
Whom, God so help me at my greatest need!
I ne'er will spare, those vipers to their king

Or to my trembling side unnerv'd sunk down,
Palsi'd, forsooth, by Candor's half-made frown?
When Justice bids me on, shall I delay
Because insipid Candor bars my way?
When she, of all alike the puling friend,
Would disappoint my satire's noblest end,
When she to villains would a sanction give,
And shelter those who are not fit to live,
When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
And bid me spare whom Reason bids me crush,
All leagues with Candor proudly I resign;
She cannot be for honour's turn nor mine.
Yet come, cold Monitor! half foe, half friend,
Whom Vice cann't fear, whom Virtue cann't commend;
Come, Candor! by thy dull indifference known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou lukewarm drone,
Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect
We call that virtue which we know defect;
Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,
The gross and rank complexion of the times,
Observe it well, and then review my plan,
Praise if you will, or censure if you can.
While Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
And Piety is only known at court;
Whilst wretched Liberty expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burthen of Excise;
Whilst nobles act without one touch of shame,
What men of humble rank would blush to name;

Whilst honour 's plac'd in highest point of view,
Worshipp'd by those who justice never knew;
Whilst bubbles of distinction waste in play
The hours of rest, and blunder thro' the day,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep;
Whilst fathers, by relentless passion led,
Doom worthy injur'd sons to beg their bread,
Barely with ill-got, ill sav'd, wealth to grace
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race;
Whilst Martin flatters only to betray,
And Webb gives up his dirty soul for pay;
Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears;
Whilst peers are agents made, and agents peers;
Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilst C——, false to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour sold,
To shame his master, friend, and father, gives;
Whilst Bute remains in pow'r, whilst Holland lives;
Can satire want a subject, where Disdain,
By virtue fir'd, may point her sharpest strain,
Where, cloth'd with thunder, truth may roll along,
And candor justify the rage of song?

Such things! such men before thee! such an age!
Where Rancour great as thine may glut her rage,
And sick'n ev'n to surfeit, where the pride
Of satire, pouring down in fullest tide,

May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the w
Justice beheld the ruin with a smile,
Whilst I, thy foe misdeem'd, cannot condemn,
Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem,
Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, chuse
To soil the credit of thy haughty Muse,
With fallacy most infamous to stain
Her truth, and render all her anger vain?
When I beheld thee, incorrect but bold,
A various comment on the stage unfold;
When play'rs on play'rs before thy satire fell,
And poor Reviews conspir'd thy wrath to swell
When states and statesmen next became thy car
And only kings were safe if thou wast there,
Thy ev'ry word I weigh'd in judgment's scale,
And in thy ev'ry word found truth prevail:
Why dost thou now to falsehood meanly fly?
Not even candor can forgive a lie.

Bad as men are, why should thy frantic rhyn
Trifle in slander, and invent new crimes?
Crimes which, existing only in thy mind,
W[illegible] spleen brings forth to blacken all manki
By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart
To practice virtue, and improve in art;
To these ends (which, proud of honest fa
[illegible] virtue would cherish and inflame)
[illegible] contrives, and in our full career
[illegible] with the pale hue of fear,

that all our labours are in vain,
hat we seek we never can obtain,
ad to virtue, lost to Nature's plan,
ossesses the whole race of man,
orth is criminal, and danger lies,
extreme, in being good and wise.
a rank falsehood; search the world around
annot be so vile a monster found,
so vile on whom suspicions fall
gross guilt which you impute to all.
'd by those who disobey her laws
rom Vice itself extorts applause;
foes bear witness to her state;
ll not love her, but they cannot hate.
tue for herself! with spite pursue
r merit's sake! might this be true
renounce my nature with disdain,
h the beast that perish graze the plain;
is be true, had we so far fill'd up
sure of our crimes, and from the cup
so deeply drank, as not to find,
g for sin, one drop, one dreg, behind,
in must involve this flaming ball,
vidence in justice crush us all.
the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,
he for double guilt are doubly curst,
o lost; nor can the worst of all
into such deep damnation fall;

By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
Which ev'n in hell must be a work of time.
Cease, then, thy guilty rage, thou wayward son!
With the foul gall of discontent o'errun;
List to my voice—Be honest if you can,
Nor slander Nature in her fav'rite man:
But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
Once having err'd, persists in error still,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent those blasphemies in air
Which I would stamp as false, tho' on the tongue
Of angels the injurious slander hung.
Dup'd by thy vanity, (that cunning elf
Who snares the coxcomb to deceive himself)
Or blinded by thy rage, didst thou believe
That we too, coolly, would ourselves deceive?
That we as sterling, falsehood would admit,
Because 't was season'd with some little wit?
When fiction rises pleasing to the eye
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
Hast thou, maintaining that which must disgrace
And bring into contempt the human race;
Hast thou, or canst thou, in Truth's sacred court,
To save thy credit and thy cause support,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground,
On which so great, so gross, a charge to found?

dost thou know one man, (let that appear,
a wilful falsehood I 'll proclaim thee clear)
man so lost, to Nature so untrue,
whom this gen'ral charge thy rashness drew?
his foundation shalt thou stand or fall—
e that in one which you have charg'd on all.
on determines, and it must be done;
gst men or past or present name me one.
garth—I take thee, Candor, at thy word,
pt thy profer'd terms, and will be heard.
have I heard with virulence declaim,
ing retain'd of Candor but the name;
hee have I been charg'd in angry strains
that mean falshood which my soul disdains—
arth! stand forth—Nay, hang not thus aloof—
,Candor, now thou shalt receive such proof,
damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt fear
ax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—
arth! stand forth—I dare thee to be try'd
at great court where Conscience must preside;
at most solemn bar hold up thy hand;
k before whom, on what account, you stand—
k, but consider well—from first to last
ew thy life, weigh ev'ry action past—
you shall have no reason to complain—
e longer time, and view them o'er again—
t thou remember from thy earliest youth,
, as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth,

A single instance where, self laid aside,
And justice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye did'st genius view,
And give to merit what was merit's due?
Genius and merit are a sure offence,
And thy soul sickens at the name of sense.
Is any one so foolish to succeed?
On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed;
Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
The place of executioner supplies:
See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
And proves himself by cruelty a priest.

Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,
Would bury all those pow'rs which Nature gave,
Would suffer black concealment to obscure
Those rays thy jealousy could not endure,
To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
And to secure thy credit blast his own,
In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend:
But when his spirit, rous'd by honest shame,
Shook off that lethargy and soar'd to fame,
When with the pride of man, resolv'd and strong,
He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong,
And, on himself determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No friend in thee could such a rebel know;
He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe.

'a tim'rous cast, of petty name
court, not yet quite dead to shame,
remorse, some qualms, of conscience feel,
r honour to abate their zeal,
an truly and completely great
rule of action but his hate,
y bar he bravely breaks his way,
s principle, and parts his prey.
in vice and virtue speak a mind
e pale of temperance confined;
g spirit scorns her narrow schemes,
d or bad, is always in extremes.
practice duly weigh'd, thro' ev'ry age
ne plan hath Envy form'd her rage
ose whom fortune hath our rivals made
science and in way of trade:
h mean jealousy she arms her spite,
ks, then views their ruin with delight.
arth here a grand improver shines,
y on the gen'ral plan refines;
imself o'erleaps the servile bound;
his mark, wherever worth is found.
inters only his vast wrath suffice?
ı ev'ry walk is lawful prize?
oss insult to his o'ergrown state;
o merit is to feel his hate. [friend,
Wilkes, our countryman, our common
king, his country, to defend,

When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the sneaking coward drew,
When Rancor found it far beyond her reach
To soil his honour and his truth impeach,
What could induce thee, at a time and place
Where manly foes had blush'd to shew their face,
To make that effort which must damn thy name,
And sink thee deep, deep, in thy grave with shame?
Did virtue move thee? No; 'twas pride, rank pride,
And if thou had'st not done it thou had'st dy'd.
Malice (who, disappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herself, and driven to the stake
Gives Virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tott'ring on life's utmost verge,
Had Wilkes and Liberty escap'd thy scourge.
When that Great Charter which our fathers bought
With their best blood, was into question brought,
When, big with ruin, o'er each English head
Vile Slav'ry hung suspended by a thread,
When Liberty, all trembling and agast,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past,
When ev'ry breast was chill'd with deep despair,
Till reason pointed out that Pratt was there,
Lurking most ruffian-like behind a screen,
So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen,
Virtue with due contempt saw Hogarth stand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palsi'd hand.

was the cause of Liberty to him,
at was Honour? let them sink or swim,
may gratify without control
ean resentments of his selfish soul:
eedom perish if, to freedom true,
same ruin Wilkes may perish too.
th all the symptoms of a assur'd decay,
age and sickness pinch'd and worn away,
uiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and falt'ring tongue,
pirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,
ody shrivel'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
n their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk,
ody's weight unable to sustain,
ream of life scarce trembling thro' the vein,
than half-kill'd by honest truths, which fell,
thy own fault from men who wish'd thee well,
thou, ev'n thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
ead to all things else, to malice live?
, Dotard! to thy closet: shut thee in;
p repentance wash away thy sin;
haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
n the verge of death learn how to die.
exhort [illegible] wash the Ethiop white,
rge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
l the course of Nature, bid the deep
at thy pigmy voice her waves to sleep,
[illegible]
[illegible]

That envy which was woven in the frame
At first, will to the last remain the same.
Reason may droop; may die, but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers strength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that Envy, who with giant stride
Stalks thro' the vale of life by Virtue's side,
Retreats when she hath drawn her latest breath,
And calmly hears her praises after death.
To such observers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die;
Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
A mansion suited well to such a guest,
Immortal, unimpair'd she rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.
Oft' have I known thee, Hogarth! weak and vain,
Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain,
Thro' the dull measure of a summer's day
In phrase most vile, prate long long hours away,
Whilst friends with friends all gaping sit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise;
But if athwart thee interruption came,
And mention'd with respect some ancient's name,
Some ancient's name who in the days of yore
The crown of art with greatest honour wore,
How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale,
And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale!

ı thy jealousy to madness grown,
n'd his praise injurious to thy own!
hout mercy did thy wrath make way,
and artists all became thy prey;
l'st thou trample on established rules,
idly levell'd all the ancient schools, [grac'd,
i'd those works, with praise thro' ages
ou had never seen or could not taste.
ould mankind have true perfection shown?
t be found in labours of my own;
to challenge, in one single piece,
nited force of Italy and Greece."
r hand the curtain then undrew,
ight the boasted master-piece to view.
remarks—say not a single word—
ire seen why is the painter heard?
ip shame and anger in our cheeks;
a comment Sigismunda speaks.
igismunda! what a fate is thine!
he great high-priest of all the Nine,
ıy name, gave what a Muse could give,
is numbers bade thy mem'ry live,
those soft sensations which might move
n the coldest anchorite to love.
: that virtue which could curb desire,
! consecrate love's headstrong fire,
those griefs which made the Stoic feel,
d compassion forth from hearts of steel,

Gave thee that firmness which our sex may shame,
And make man bow to woman's juster claim,
So that our tears, which from compassion flow,
Seem to debase thy dignity of woe.
But, O! how much unlike! how fall'n! how chang'd!
How much from Nature and herself estrang'd!
How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
To shew her feelings and awaken ours
Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand,
The helpless victim of a dauber's hand!
But why, my Hogarth! such a progress made,
So rare a pattern for the sign-post trade?
In the full force and whirlwind of thy pride
Why was heroic painting laid aside?
Why is it not resum'd? thy friends at court,
Men all in place and pow'r, crave thy support;
Be grateful then for once, and thro' the field
Of politics thy epic pencil wield,
Maintain the cause which they, good lack! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how.
Thro' ev'ry pannel let thy virtue tell
How Bute prevail'd, how Pitt and Temple fell,
How England's sons (whom they conspire to bless
Against our will with insolent success)
Approve their fall, and with Addresses run,
How got God knows, to hail the Scottish sun;
Point out our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd
From the strong arm of Justice, shook the world;

thy country's honour to encrease
he honours of succeeding peace:
nion Christian like display,
we got and what we gave away:
dull and heavy as the tale
-chaos thro' the whole prevail.
events regardless, whilst the Muse,
th too much heat, her theme pursues,
quick spirits rouse at Freedom's call,
drop of blood is turn'd to gall,
lear country and an injur'd friend
trong anger to the bitterest end,
nest trophies to revenge are rais'd,
e real virtue pass unprais'd:
h equal force bid satire flow,
the virtue of her greatest foe.
: I here could that rare virtue mean
rns the rule of envy, pride, and spleen,
ings not from the labour'd works of art,
s rise from Nature in the heart,
itself with happiness is crown'd,
ds with joy the blessing all around!
'orbids, and in these simple lays
with a different kind of praise
arth stand; that praise which Genius gives,
:o latest time the artist lives,
e man, which, rightly understood,
: us great, but cannot make us good:

That praise be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
The wreath which Genius wove and planted there:
Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down,
Myself would labour to replace the crown.
In walks of humour, in that cast of style
Which probing to the quick yet makes us smile,
In comedy, his natural road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end,
Are aptly join'd, where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrival'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.
How could'st thou then to shame perversely run,
And tread that path which Nature bade thee shun?
Why did Ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vast parts become the sport of fools?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent men excel;
But where is he who can do all things well?
Humour, thy province, for some monstrous crime
Pride struck thee with the frenzy of sublime;
But when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herself so blind;
What with contempt all view'd to view with awe;
Nor see those faults which ev'ry blockhead saw?

Blush, thou vain man! and if desire of fame,
Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame;
To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
And let her memory die, that thine may live.
But should fond Candor, for her mercy's sake,
With pity view and pardon this mistake;
Or should Oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind,
Of arts despis'd, of artists, by thy frown
Aw'd, from just hopes of rising worth kept down,
Of all thy meanness thro' this mortal race
Canst thou the living memory erase?
Or shall not Vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back just that measure which you gave?
With so much merit, and so much success,

And no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes;
Spite of commending thousands will oppose—
I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage;
But with an eye of pity view thy age—
Thy feeble age! in which as in a glass
We see how men to dissolution pass.
Thou wretched being! whom, on reason's plan,
So chang'd, so lost, I cannot call a man—
What could persuade thee at this time of life,
To launch afresh into the sea of strife?
Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
Almost as much a child as at thy birth;
To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And sunk unnotic'd in the arms of Death.
Why would thy gray, gray hairs resentment brave,
Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave?
Now by my soul! it makes me blush to know
My spirits could descend to such a foe:
Whatever cause the vengeance might provoke;
It seems rank cowardice to give the stroke.
  Sure 't is a curse which angry Fates impose
To mortify man's arrogance, that those
Who 're fashion'd of some better sort of clay
Much sooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs must humble Genius' feel
In their last hours to view a Swift and Steele!
How must ill-boding horrors fill her breast,
When she beholds men mark'd above the rest

For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood's night!
Are men, indeed, such things? and are the best
More subject to this evil than the rest;
To drivil out whole years of idiot breath,
And sit the monuments of living Death!
O! galling circumstance to human pride!
Abasing thought! but not to be deny'd.
With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought.
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind.
But let not youth, to insolence ally'd,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Possess'd of genius, with unhallow'd rage

THE CONFERENCE.

GRACE said in form, which sceptics must agr
When they are told that grace was said by me;
The servants gone to break the scurvy jest
On the proud landlord and his thread-bare gues
The King gone round, my Lady too withdrawi
My Lord in usual taste began to yawn,
And lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an insipid kind of stupid stare,
Picking his teeth, twirling his seals about—
Churchill, you have a poem coming out:
You 've my best wishes; but I really fear
Your Muse in general is too severe;
Her spirit seems her int'rest to oppose,
And where she makes one friend makes twenty

C. You Lordship's fears are just; I feel their
But only feel it as a thing of course.
The man whose hardy spirit shall engage
To lash the vices of a guilty age
At his first setting forward ought to know,
That ev'ry rogue he meets must be his foe,
That the rude breath of satire will provoke
Many who feel and more who fear the stro
But shall the partial rage of selfish men
From stubborn Justice wrench the right

Or shall I not my settled course pursue,
Because my foes are foes to virtue too?

L. What is this boasted virtue taught in schools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?
What is her use? point out one wholsome end;
Will she hurt foes, or can she make a friend?
When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,
Can this same Virtue stifle Nature's cries?
Can she the pittance of a meal afford;
Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm
With frost and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
Canst thou dismiss the hard unfeeling dun,
Barely by saying thou art Virtue's son?
Or by base blund'ring statesmen sent to jail,
Will Mansfield take this Virtue for thy bail?
Believe it not: the name is in disgrace:
Virtue and Temple now are out of place.
Quit then this meteor, whose delusive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.
True virtue means—let Reason use her eyes,
Nothing with fools, and int'rest with the wise.
Would'st thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
Nor madly triumph in so mean a name;
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to Virtue poverty and scorn.
Let Prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How seldom Prudence can with Virtue go?

To be successful try thy utmost force;
And virtue follows as a thing of course.
Herco, who knows not Herco? stains the bed
Of that kind master who first gave him bread;
Scatters the seeds of discord thro' the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone,
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son:
What mortal in his senses could endure
The name of Herco? for the wretch is poor!
" Let him hang, drown, starve, on a dunghill ro
" By all detested live, and die forgot;
" Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath
" Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in dea
Is now the gen'ral cry we all pursue;
Let Fortune change, and Prudence changes too
Supple and pliant a new system feels,
Throws up her cap, and spaniels at his heels,
Long live great Herco! cries, by interest taug
And let his foes, tho' I prove one, be nought.
C. Peace to such men, if such men can have pe
Let their possessions, let their state, increase;
Let their base services in court strike root,
And in the season bring forth golden fruit,
I envy not; let those who have the will,
And with so little spirit so much skill,
With such vile instruments their fortunes carv
[illegible] grow fat; an honest man dares starve

nceits thrown off, let us advance
fe, and quit romance.
alking! but I fain could view
t honest man, would do it too.
mountain which outbraves the sky,
n pole to pole thy strengthen'd eye;
that space you shall not view one man,
who dares to act on such a plan.
in calms will say what in a storm,
e will tremble at and not perform.
the proof, and spite of all you've said,
ve your honour for a crust of bread.
t proof might do, what hunger might effect,
nish'd Nature, looking with neglect
: once held dear, what fear, at strife
ting virtue for the means of life,
ike this coward flesh, in love with breath,
g at pain, and shrinking back from death,
n to my soul, descend to bear—
to Fate, I neither know nor care.
at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
ot prosperity nor time can heal;
unds, which Fate severely hath decreed,
d or thought of, must for ever bleed.
unds, which humbled all that pride of man
rings such mighty aid to virtue's plan,
'd by Fortune's most oppressive frown,
rapine to the earth bow'd down,

My credit at last gasp, my state undone;
Trembling to meet the shock I could nor shun,
Virtue gave ground, and black despair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the storm my spirits fail'd
Like Peter's faith, till one, a friend indeed,
May all distress find such in time of need!
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By virtue guided and by wisdom taught,
Image of him whom Christians should adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand and brought me safe to shore.
Since by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for some little merit largely prais'd,
Indulg'd in swerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools;
Plac'd above want, shall abject thirst of wealth,
So fiercely war 'gainst my soul's dearest health;
That as a boon I should base shackles crave,
And born to freedom make myself a slave?
That I should in the train of those appear
Whom Honour cannot love, nor Manhood fear?
That I no longer sculk from street to street,
Afraid lest duns assail and bailiffs meet;
That I from place to place this carcase bear,
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
That I no longer dread the awkward friend,
Whose very obligations must offend;
Nor, all too forward, with impatience burn
At suff'ring favours which I can't return;

hat from dependence and from pride secure
m not plac'd so high to scorn the poor;
or yet so low that I my Lord should fear,
r hesitate to give him sneer for sneer;
hat while sage Prudence my pursuit confirms,
can enjoy the world on equal terms;
hat kind to others, to myself most true,
eeling no want I comfort those who do,
nd with the will have pow'r to aid distress;
hese, and what other blessings I possess,
rom the indulgence of the public rise;
ll private patronage my soul defies.
y candor more inclin'd to save than damn
A gen'rous public made me what I am:
ll that I have they gave, just mem'ry bears
he grateful stamp, and what I am is theirs.

L. To feign a red-hot zeal for freedom's cause,
o mouth aloud for liberties and laws;
or public good to bellow all abroad,
ave, while the purposes of private fraud.
ature by public good intends her own;
f you mean otherwise you stand alone.
What do you mean by country and by court?
What is it to oppose? what to support?
Mere words of course; and what is more absurd
Than to pay homage to an empty word?
Kings and ministers differ but in name;
Patriots and ministers are much the same;

The only diff'rence, after all their rout,
Is that the one is in—the other out.
Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
And own in wise and simple, great and small
The same grand leading principle in all.
Whate'er we talk of wisdom to the wise,
Of goodness to the good, of public ties,
Which to our country link, of private bands,
Which claim most dear attention at our hands
For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our first great mover and our last great end
Is one, and by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant Self, 't is all in all.
This, which unwilling faction shall admit,
Guided in diffrent ways a Bute and Pitt;
Made tyrants break, made kings observe the la
And gave the world a Stewart and Nassau.
Hath Nature (strange and wild conceit of pr
Distinguish'd thee from all her sons beside?
Doth virtue in thy bosom brighter glow;
Or from a spring more pure doth actions flow?
Is not thy soul bound with those very chains
Which shackle us? or is that Self which reign
O'er kings and beggars, which in all we see
Most strong and sov'reign, only weak in thee?
Fond man! believe it not; experience tells
'*Tis not thy* virtue but thy pride rebels.

[and for once lay by thy lawless pen)
[nd confess thyself like other men;
[t one hour, and to thy conscience led
[n's hand, bow down and hang thy head:
[thy private life—recal thy youth,
[elf now, and own with strictest truth,
[hath drawn thee from fair Virtue's way
han Folly would have dar'd to stray—
[the talents lib'ral Nature gave
[thee free have made thee more a slave.
hen, in prudence, quit that idle train
which have so long abus'd thy brain,
[ive led thy pow'rs; with boundless will
maintain her state and empire still;
er, with more worthy objects caught,
[the faculties and force of thought
[s of higher daring; let her range
tter pastures, and learn how to change;
-no longer to weak faction ty'd,
evolt, and join our stronger side.
! what, my Lord, hath private life * to do
ngs of public nature? why to view
ou thus cruelly those scenes unfold;
ithout pain and horror to behold
ak me something more or less than man;
riends may pardon, but I never can?

* Annual Register, soon after Churchill's death, hed an Account of his life.--Whatever was that manly honest lines are almost an excuse for it.

Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul;
Free and at large might their wild courses roam
If all; if all, alas! were well at home.
No—'t is the tale which angry Conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when, stern but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review;
And like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at Reason's call;
Arm'd at all points bids scorpion Vengeance pass,
And to the mind hold up Reflection's glass,
The mind which, starting, heaves the heartfelt
groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own.
Enough of this—let private sorrows rest—
As to the public I dare stand the test;
Dare proudly boast I feel no wish above
The good of England and my country's love.
Stranger to party-rage, by Reason's voice,
Unerring guide! directed in my choice;
Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd—
No, nor of hell, shall make me change my mind.
What! herd with men my honest soul disdains,
Men who with servile zeal are forging chains.

For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand
To spread destruction o'er my native land?
What! shall I not, ev'n to my latest breath,
In the full face of danger and of death,
Exert that little strength which Nature gave,
And boldly stem or perish in the wave?

L. When I look backward for some fifty years,
And see protesting patriots turn'd to peers,
Hear men most loose for decency declaim,
And talk of character without a name;
See infidels assert the cause of God,
And meek divines wield Persecution's rod;
See men transform'd to brutes and brutes to men;
See Whitehead take a place, Ralph change his pen;
I mock the zeal and deem the men in sport,
Who rail at ministers and curse a court.

May I (tho' to his service deeply ty'd
By sacred oaths, and now by will ally'd)
With false feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
And use his name for some base private end;
May I (that thought bids double horrors roll
O'er my sick spirits, and unmans my soul)
Ruin the virtue which I held most dear,
And still must hold; may I thro' abject fear
Betray my friend; may to succeeding times,
Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
Stand blazing forth, whilst mark'd with envious blot
Each little act of virtue is forgot;
Of all those evils which to stamp men curst,
Hell keeps in store for vengeance, may the worst
Light on my head; and in my day of woe,
To make the cup of bitterness o'erflow,
May I be scorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
Wander like Cain a vagabond on earth,
Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
Or be to Scotland for my life confin'd,
If I am one among the many known
Whom Shelburne fled and Calcraft blush'd to own.

L. Do you reflect what men you make your foes?

C. I do, and that's the reason I oppose.
Friends I have made whom envy must commend;
But not one foe whom I would wish a friend.

the name of D——d. The reader may form his own *judgment of the* value and propriety of the legacy.

What if ten thousand Butes and Hollands bawl?
One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all.
'Tis not the title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious streams on recent men, who came
From stems unknown and sires without a name;
'Tis not the star, which our great Edward gave
To mark the virtuous and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilst a base heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and sin;
'Tis not the tinsel grandeur, taught to wait
At Custom's call to mark a fool of state
From fools of lesser note, that soul can awe
Whose pride is reason, whose defence is law.
L. Suppose, (a thing scarce possible in art,
Were it thy cue to play a common part)
Suppose thy writings so well fenc'd in law
That N—— cannot find nor make a flaw—
Hast thou not heard that 'mongst our ancient tribes,
By party warpt or lull'd asleep by bribes,
Or trembling at the ruffian hand of Force,
Law hath suspended stood or chang'd its course?
Art thou assur'd that, for destruction ripe,
Thou may'st not smart beneath the selfsame gripe?
What sanction hast thou, frantic in thy rhymes,
Thy life, thy freedom, to secure?
C. The times.

'Tis not on law, a system great and good,
By Wisdom penn'd, and bought by noblest blood,
My faith relies; by wicked men and vain
Law once abus'd may be abus'd again—
No; on our great lawgiver I depend,
Who knows and guides her to her proper end,
Whose royalty of nature blazes out
So fierce, 't were sin to entertain a doubt—
Did tyrants Stewarts now the laws dispense,
(Bless'd be the hour and hand which sent them hence!)
For something or for nothing, for a word
Or thought, I might be doom'd to death unheard;
Life we might all resign to lawless pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchase of an hour:
But Envy ne'er shall fix so foul a stain
On the fair annals of a Brunswick's reign.
If, slave to party, to revenge or pride,
If, by frail human error drawn aside,
I break the law, strict rigour let her wear,
'Tis hers to punish, and 'tis mine to bear;
Nor by the voice of Justice doom'd to death
Would I ask mercy with my latest breath:
But anxious only for my country's good,
In which my king's of course is understood,
Form'd on a plan with some few patriot friends,
Whilst by just means I aim at noblest ends,
My spirits cannot sink: though from the tomb
Stern Jeffries should be plac'd in Mansfield's room;

Tho' he should bring his base designs to aid,
Some black attorney for his purpose made,
And shove, whilst Decency and Law retreat
The modest Norton * from his maiden seat;
Tho' both, in ill confed'rates, should agree
In damned league to torture Law and me,
Whilst George is king I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty is to be secure.

But when in aftertimes, (be far remov'd
That day!) our monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his fathers, should imperious Fate,
In vengeance, with fresh Stewarts curse our state;
Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
Should they by brutal and oppressive force
Divert sweet Justice from her even course;
Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right hand a witness 'gainst my left;
Should they, abroad by Inquisitions taught,
Search out my soul, and damn me for a thought;
Still would I keep my course, still speak, still write,
Till death had plung'd me in the shades of night.

Thou God of Truth! thou great all-searching eye!
To whom our thoughts, our spirits, open lie,
Grant me thy strength, and in that needful hour,
(Should it e'er come) when Law submits to Pow'r,

* Norton was at that time Attorney-General.

With firm resolve my steady bosom steel
Bravely to suffer tho' I deeply feel.
Let me as hitherto still draw my breath,
In love with life but not in fear of death,
And if Oppression brings me to the grave,
And marks me dead, she ne'er shall mark a slave.
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unseemly word;
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier;
I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear.
Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
Or in old age drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe he falls, on Nature's noblest plan,
Who lives to reason and who dies a man.

THE FAREWELL.

P. FAREWELL to Europe, and at once farewell
To all the follies which in Europe dwell!
To Eastern India now, a richer clime,
Richer, alas! in ev'ry thing but rhyme,
The Muses steer their course, and, fond of change,
At large in other worlds desire to range,
Resolv'd at least, since they the fool must play,
To do it in a diff'rent place and way.

F. What whim is this, what error of the brain,
What madness, worse than in the dogstar's reign?
Why into foreign countries would you roam?
Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?
If satire be thy object, and thy lays
As yet have shown no talents fit for praise,
If satire be thy object, search all round,
Nor to thy purpose can one spot be found
Like England, where, to rampant vigour grown,
Vice chokes up ev'ry virtue, where, selfs-own,
The seeds of folly shoot forth rank and bold,
And ev'ry seed brings forth an hundred fold.

P. No more of this--tho' Truth, (the more our shame,
The more our guilt) tho' Truth perhaps may claim
And justify her part in this, yet here,
For the first time, ev'n Truth offends my ear.

Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn
Take up the theme anew when day's new-born,
I hear and hate—Be England what she will,
With all my faults she is my country still.

F. Thy country! and what then? is that mere w
Against the voice of Reason to be heard?
Are prejudices deep imbib'd in youth
To counteract and make thee hate the truth?
'Tis the sure symptom of a narrow soul
To draw its grand attachment from the whole
And take up with a part; men not confin'd
Within such paltry limits, men design'd
Their nature to exalt where'er they go,
Wherever waves can roll and winds can blow,
Where'er the blessed sun, plac'd in the sky
To watch this subject world, can dart his eye,
Are, still the same, and, prejudice outgrown,
Consider ev'ry country as their own;
At one grand view they take in Nature's plan;
Not more at home in England than Japan.

P. My good grave Sir of Theory! whose wit,
Grasping at shadows, ne'er caught substance ye
'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine
On vain refinements vainly to refine,
To laugh at Poverty in Plenty's reign,
To boast of apathy when out of pain,
And in each sentence, worthy of the schools,
Varnish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules

practice—but for one poor fault;
practice they can ne'er be brought.
and sitting in your elbow chair,
Japan, tho' you was never there;
the ship this moment under sail!
not your mind be chang'd, your spirits fail?
you not cast one longing eye to shore,
ow to deal in such wild schemes no more?
er our pride may tempt us to conceal
passions which we cannot choose but feel;
's a strange something which, without a brain,
feel, and which ev'n wise men cann't explain,
d in man, to bind him to that earth,
rest ties, from whence he drew his birth.
Honour calls, where'er she points the way
ons of Honour follow and obey;
l compels, wherever we are sent
want of courage not to be content;
we have the liberty of choice,
ll depends on our own single voice;
m of ev'ry country as the same
k rebellion 'gainst the lawful claim
ture, and such dull indifference—
be philosophy, but cann't be sense.
Weak and unjust distinction, strange design!
peevish, most perverse, to undermine
ophy, and throw her empire down
ans of Sense, from whom she holds her crown.

Divine Philosophy! to thee we owe
All that is worth possessing here below;
Virtue and wisdom consecrate thy reign,
Doubled each joy, and pain no longer pain.
When, like a garden, where for want of te
And wholesome discipline the rich, rank soil
Teems with incumbrances, where all around
Herbs noxious in their nature make the groun
Like the good mother of a thankless son,
Curse her own womb, by fruitfulness undon
Like such a garden, when the human soul,
Uncultur'd, wild, impatient of control,
Brings forth those passions of luxuriant race
Which spread and stifle ev'ry herb of grace;
Whilst Virtue, check'd by the cold hand of Sc
Seems with'ring on the bed where she was bo
Philosophy steps in with steady hand,
She brings her aid, she clears th' encumber'd
Too virtuous to spare Vice one stroke, too w
One moment to attend to Pity's cries;
See with what godlike, what relentless pow'
She roots up ev'ry weed!
P. And ev'ry flow'r.
Philosophy, a name of meek degree,
Embrac'd, in token of humility,
By the proud sage who whilst he strove to hi
In that vain artifice reveal'd his pride;

[illegible] whom Nature had design'd
[illegible] errors from the human mind,
[illegible] by the philosopher,
[illegible] priest and master, made us err;
[illegible], like leaven in a mass of flour,
d her laws, and made ev'n virtue sour.
l she, content within her proper sphere,
t lessons suited to the human ear,
ı might fair Virtue's genuine fruits produce,
not for ornament but real use,
eart of man unrivall'd she had sway'd,
d by the good, and by the bad obey'd;
hen she, overturning Reason's throne,
proudly in its place to plant her own;
she with apathy the breast would steel,
each us deeply feeling not to feel;
she would wildly all her force employ
correct our passions but destroy;
not content our nature to restore
ade by God, she made it all new o'er,
with a strange and criminal excess
ake us more than men, she made us less,
ood her dwindled pow'r with pity saw,
ad with joy, and none but fools with awe.
ith with a simple and unvarnish'd tale,
rom the mouth of N—— might prevail,
she get there; but Falsehood's sugar'd strain
l pour her fatal blandishments in vain,

Nor make one convert, tho' the Siren hung,
Where she too often hangs, on M——'s tongue.
Should all the Sophs whom in his course the sun
Hath seen, or past or present, rise in one;
Should he, whilst pleasure in each sentence flows,
Like Plato, give us poetry in prose;
Should he, full orator, at once impart
Th' Athenian's genius with the Roman's art,
Genius and art should in this instance fail,
Nor Rome tho' join'd with Athens here prevail.
'Tis not in man, 'tis not in more than man,
To make me find one fault in Nature's plan.
Plac'd low ourselves we censure those above,
And wanting judgment think that she wants love,
Blame where we ought in reason to commend,
And think her most a foe when most a friend.
Such be philosophers—their spacious art,
Tho' Friendship pleads, shall never warp my heart,
Ne'er make me from this breast one passion tear,
Which Nature, my best friend, hath planted there.
F. Forgiving as a friend what whilst I live
As a philosopher I cann't forgive,
In this one point at last I join with you,
To Nature pay all that is Nature's due;
But let not clouded Reason sink so low
To fancy debts she does not, cannot, owe:
Bear, to full manhood grown, those shackles bear
Which Nature meant us for a time to wear

As we wear leading-strings, which, useless grown,
Are laid aside when we can walk alone;
But on thyself, by peevish humour sway'd,
Wilt thou lay burdens Nature never laid?
Wilt thou make faults whilst Judgment weakly errs,
And then defend, mistaking them for her's?
Dar'st thou to say, in our enlighten'd age,
That this grand master-passion, this brave rage,
Which flames out for thy country, was imprest
And fix'd by Nature in the human breast?
If you prefer the place where you was born,
And hold all others in contempt and scorn
On fair comparison; if on that land
With lib'ral and a more than equal hand
Her gifts as in profusion Plenty sends;
If Virtue meets with more and better friends;
If Science finds a patron 'mongst the great;
If Honesty is minister of state;
If Pow'r, the guardian of our rights design'd,
Is to that great that only end confin'd;
If riches are employ'd to bless the poor;
If law is sacred, liberty secure;
Let but these facts depend on proofs of weight,
Reason declares thy love can't be too great;
And in this light could he our country view,
A very Hottentot must love it too.
But if, by Fate's decrees, you owe your birth
To some most barren and penurious earth,

Where, ev'ry comfort of this life deny'd,
Her real wants are scantily supply'd,
Where pow'r is reason, liberty a joke,
Laws never made, or made but to be broke;
To fix thy love on such a wretched spot,
Because in lust's wild fever there begot,
Because, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
By chance, not choice, thy mother dropt thee there,
Is folly which admits not of defence;
It can't be nature, for it is not sense.
By the same argument which here you hold,
(When Falsehood's insolent let Truth be bold)
If Propagation can in torments dwell
A devil must, if born there, love his hell.

P. Had Fate, to whose decrees I lowly bend,
And ev'n in punishment confess a friend,
Ordain'd my birth in some place yet untry'd,
On purpose made to mortify my pride,
Where the sun never gave one glimpse of day,
Where science never yet could dart one ray;
Had I been born on some bleak blasted plain
Of barren Scotland in a Stewart's reign;
Or in some kingdom where men, weak or worse,
Turn'd Nature's ev'ry blessing to a curse;
Where crowns of freedom, by the fathers won,
Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degen'rate son:
In spite of all the wisdom you display,
All you have said, and yet may have to say,

if weakness, I confess,
had not lov'd her less.
strict reason bears me out in this
always seeing always miss
of reason, doubt with precious zeal;
the praise to argue, mine to feel.
to trace this passion to the root,
a tree, may know it by its fruit;
rich stem ten thousand virtues spring,
and blessings on its branches cling;
circle of revolving years
misfortune, not one vice, appears,
en, and what you reason call adore;
t reason must be something more.
r I wish not others to confine—
pinions unrestrain'd as mine)
his love's of good or evil growth,
virtue, or a spice of both,
f nicer argument decide;
tuous sooth an honest pride
al praise; if vicious be content,
I never can repent,
ich, weigh'd in heav'n, shall more avail
cold virtues in the other scale.
s wild untemper'd zeal (which after all
or unimpeach'd, might madness call)
ue? that you scarce pretend;
be a vice, like Virtue's friend,

Which draws us off from and dissolves the force
Of private ties, nay, stops us in our course
To that grand object of the human soul,
That nobler love which comprehends the whole?
Coop'd in the limits of this petty isle,
This nook, which scarce deserves a frown or smile
Weigh'd with Creation, you, by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is scarce worth one.
The gen'rous soul, by Nature taught to soar,
Her strength confirm'd in philosophic lore,
At one grand view takes in a world with ease,
And seeing all mankind loves all he sees.

P. Was it most sure, which yet a doubt endures,
Not found in Reason's creed tho' found in your's,
That these two services, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold
And draw together; that, however loath,
We never serve, attempting to serve both;
I could not doubt a moment which to chuse,
And which in common reason to refuse.

Invented oft' for purposes of art,
Born of the head tho' father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world must be confest
A barren speculation at the best.
Not one man in a thousand, should he live
Beyond the usual term of life, could give—
So rare occasion comes, and to so few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd or true.

The love we bear our country is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit;
Lives in the mind an everlasing spring
Of glorious actions which become a king—
Or less become a subject; 't is a debt
Which bad men, tho' they pay not, can't forget,
A duty which the good delight to pay,
And ev'ry man can practise ev'ry day.
Nor for my life (so very dim my eye
Or dull your argument) can I descry
What you with faith assert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my country can remove,
And make me of necessity forego,
That gen'ral love which to the world I owe.
Those ties of private nature, small extent,
In which the mind of narrow cast is pent,
Are only steps on which the gen'rous soul
Mounts by degrees till she includes the whole.
That spring of love which, in the human mind,
Founded on self, flows narrow and confin'd,
Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The social charities of blood and friends,
Till smaller streams included not o'erpast,
It rises to our country's love at last;
And he, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
Who loves his country cannot hate mankind.

F. Friend as you would appear to common sense
Tell me, or think no more of a defence,

Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from your country?
P. Can the son [eye,
(Shame, shame, on all such sons!) with ruthless
And heart more patient than the flint, stand by,
And by some ruffian from all shame devorc'd,
All virtue, see his honour'd mother forc'd!
Then no, by him that made me! not ev'n then,
Could I with patience, by the worst of men,
Behold my country plunder'd, beggar'd, lost,
Beyond redemption, all her glories crost,
Ev'n when occasion made them ripe, her fame
Fled like a dream, while she awakes to shame.
F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a patron, to defend
Her sinking state, than basely to decline
So great a cause, and in despair resign?
P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
And whilst more able patriots doubt she dies.
From a foul source, more deep than we suppose,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
'Tis not that peace our glorious hopes defeats;
'Tis not the voice of Faction in the streets;
'Tis not a gross attack on freedom made;
'Tis not the arm of Privilege display'd
Against the subject, whilst she wears no sting
To disappoint the purpose of a king;
These are no ill, or trifles, if compar'd
With those which are contriv'd tho' not declar'd.

Tell me, Philosopher! is it a crime
To pry into the secret womb of Time?
Or, born in ignorance, must we despair
To reach events, and read the future there?
Why, be it so—still 't is the right of man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
To former times and men his eye to cast,
And judge of what 's to come by what is past.
Should there be found in some not distant year,
(O how I wish to be no prophet here!)
Among our British Lords should there be found
Some great in pow'r, in principles unsound,
Who look on freedom with an evil eye,
In whom the springs of loyalty are dry;
Who wish to soar on wild Ambition's wings,
Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings;
Who would divide the people and the throne,
To set up sep'rate int'rests of their own;
Who hate whatever aids their wholesome growth,
And only join with to destroy them both;
Should there be found such men in after-times,
May Heav'n, in mercy to our grievous crimes,
Allot some milder vengeance, nor to them
And to their rage this wicked land condemn.
Thou God above! on whom all states depend,
Who knowest from the first their rise and end,
If there 's a day mark'd in the Book of Fate
When ruin must involve our equal state,

When law, alas! must be no more, and we,
To freedom born, must be no longer free,
Let not a mob of tyrants seize the helm,
No titled upstart league to rob the realm;
Let not, whatever other ills assail,
A damned aristocracy prevail:
If, all too short, our course of freedom run,
'Tis thy good pleasure we should be undone,
Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,
Be slaves to one, and be that one a king.

F. Poets, accustom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft' substitute creations of the brain
For real substance, and, themselves deceiv'd,
Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
Such is your case—but grant, to sooth your pride,
That you know more than all the world beside,
Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt?
Resolv'd, and like a man at once speak out;
Show us our danger, tell us where it lies,
And to ensure our safety make us wise.

P. Rather than bear the pain of thought fools stray;
The proud will rather lose than ask their way:
To men of sense what needs it to unfold?
And tell a tale which they must know untold?
In the bad, int'rest warps the canker'd heart,
The good are hoodwink'd by the tricks of art;
And whilst arch-subtle hypocrites contrive
To keep the flames of discontent alive,

Whilst they, with arts to honest men unknown,
Breed doubts between the people and the throne,
Making us fear where reason never yet
Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
Themselves pass unsuspected in disguise,
And 'gainst out real danger seal our eyes.

F. Mark them, and let their names recorded stand
On Shame's black roll, and stink thro' all the land.

P. That might some courage but no prudence be,
No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me.

F. Leave out their names.

P. For that kind caution thanks;
But may not judges sometimes fill up blanks?

F. Your country's laws in doubt then you reject.

P. The laws I love, the lawyers I suspect.
Amongst Twelve Judges may not one be found
(On bare, bare possibility I ground
This wholesome doubt) who may enlarge, retrench,
Create and uncreate, and from the bench
With winks, smiles, nods, and such like patry arts,
May work and worm into a jury's hearts?
Or baffled there may, turbulent of soul,
Cramp their high office, and their rights control,
Who may, tho' judge, turn advocate at large,
And deal replies out by the way of charge,
Making Interpretation all the way,
In spite of facts, his wicked will obey,

And, leaving law without the least defence,
May damn his conscience to approve his sense?
F. Whilst the true guardians of this charter'd land
In full and perfect vigour, juries, stand,
A judge in vain shall awe, cajole, perplex.
P. Suppose I should be try'd in Middlesex?
F. To pack a jury they will never dare,
P. There's no occasion to pack juries there.
F. 'Gainst prejudice all arguments are weak;
Reason herself without effect must speak.
Fly then thy country, like a coward fly,
Renounce her interest, and her laws defy.
But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?
Cannot our Europe thy vast wrath suffice?
Cannot thy misbegotten Muse lay bare
Her brawny arm, and play the butcher there?
P. Thy counsel taken what should Satire do?
Where could she find an object that is new?
Those travell'd youths whom tender mothers w
And send abroad to see and to be seen,
With whom, lest they should fornicate, or wor
A tutor's sent by way of a dry nurse,
Each of whom just enough of spirits bears
To show our follies, and to bring home the
Have made all Europe's vices so well know
They seem almost as nat'ral as our own.
F. Will India for thy purpose better do
P. In one respect at least—there's someth

F. A harmless people, in whom Nature speaks
Free and untainted, 'mongst whom Satire seeks,
But vainly seeks, so simply plain their hearts,
One bosom where to lodge her poison'd darts.
P. From knowledge speak you this, or, doubt on doubt
Weigh'd and resolv'd, hath reason found it out?
Neither from knowledge nor by reason taught,
You have faith ev'ry where but where you ought.
India or Europe—What 's there in a name?
Propensity to vice in both the same;
Nature alike in both works for man's good,
Alike in both by man himself withstood.
Nabobs, as well as those who hunt them down,
Deserve a cord much better than a crown,
And a Mogul can thrones as much debase
As any polish'd prince of Christian race.
F. Could you, a task more hard than you suppose,
Could you, in ridicule, whilst Satire grows,
Make all her follies to the life appear
'Tis ten to one you gain no credit here:
Howe'er well-drawn, the picture after all,
Because we know not the original,
Would not find favour in the public eye.
P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try;
And if your observations sterling hold,
If the piece should be heavy, tame, and cold;
To make it to the side of Nature lean,
And *meaning* nothing something seem to mean.

To make the whole in lively colours glow,
To bring before us something that we know,
And from all honest men applause to win,
I 'll group the company and put them in. . . .
F. Be that ungen'rous thought by shame suppress'd,
Add not distress to those too much distress'd.
Have they not, by blind Zeal misled, laid bare
Those sores which never might endure the air?
Have they not brought their mysteries so low
That what the wise suspected now fools know?
From their first rise ev'n to the present hour
Have they not prov'd their own abuse of pow'r,
Made it impossible, if fairly view'd, ...
Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd;
Whilst unseduc'd by ministers, the throne
Regards our interest, and knows its own?
P. Should ev'ry other subject chance to fail
Those who have sail'd and those who wish'd to sail
In the last fleet afford an ample field,
Which must beyond my hopes a harvest yield.
F. On such vile food Satire can never thrive.
P. She cannot starve if there was only Clive*.

* It should seem as if Satire had an inclination to make a substantial meal or two upon this rich eastern dish, and succeeded; for we hear no more of Clive.

THE CANDIDATE.

Enough of Actors—let them play the play'r,
And, free from censure, fret, sweat, strut, and stare.
Garrick abroad, what motives can engage
To waste one couplet on a barren stage?
Ungrateful Garrick! when these tasty days,
In justice to themselves, allow'd thee praise;
When, at thy bidding, Sense for twenty years
Indulg'd in laughter or dissolv'd in tears;
When, in return for labour, time and health,
The Town had giv'n some little share of wealth;
Could'st thou repine at being still a slave?
Dar'st thou presume t' enjoy that wealth she gave?
Could'st thou repine at laws ordain'd by those
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes?
Whom, too refin'd for honesty and trade,
By need made tradesmen, pride had bankrupts made,
Whom fear made drunkards, and, by modern rules,
Whom drink made wits, tho' Nature made them fools;
With such, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In such a manner, and at such a time,
To quit the stage; but men of real sense,
Who neither lightly give nor take offence,
Shall own thee clear, or pass an act of grace,
Since thou hast left a Powell in thy place.

Enough of Authors—why when scribblers fail
Must other scribblers spread the hateful tale?
Why must they pity, why contempt express;—
And why insult a brother in distress?
Let those who boast the uncommon gift of Genius
The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains;
Fresh on their brows for ages let it bloom,
And ages past still flourish round their tombs.
Let those who without genius write and write,
Verse-men or prose-men, all in Nature's spite,
The pen laid down their course of folly run.
In peace; unread, unmentioned, be undone.
Why should I tell, to cross the will of Fate,
That Francis once endeavour'd to translate?
Why, sweet oblivion winding round his head,
Should I recal poor Murphy from the dead?
Why may not Langhorne, simple in his lay,
Effusion on effusion pour away,
With Friendship and with Fancy trifle here,
Or sleep in Pastoral at Belvidere?
Sleep let them all with Dullness on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.

Enough of Critics—let them, if they please,
Fond of new pomp, each month pass new decree
Wide and extensive be their infant state,
Their subjects many, and those subjects great,
Whilst all their mandates as sound law succeed
With fools who write, and greater fools who r

What tho' they lay the realms of Genius waste,
Fetter the fancy, and debauch the taste;
Tho' they, like doctors, to approve their skill,
Consult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Tho' by whim, envy, or resentment, led,
They damn those authors whom they never read;
Tho', other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
To deal out so much praise for so much gold;
Tho' Scot with Scot, in damned close intrigues
Against the commonwealth of letters leagues?
Uncensur'd let them pilot at the helm,
And rule in letters as they rul'd the realm:
Ours be the curse, the mean tame coward's curse,
(Nor could ingenious Malice make a worse,
To do our sense and honour great despite)
To credit what they say, read what they write.
Enough of Scotland—let her rest in peace;
The cause remov'd effects of course should cease.
Why should I tell how Tweed, too mighty grown,
And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,
Burst o'er his banks, and, by Destruction led,
O'er our faint England desolation spread,
Whilst riding on his waves Ambition, plum'd
In tenfold pride, the port of Bute assum'd,
Now that the river-god, convinc'd, tho' late,
And yielding, tho' reluctantly, to Fate,
Holds his fair course, and with more humble tides,
In tribute to the sea, as usual glides?

Enough of States, and such like trifling thing
Enough of kinglings, and enough of kings;
Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd statesmen lie,
Spread the court-web, and catch the patriot fly;
Henceforth, unwhipp'd of Justice, uncontrol'd
By fear or shame, let Vice, secure and bold,
Lord it with all her sons, whilst Virtue's groan
Meets with compassion only from the throne.

Enough of Patriots—all I ask of man
Is only to be honest as he can:
Some have deceiv'd, and some may still deceive
'Tis the fool's curse at random to believe.
Would those who, by opinion plac'd on high,
Stand fair and perfect in their country's eye
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
Hint this essential doctrine—Persevere.
Should they, (which Heav'n forbid!) to win the gr
Of some proud courtier, or to gain a place,
Their king and country sell, with endless sham
Th' avenging Muse shall mark each trait'rous nar
But if, to honour true, they scorn to bend;
And, proudly honest, hold out to the end,
Their grateful country shall their fame record,
And I myself descend to praise a lord.

Enough of Wilks—with good and honest men
His actions speak much stronger than my pen,
And future ages shall his name adore
When he can act and I can write no more.

England may prove ungrateful and unjust,
Not fost'ring France shall ne'er betray her trust;
'Tis a brave debt which gods on man impose,
To pay with praise the merit ev'n of foes.
When the great warrior of Amilca's race
Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her base,
To prove her virtue, tho' it gall'd her pride,
Rome gave the fame which Carthage had deny'd.
Enough of Self—that darling luscious theme,
O'er which philosophers in raptures dream,
Of which with seeming disregard they write,
Then prizing most when most they seem to slight;
Vain proof of folly tinctur'd strong with pride!
What man can from himself himself divide?
For me, (nor dare I lie) my leading aim
(Conscience first satisfy'd) is love of fame;
Some little fame, deriv'd from some brave few,
Who prizing Honour prize her vot'ries too.
Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well what they know freely speak,
So those (the greatest curse I meet below)
Who know me not may not pretend to know.
Let none of those whom, bless'd with parts above
My feeble genius, still I dare to love,
Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,
And call it mine; for mine, tho' never known,
Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own.

Know all the world no greedy heir shall find,
Die when I will, one couplet left behind,
Let none of those whom I despise tho' great,
Pretending friendship to give malice weight,
Publish my life; let no false sneaking peer,
(Some such there are) to win the public ear,
Hand me to shame with some vile anecdote,
Nor soul-gall'd bishop damn me with a note.
Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when d
Let it (may Heav'n, indulgent, grant that pray'
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there!
And when, on travel bound, some rhyming gue
Roams thro' the churchyard whilst his dinner's d
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies;
Whilst (O! what joy that pleasing flatt'ry giv
Reading my Works, he cries—Here Churchill l

Enough of Satire—in less harden'd times
Great was her force, and mighty were her rhym
I 've read of men beyond man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gav
Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line than from a world in arms:
When in her faithful and immortal page
They saw transmitted down from age to age
Record'd villains, and each spotted name
Branded with marks of everlasting shame,

Succeeding villains sought her as a friend,
And if not really mended feign'd to mend:
But in an age when actions are allow'd
Which strike all honour dead, and crimes avow'd
Too terrible to suffer the report,
Avow'd and prais'd by men who stain a court,
Propp'd by the arm of Pow'r; when Vice, high-born,
High-bred, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn;
When she is lost to every thought of fame,
And to all virtue dead, is dead to shame;
When Prudence a much easier task must hold
To make a new world than reform the old;
Satire throws by her arrows on the ground,
And if she cannot cure she will not wound.

Come, Panegyrick!—tho' the Muse disdains,
Founded on truth, to prostitute her strains,
At the base instance of those men who hold
No argument but pow'r, no god but gold;
Yet, mindful that from heav'n she drew her birth,
She scorns the narrow maxims of this earth,
Virtuous herself brings Virtue forth to view,
And loves to praise where praise is justly due.

Come, Panegyrick!—in a former hour,
My soul with pleasure yielding to thy pow'r,
Thy shrine I sought, I pray'd—but wanton air
Before it reach'd thy ears dispers'd my pray'rs.
Ev'n at thy altars whilst I took my stand,
The pen of truth and honour in my hand,

Fate, meditating wrath 'gainst me and mine,
Chid my fond zeal and thwarted my design;
Whilst, Hayter brought too quickly to his end,
I lost a subject and mankind a friend.

Come, Panegyrick!—bending at thy throne
Thee and thy pow'r my soul is proud to own;
Be thou my kind protector, thou my guide,
And lead me safe thro' passes yet untry'd.
Broad is the road nor difficult to find
Which to the house of Satire leads mankind;
Narrow and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praise.

What tho' no theme I chuse of vulger note,
Nor wish to write as brother bards have wrote,
So mild, so meek in praising, that they seem
Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream?
What tho' a theme I chuse which might demand
The nicest touches of a master's hand?
Yet if the inward workings of my soul
Deceive me not I shall attain the gaol,
And Envy shall behold, in triumph rais'd,
The poet praising and the patron prais'd.

What patron shall I chuse? shall public voice
Or private knowledge influence my choice?
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,
Or, seeking patriots, to Friend Wildman's go?
"To Wildman's!" cry'd Discretion, (who had heard,
Close standing at my elbow, ev'ry word)

"To Wildman's! art thou mad? can'st thou be sure
One moment there to have thy head secure?
Are they not all (let Observation tell)
All mark'd in characters as black as hell,
In Doomsday-book by ministers set down,
Who style their pride the honour of the crown
Make no reply—let reason stand aloof—
Presumptions here must pass as solemn proof.
That settled faith, that love which ever springs
In the best subjects, for the best of kings,
Must not be measur'd now by what men think,
Or say, or do—by what they eat and drink;
Where and with whom, that question's to be try'd,
And statesmen are the judges to decide;
No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe;
They, facts confess'd, in themselves vest the law.
Each dish at Wildman's of sedition smacks;
Blasphemy may be gospel at Almack's."

Peace, good Discretion! peace—thy fears are vain;
Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train,
Never the vengeance of the great incur,
Nor without might against the mighty stir;
If from long proof my temper you distrust,
Weigh my profession, to my gown be just;
Dost thou one parson know so void of grace
To pay his court to patrons out of place?
If still you doubt, (tho' scarce a doubt remains)
Search thro' my alter'd heart, and try my reins;

There searching find, nor deem me now in sport
A convert made by Sandwich to the court ;
Let madmen follow error to the end,
I of mistakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor blush to own the change which reason wrougl
For such a change as this must Justice speak;
My heart was honest, but my head was weak.

Bigot to no one man or set of men,
Without one selfish view I drew my pen ;
My country ask'd or seem'd to ask my aid,
Obedient to that call I left off trade ;
Aside I chose, and on that side was strong,
Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong :
Convinc'd I change (can any man do more ?
And have not greater patriots chang'd before ?
Chang'd—I at once (can any man do less ?)
Without a single blush that change confess ;
Confess it with a manly kind of pride,
And quit the losing for the winning side ;
Granting, whilst virtuous Sandwich holds the re
What Bute for ages might have sought in vain.

Hail, Sandwich !—nor shall Wilkes resentme
Hearing the praises of so brave a foe— [sho
Hail, Sandwich !—nor, thro' pride, shalt thou refu
The grateful tribute of so mean a Muse—
Sandwich ! all hail—when Bute with foreign hand
Grown wanton with ambition, scourg'd the land

[illegible] Scots or slaves to Scotsmen stor'd the he
[illegible]en peace, inglorious peace! disgrac'd the zeal
[illegible]strust and gen'ral discontent prevail'd;
[illegible] when (he best knows why) his spirits fail'd,
When with a sudden panic struck he fled,
[illegible]nk'd out of power, and hid his recreant head;
When, like a Mart (that order'd to retreat)
We saw thee nimbly vault into his seat,
Into the seat of power, at one bold leap,
A perfect connoisseur in statesmanship;
While, like another Machiavel, we saw
Thy fingers twisting and untwisting law,
Straining where godlike Reason bade, and where
She warranted thy mercy pleas'd to spare;
Saw thee resolved, and fix'd (come what come might)
To do thy God, thy king, thy country, right,
All things were chang'd, suspense remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before;
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their use,
What virtues such as thine must needs produce.
Thy foes, (for honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praise, too fearful to oppose.
In sullen silence sit; thy friends (some few,
Who friends to thee are friends to honour too)
And thy brave bearing, and the Commonweal
Expects her safety from thy stubborn zeal.
Place among the rest the Muses claim,
I bring this free-will offering to thy fame,

To prove their virtue make thy virtues known,
And holding up thy fame secure their own.
From his youth upwards to the present day,
When vices more than years have mark'd him gray
When riotous excess, with wasteful hand,
Shakes life's frail glass and hastes each ebbing sand
Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shan
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.
Where (reason left without the least defence)
Laughter was mirth, obscenity was sense;
Where Impudence made Decency submit;
Where noise was humour, and where whim was wi
Where rude untemper'd license had the merit
Of liberty, and lunacy was spirit;
Where the best things were ever held the worst,
Lothario was, with justice, always first.
To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping chairman's oracle,
Whilst in most blessed union rogue and whor
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out *encore*.

Whilst gray Authority, who slumbers there
In robes of watchmens' fur, gives up his chair;
With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted moon,
To walk with torches thro' the streets at noon,
To force plain Nature from her usual way,
Each night a vigil and a blank each day;
To match with speed one feather 'gainst another,
To make one leg run races with his brother;
'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
Bate to ride first, and be to ride behind;
To coin new-fangled wagers and to lay 'em,
Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em,
Lothario, on that stock which Nature gives,
Without a rival stands tho' March yet lives.
When Folly, (at that name, in duty bound,
Let subject myriads kneel and kiss the ground,
Whilst they who in the presence upright stand
Are held as rebels thro' the loyal land)
Queen ev'ry where, but most a queen in courts,
Sent forth her heralds and proclaim'd her sports.
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age;
Lothario, great above the common size,
With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And ev'ry day deserves it more and more.
Nor in such limits rests his soul confin'd;
Folly may share but cann't engross his mind;

Vice, bold substantial Vice, puts in her claim,
And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
Observe his follies well, and you would swear
Folly had been his first his only care;
Observe his vices, you'll that oath disown,
And swear that he was born for vice alone.
Is the soft nature of some hapless maid,
Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd?
Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to fame,
And he who wrought her guilt declare her shame?
Is some brave friend who, men but little known,
Deems ev'ry heart as honest as his own,
And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
To be ensnar'd and ruin'd with a smile?
Is Law to be perverted from her course?
Is abject Fraud to league with brutal Force?
Is Freedom to be crush'd, and ev'ry son
Who dares maintain her cause to be undone?
Is base Corruption, creeping thro' the land,
To plan and work her ruin underhand
With regular approaches, sure, tho' slow?
Or must she perish by a single blow?
Are kings who trust to servants, and depend
In servants (fond, vain thought!) to find a friend,
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkness thicker than the shades of death?
Is God's most holy name to be profan'd,
His word rejected and his laws arraign'd,

His servants scorn'd as men who idly dream'd,
His service laugh'd at and his Son blasphem'd?
Are debauchees in morals to preside?
Is Faith to take an Atheist for her guide?
Is Science by a blockhead to be led?
Are States to totter on a drunkard's head?
To answer all these purposes and more,
More black than ever villain plann'd before,
Search earth, search hell, the devil cannot find
An Agent like Lothario to his mind.
Is this nobility, which, sprung from kings,
Was meant to swell the pow'r from whence it springs?
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which Nature hoped for, from so rich a root?
Were there but two, (search all the world around)
Were there but two such nobles to be found,
The very name would sink into a term
Of scorn, and man would rather be a worm
Than be a lord: but Nature, full of grace,
Not meaning birth and titles to be base,
Made only one, and, having made him, swore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more:
Nor stopp'd she there, but like a gen'rous friend,
The ills which error caus'd she strove to mend,
And having brought Lothario forth to view
To save her credit brought forth Sandwich too.
Gods! with what joy, what honest joy of heart,
Blunt as I am, and void of ev'ry art,

Of ev'ry art which great ones in the state
Practise on knaves they fear and fools they hate,
To titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Nor prone to think that virtues can descend,
Do I behold (a sight, alas! more rare
Than Honesty could wish) the noble wear
His father's honours, when his life makes known
They're his by virtue not by birth alone!
When he recalls his father from the grave
And pays with int'rest back that fame he gave;
Cur'd of her splenetic and sullen fits
To such a peer my willing soul submits,
And to such virtue is more proud to yield
Than 'gainst ten titled rogues to keep the field.
Such, (for that truth ev'n Envy shall allow)
Such Wyndham was, and such is Sandwich now.
O, gentle Montague! in blessed hour
Did'st thou start up and climb the stairs of pow'r;
England of all her fears at once was eas'd,
Nor 'mongst her many foes was one displeas'd:
France heard the news and told it Cousin Spain,
Spain heard, and told it Cousin France again;
The Hollander relinquish'd his design
Of adding spice to spice, and mine to mine;
Of Indian villanies he thought no more,
Content to rob us on our native shore:
Aw'd by thy fame, (which winds with open mou
Shall blow from east to west, from north to south

The western world shall yield us her increase,
And her wild sons be soften'd into peace;
Rich eastern monarchs shall exhaust their stores,
And pour unbounded wealth on Albion's shores;
Unbounded wealth, which from those golden scenes,
And all acquir'd by honourable means,
Some honourable chief shall hither steer,
To pay our debts and set the nation clear.
Nabobs themselves, allur'd by thy renown,
Shall pay due homage to the English crown,
Shall freely as their king our king receive—
Provided the Directors give them leave.
Union at home shall mark each rising year,
Nor taxes be complain'd of tho' severe,
Envy her own destroyer shall become,
And Faction with her thousand mouths be dumb:
With the meek man thy meekness shall prevail,
Nor with the spirited thy spirit fail:
Some to thy force of reason shall submit,
And some be converts to thy princely wit:
Rev'rence for thee shall still a nation's cries,
A grand concurrence crown a grand excise;
And unbelievers of the first degree,
Who have no faith in God, have faith in thee.
When a strange jumble, whimsical and vain,
Possess'd the region of each heated brain;
When some were fools to censure, some to praise,
And all were mad, but mad in diff'rent ways:

When commonwealth-men, starting at the shade
Which in their own wild fancy had been made,
Of tyrants dream'd who wore a thorny crown,
And with state blood-hounds hunted Freedom down;
When others, struck with fancies not less vain,
Saw mighty kings by their own subjects slain,
And in each friend of liberty and law,
With horror big, a future Cromwell saw;
Thy manly zeal stept forth, bade discord cease,
And sung each jarring atom into peace:
Liberty, cheer'd by thy all-cheering eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die;
And, patronis'd by thee, Prerogative
Shall, striding forth at large, not die but live;
Whilst Privilege, hung betwixt earth and sky,
Shall not well know whether to live or die.
When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And seem'd to totter, Commerce shiv'ring stood;
When Credit, building on a sandy shore,
Saw the sea swell and heard the tempest roar,
Heard death in ev'ry blast, and in each wave
Or saw or fancy'd that she saw her grave;
When Property, transfer'd from hand to hand,
Weaken'd by change, crawl'd sickly thro' the land;
When mutual confidence was at an end,
And man no longer could on man depend,
Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of state;

When certain death to honour and to trade,
A sponge was talk'd of as our only aid;
That to be sat'd we must be more undone,
And pay off all our debts by paying none;
Like England's better genius born to bless,
And snatch his sinking country from distress,
Did'st thou step forth, and without sail or oar
Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore;
Nor shalt thou quit, till anchor'd firm and fast,
She rides secure, and mocks the threat'ning blast.
Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
By thy sage counsels to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,
Economy her needful aid shall join
To forward and complete thy grand design,
And warm to save, but yet with spirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.
Let friends of prodigals say what they will,
Spendthrifts at home abroad are spendthrifts still.
In vain have sly and subtle sophists try'd
Private from public justice to divide;
For credit on each other they rely,
They live together, and together die.
'Gainst all experience 't is a rank offence,
High treason in the eye of common sense,
To think a statesman ever can be known
To pay our debts who will not pay his own:
But now, tho' late, now may we hope to see
Our debts discharg'd, our credit fair and free,

Since rigid Honesty (fair fall that hour!)
Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in power.
With what delight I view thee, wondrous man!
With what delight survey thy sterling plan,
That plan which all with wonder must behold,
And stamp the age, the only Age of Gold!
Nor rest thy triumphs here—that Discord fled,
And sought with grief the hell whose she was bred;
That Faction, 'gainst her nature forc'd to yield,
Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field,
Saw her best friends a standing jest become,
Her fools turn'd speakers and her wits struck dumb;
That our most bitter foes (so much depends
On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;
That our offended friends (such terror flows
From men of name), dare not appear our foes;
That Credit, gasping in the jaws of Death,
And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,
Grows stronger from disease; that thou hast sav
Thy drooping country; that thy name, engrav'd
On plates of brass, defies the rage of time,
Than plates of brass more firm; that sacred rhy
Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
And gives thee what the Muse alone can give;
These heights of virtue, these rewards of fame,
With thee in common other patriots claim.
But that poor sickly Science, who had laid
And droop'd for years beneath Neglect's cold
By those who knew her, purposely forgot,
And made the jest of those who knewher no

ignorance in pow'r, and pamper'd Pride,
a priest, pass'd by on t'other side,
from her wretched state, at length
w health and clothes herself with strength,
ve owe and to thy friendly hand,
is'd and gave her to possess the land:
se, tho' in a court and near a throne,
se is thine, and thine, alas! alone.
what fond rapture did the goddess smile,
ssings did she promise to this isle,
nour to herself and length of reign,
he heard that thou did'st not disdain
steward! but what grief, what shame,
e, what disappointment, shook her frame
proud children dar'd her will dispute,
uth was insolent and age was mute!
oung men should be fools, and some wild few
m deaf, be deaf to int'rest too,
t her wonder: but that men grown gray
of wisdom, men who own'd the sway
, men who stubbornly kept down
ng passion, men who wore the gown;
should cross her will, that they should dare
he cause of Int'rest to declare;
should be so abject and unwise,
o fear of loss before their eyes,
of gain; scorning the ready means
victors, rectors, canons, deans,
those honours which on mitres wait,
the virtuous favourites of state;

That they should dare a Hardwicke to support,
And talk, within the hearing of a court,
Of that Vile beggar Conscience, who undone
And starv'd herself, starves ev'ry wretched son;
This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her swear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward sons who scorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful shore;
Rather than bear such insults, which disgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,
Tho' Dullness there unrivall'd state doth keep,
Would she at Winchester with * Burton sleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying scene
For something still more dull and still more mean,
Rather than bear such insults, she would fly
Far, far, beyond the search of English eye,
And reign amongst the Scots: to be a queen
Is worth ambition tho' in Aberdeen.
O! stay thy flight, fair Science! what tho' some,
Some base-born children, rebels are become?
All are not rebels; some are duteous still,
Attend thy precepts and obey thy will:
Thy int'rest is oppos'd by those alone
Who either know not or oppose their own.
Of stubborn virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black—the liv'ry of their trade,

* Dr. Burton was the Master of Winchester College. *Wilkes had* a dispute with one even of Lord B----'s sons, *who was at* school there. See The North Briton, No. 11.

Marshall'd by Form, and by Discretion led,
A grave, grave, troop, and Smith is at their head,
Black Smith of Trinity, on Christian ground
For faith in mysteries none more renown'd.
Next, (for the best of causes now and then
Must beg assistance from the worst of men)
Next, (if old story lies not) sprung from Greece,
Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece;
Her, wretched maid! committed to his trust,
To a rank letcher's coarse and bloated lust
The arch, old, hoary, hypocrite had sold,
And thought himself and her well damn'd for gold.
But (to wipe off such traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind)
Leading on men, who, in a college bred,

Or may a still more happy method find,
And taking one from two leave none behind?
With such a mighty power on foot to yield
Were death to manhood; better in the field
To leave our carcasses and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchase life on terms of shame:
Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
And ere they dare the battle sound retreat.
But if persuasions ineffectual prove,
If arguments are vain, nor pray'rs can move,
Yet in thy bitterness of frantic woe
Why talk of Burton? why to Scotland go?
Is there not Oxford? she with open arms
Shall meet thy wish, and yield up all her charms,
Shall for my love her former loves resign,
And jilt the banish'd Stewarts to be thine.
Bow'd to the yoke, and, soon as she could read,
Tutor'd to get by heart the despot's creed,
She, of subjection proud, shall knee thy throne,
And have no principles but thine alone;
She shall thy will implicitly receive,
Nor act, nor speak, nor think, without thy leave.
Where is the glory of imperial sway,
If subjects none but just commands obey?
Then, and then only, is obedience seen
When by command they dare do all that's mean:
Hither then wing thy flight—here fix thy stand,
Nor fail to bring thy Sandwich in thy hand.
Gods! with what joy, (for fancy now supplies
And lays the future open to my eyes)

Hail! with what joy I see the worthies meet,
And Brother Litchfield Brother Sandwich greet!
Bless'd be your greetings, bless'd each dear embrace,
Bless'd to yourselves, and to the human race!
Sick'ning at virtues which she cannot reach,
Which seem her baser nature to impeach,
Lo Envy, in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
Outrageous, search the corners of the world,
Ransack the present times, look back to past,
Rip up the future, and confess at last;
No times past, present, or to come could e'er
Produce and bless the world with such a pair!
Philips, the good old Philips! out of breath,
Escap'd from Monmouth, and escap'd from death.
Shall hail his Sandwich with that virtuous zeal,
That glorious ardour for the commonweal,
Which warm'd his loyal heart and bless'd his tongue,
When on his lips the cause of rebels hung.
Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a nun,
At Med'nham * lies, by backward monks undone,

* Medenham Abbey was a large house near Marlow in Bucks: it was formerly a convent of Christian monks. Sir F-----s D-----, Sir T----s S-----, P---l W----d, W----s, and others, to the number of twelve, rented the abbey. Something may be conjectured of the life they led from these lines. If Churchill built them upon the relation of his friend W----s, the latter could only have learned the tale from report, for his morality of course quitted the Franciscans (so called from Sir not St. Francis) before they deserved this lash from the satirest. Something more of the Holy Brotherhood may be seen in *Chrysal*, vol. ii. p. 170.

A nation's reckoning, like an alehouse score,
Whilst Paul the aged chalks behind a door,
Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up,
D——d shall pour, from a communion cup,
Libations to the goddess without eyes,
And hob or nob in cider and excise.
From those deep shades where Vanity unknown
Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone,
Curs'd in herself, by her own thoughts undone,
Where she sees all, but can be seen by none,
Where she, no longer mistress of the schools,
Hears praise loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
Or hears it at a distance, in despair
To join the crowd and put in for a share,
Twisting each thought a thousand diff'rent ways,
For his new friends new-modelling old praise,
Where frugal sense so very fine is spun
It serves twelve hours, tho' not enough for one,
King shall arise, and bursting from the dead
Shall hurl his pick-bald Latin at thy head.
Burton (whilst awkward affectations hung
In queint and labour'd accents on his tongue,
Who 'gainst their will made junior blockheads speak,
Ign'rant of both new Latin and new Greek,
Not such as was in Greece and Latium known,
But of a modern cut, and all his own,
Who threads, like beads, loose thoughts on such a string.
Their praise and censure nothing, ev'ry thing
Pantomime thoughts, and style so full of wick,
They even make a Merry Andrew sick.

Thoughts are so dull, so pliant in their growth,
They 're verse, they 're prose, they 're neither, and
they 're both)
Shall (though by nature ever loth to praise)
Thy curious worth set forth in curious phrase,
Obscurely stiff shall press poor sense to death,
Or in long periods run her out of breath,
Shall make a babe for which, with all his fame,
Adam could not have found a proper name,
Whilst, beating out his features to a smile,
He hugs the bastard brat, and calls it Style.
Hush'd be all nature as the land of Death,
Let each stream sleep, and each wind hold his breath,
Be the bells muffled, nor one sound of care,
Pressing for audience, wake the slumb'ring air:
Browne comes—Behold how cautiously he creeps—
How slow he walks, and yet how fast he sleeps—
But to thy praise in sleep he shall agree;
He cannot wake, but he shall dream of thee.
Physic, her head with opiate poppies crown'd,
Her loins by the chaste matron Camphire bound,
Physic, obtaining succour from the pen
Of her soft son, her gentle Heberden!
If there are men who can thy virtue know,
Yet spite of virtue treat thee as a foe,
Shall like a scholar stop their rebel breath,
And in each recipe send classic death.
So deep in knowledge, that few lines can sound
And plumb the bottom of that vast profound,

Few grave ones with such gravity can think,
Or follow half so fast as he can sink,
With nice distinctions glossing o'er the text,
Obscure with meaning, and in words perplext,
With subtleties on subtleties refin'd,
Meant to divide and subdivide the mind,
Keeping the forwardness of youth in awe,
The scrowling Blackstone bears the train of law.
Divinity, enrob'd in college-fur,
In her right hand A New Court Kalendar,
Bound like a book of pray'r, thy coming waits,
With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.
Loyalty, fix'd on Isis's alter'd shore,
A stranger long, but stranger now no more,
Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes
Brimful of rapture view her new allies,
Shall with much pleasure and more wonder view
Men great at court and great at Oxford too.
O sacred Loyalty! accurs'd by those
Who seeming friends turn out thy deadliest foes,
Who prostitute to kings thy honour'd name,
And sooth their passions to betray their fame!
Nor prais'd be those to whose proud nature clings
Contempt of government and hate of kings,
Who willing to be free, not knowing how,
A strange intemperance of zeal avow,
And start at Loyalty, as at a word
Which without danger Freedom never heard.
Vain error of vain men—wild both extremes,
And to the state not wholesome, like to dreams,

Children of night, of indigestion bred,
Which, reason clouded, seize and turn the head;
Loyalty without freedom is a chain,
Which men of lib'ral notion can't sustain,
And Freedom without Loyalty's a name
Which nothing means, or means licentious shame.
Thine be the art, my Sandwich! thine the toil,
In Oxford's stubborn and untoward soil
To rear this plant of union, till at length,
Rooted by time and foster'd into strength,
Shooting aloft, all danger it defies,
And proudly lifts it's branches to the skies;
Whilst, Wisdom's happy son, but not her slave,
Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
Beneath that shade which thy own labours wrought,
And fashion'd into strength, shalt thou repose,
Secure of lib'ral praise, since Isis flows
True to her Thame, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer, like a harlot, lust for Tweed; [twine
And those old wreathes which Oxford once d-
To grace a Stewart's brow she plants on thine,

THE JOURNEY.

Some of my friends, (for friends I must sup
All who, not daring to appear my foes,
Feign great good-will, and, not more full of
Than full of craft, under false colours fight)
Some of my friends, (so lavishly I print)
As more in sorrow than in anger, hint
(Tho' that indeed will scarce admit a doubt)
That I shall run my stock of genius out,
My no great stock, and, publishing so fast,
Must needs become a bankrupt at the last.
" The husbandman, to spare a thankful s
" Which rich in disposition pays his toil
" More than an hundred fold, which swells his
" Ev'n to his wish, and makes his barns run
" By long experience taught, who teaches be
" Foregoes his hopes a while and gives it rest
" The land allow'd it's losses to repair,
" Refresh'd, and full in strength, delights to
" A second youth, and to the farmer's eyes
" Bids richer crops and double harvests rise.
" Nor think this practice to the earth conf
" It reaches to the culture of the mind.
" The mind of man craves rest, and cannot
" Tho' next in pow'r to God's, continual c
" Genius himself (nor here let Genius frow
" Must, to ensure his vigour, be laid down,

[illegible] well had Churchill known but this,
Which the most slight observer scarce could miss,
He might have flourish'd twenty years or more,
Tho' now, alas! poor man! worn out in four,"
Recover'd from the vanity of youth
I feel, alas! this melancholy truth,
Thanks to each cordial, each advising friend,
And am, if not too late, resolv'd to mend,
Resolv'd to give some respite to my pen,
Apply myself once more to books and men,
View what is present, what is past review,
And, my old stock exhausted, lay in new.
For twice six moons, (let winds, turn'd porters, bear
This oath to heav'n) for twice six moons, I swear,
No Muse shall tempt me with her Siren lay,
Nor draw me from improvement's thorny way;
Verse I abjure, nor will forgive that friend
Who in my hearing shall a rhyme commend.
It cannot be——whether I will or no,
Such as they are, my thoughts in measure flow.
Convinc'd, determin'd, I in prose begin;
But ere I write one sentence verse creeps in,
And taints me thro' and thro'! By this good light
In verse I talk by day, I dream by night!
If now and then I curse, my curses chime,
Nor can I pray unless I pray in rhyme.
Ev'n now I err, in spite of common sense,
And my confession doubles my offence.

Rest then, my Friends!—spare, spare you
cious breath,
And be your slumbers not less sound than de
Perturbed spirits, rest, nor thus appear
To waste your counsels in a spendthrift's ea
On your grave lessons I cannot subsist,
Nor ev'n in verse become economist.
Rest then, my Friends! nor, hateful to my e
Let Envy in the shape of Pity rise,
To blast me ere my time. With patience wa
('Tis not long interval) propitious Fate
Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry son of phleg
Find ample room to censure and condemn.
Read some three hundred lines, (no easy task
But probably the last that I shall ask)
And give me up for ever. Wait one hour,
Nay, not so much—revenge is in your pow'
And ye may cry, ere Time hath turn'd his g
Lo! what we prophesy'd is come to pass.
Let those who poetry in poems claim
Or not read this or only read to blame;
Let those who are by fiction's charms enslav'
Return me thanks for half-a-crown well sav
Let those who love a little gall in rhyme
Postpone their purchase now, and call next
Let those who, void of nature, look for art,
Take up their money, and in peace depart;
Let those who energy of diction prize
For Billinsgate quit Flexney, and be wise:

Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force,
Mean are the words, and such as come of course,
The subject not less simple than the lay;
A plain unlabour'd journey of a Day.
Far from me now be ev'ry tuneful maid,
I neither ask nor can receive their aid.
Pegasus, turn'd into a common hack,
Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track,
Nor would I have the Sisters of the Hill
Behold their bard in such a dishabille:
Absent, but only absent for a time,
Let them caress some dearer son of rhyme;
Let them, as far as decency permits,
Without suspicion play the fool with wits,
'Gainst fools be guarded; 't is a certain rule
Wits are safe things; there 's danger in a fool.
Let them, tho' modest, Gray more modest woo;
Let them with Mason bleat, and bay, and coo;
Let them with Franklin, proud of some small Greek,
Make Sophocles disguis'd in English speak;
Let them with Glover o'er Medea doze;
Let them with Dodsley wail Cleone's woes,
Whilst he, fine-feeling creature! all in tears,
Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers;
Let them with simple Whitehead, taught to creep
Silent and soft, lay Fontenelle asleep;
Let them with Browne † contrive, no vulgar trick,
To cure the dead and make the living sick;

† He wrote an ode called The Cure of Saul.

Let them, in charity, to Murphy give
Some old French piece, that he may steal and live;
Let them with antic Foote subscriptions get,
And advertise a summer-house of wit.
Thus, or in any better way they please,
With these great men, or with great men like these,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my journey all alone proceed.
If fashionable grown, and fond of pow'r,
With hum'rous Scots let them disport their hour;
Let them dance, fairy-like, round Ossian's tomb;
Let them forge lies and histories for Hume:
Let them with Hume, the very prince of verse!
Make something like a tragedy in Erse;
Under dark allegory's flimsy veil
Let them with Ogilvie spin out a tale
Of rueful length; let them plain things obscure,
Debase what 's truly rich, and what is poor
Make poorer still, by jargon most uncouth;
With ev'ry pert prim prettiness of youth,
Born of false Taste, with Fancy (like a child
Not knowing what it cries for) running wild,
With bloated style, by Affectation taught,
With much false colouring and little thought,
With phrases strange, and dialect decreed
By Reason never to have pass'd the Tweed,
With words which Nature meant each other's foe,
Forc'd to compound whether they will or no;

With such materials let them, if they will,
Or prove at once their pleasantry and skill,
Build up a bar to war 'gainst common sense,
By way of compliment to Providence;
Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,
Read musty lectures on Benevolence,
Or con the pages of his gaping Day,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot;
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,
But not one hour of darkness: when the night
Suspends this mortal coil, when Mem'ry wakes,
When for our past misdoings Conscience takes
A deep revenge, when, by Reflection led,
She draws his curtains and looks Comfort dead,
Let ev'ry Muse be gone; in vain he turns,
And tries to pray for sleep; an Ætna burns,
A more than Ætna, in his coward breast,
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest:
Tho' soft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring;
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.
Thus, or in any better way they please,
With these great men, or with great men like these,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my journey all alone proceed.

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END OF VOLUME FIRST.

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER TO CHURCHILL.
CHURCHILL VOLUME II.
Is this the land
Where Nature lissing stood, whilst Shakespeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made!

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHA. CHURCHILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Muse's office was by Heaven design'd
To please, improve, instruct, reform, mankind;
To make dejected Virtue, nobly rise
Above the towering pitch of splendid Vice;
To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
And, trembling, crouch at Virtue's awful frown---
But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth---
Asham'd, she marks that passage with a blot,
And hates the line where candour was forgot. APOLOGY.

VOL II.

LONDON:

PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF JOHN BELL,
BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND,
BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1793.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

GHOST. IN FOUR BOOKS.
AUTHOR.

Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead:
Let it (may Heaven, indulgent, grant that prayer!)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams thro' the church-yard whilst his dinner's drest,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies;
Whilst, (O what joy that pleasing flattery gives!)
Reading my Works, he cries---Here Churchill lives!

CANDIDATE.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JOHN BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1793.

[redacted]

THE GHOST.

Introduction.

It has been thought not improper to prefix to
edition of The Ghost the following summary acco
of the proceedings in regard to some strange no
heard some time in the year 1762, at a house in C
Lane, West Smithfield, London, which gave ris
the ensuing poem.

Mr. Parsons, the officiating Clerk of St. Sep
chre's, observing one morning, at early prayers
genteel couple standing in the aisle, ordered them
a pew, and being afterwards thanked for his civi
by the gentleman, who asked if he could inform
of a lodging in the neighbourhood? Parsons offe
his own house, which was accepted of. Some t
after, in the absence of the gentleman who was in
country, Mr. Parsons' daughter, a child of ele
years of age, being taken by Miss Fanny (the n
the gentlewoman went by) to her bed. Miss Fa
complained one morning to the family of both han
been greatly disturbed by violent noises. Mrs. Pars
at a loss to account for this, bethought herself o
neighbouring industrious shoemaker, whom they
cluded to be the cause of the disturbance. Soon a
on a Sunday night, Miss Fanny getting out of
called to Mrs. Parsons, "Pray, does your shoem
"work so hard on Sunday nights too?" to which
answered in the negative, Mrs. Parsons, &c. wo
sired to come into the chamber, and be themselve
nesses to the truth of the assertion. At this time
persons were invited to assist, and among the

late Rev. Mr. Lindin, but he excused himself; a
gentleman and lady removing into the neighbou
of Clerkenwell, (where she soon after died) the
discontinued at the house of Parsons from the t
their leaving it to the 1st. of January 1763, or
abouts, the space of above a year and a half,
then began the second visitation, as for distinc
sake we may venture to call it.

In this visitation, then, the child, upon ce
knockings and scratchings, which seemed to pr
from beneath her bedstead, was sometimes th
into violent fits and agitations; and a woma
tendant, or the father, Mr. Parsons, put questi
the spirit or ghost, as it was supposed by the cre
to be, and they also dictated how many knocks s
serve for an answer either in the affirmative o
gative; and though these scratchings and knoc
disturbed Fanny before her death, it was now
posed to be her spirit which thus harrassed the
family. In this manner of converse she charge
Mr. —, whose first wife was her sister, and
whom she afterwards lived in fornication, with
ing poisoned her, by putting arsenic into purl, an
ministering it to her when ill of the smallpox. I
bers of persons of fortune and character, and se
clergymen, assisted at the vagaries of this inv
knocker and scratcher; and though no discovery
be made by the several removals of the girl to
houses, where the noises still followed her, (the
posed ghost protesting she would follow her w

[illegible] the went) the wainscots and floorings were torn away to facilitate a detection of any imposture in the purpose, yet the rational part of the town could not be made to believe but that there was some fraud in the affair, considering the known faculty many people called Ventriloqui have had of uttering strange noises, and making them appear to come from any place they thought proper, without any visible motion of their lips; and this suspicion was confirmed by the attestations of the clergyman, and some gentlemen of the faculty, who visited the deceased in her illness, and of some other persons of unquestionable credit, and the guilt of the imposture, in some measure, fixed upon the parents and their friends, by some facts contained in the following advertisement.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WE, whose names are underwritten, thought it proper, upon the approbation of the Lord Mayor, received on Saturday last in the afternoon, to see Mr. Parsons yesterday, and to ask him in respect of the time when his child should be brought to Clerkenwell. He replied in these words, "That he consented to the examination proposed, provided that some persons connected with the girl might be permitted to be there, to divert her in the day-time." This was refused, being contrary to the plan. He then mentioned a woman whom he affirmed to be unconnected, and not to have been with her. Upon being sent for she

late Rev. Mr. Lindin, but he excuted himself; and the gentleman and lady removing into the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, (where she soon after died) the noise discontinued at the house of Parsons from the time of their leaving it to the 1st. of January 1763, or thereabouts, the space of above a year and a half, and then began the second visitation, as for distinction's sake we may venture to call it.

In this visitation, then, the child, upon certain knockings and scratchings, which seemed to proceed from beneath her bedstead, was sometimes thrown into violent fits and agitations; and a woman attendant, or the father, Mr. Parsons, put questions to the spirit or ghost, as it was supposed by the credulous to be, and they also dictated how many knocks should serve for an answer either in the affirmative or negative; and though these scratchings and knockings disturbed Fanny before her death, it was now supposed to be her spirit which thus harrassed the poor family. In this manner of converse she charged one Mr. —, whose first wife was her sister, and with whom she afterwards lived in fornication, with having poisoned her, by putting arsenic into purl, and administering it to her when ill of the small pox. Numbers of persons of fortune and character, and several clergymen, assisted at the vagaries of this invisible knocker and scratcher; and though no discovery could be made by the several removals of the girl to other houses, where the noises still followed her, (the supposed ghost protesting she would follow her where-

ever she went) tho' wainscots and floorings were torn away to facilitate a detection of any imposture to no purpose, yet the rational part of the town could not be made to believe but that there was some fraud in the affair, considering the known faculty many people called Ventriloqui have had of uttering strange noises, and making them appear to come from any place they thought proper, without any visible motion of their lips; and this suspicion was confirmed by the attestations of the clergyman, and some gentlemen of the faculty, who visited the deceased in her illness, and of some other persons of unquestionable credit, and the guilt of the imposture, in some measure, fixed upon the parents and their friends, by some facts contained in the following advertisement.

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came, and was a person well known to us, by h
been constantly with her, and very intimate
this Familiar, as she is called. Upon this he,
Parsons, recommended an unexceptionable perso
daughter of a relation, who was a gentleman o
tune. After an enquiry into her character, he in
ed us that this unexceptionable person had diso
her father, and was out at service. Upon t
answered, "Mr. Parsons, if you can procu
"person or persons of strict character and reput
"who are housekeepers, such will be with pl
"admitted." Upon this he required a little t
look for such a person. Instead of coming, as h
mised, and we expected, one William Lloyd ca
his direction, and said as follows:

"Mr. Parsons chooses first to consult wi
"friends, who are at present not in the way,
"he gives a positive answer concerning the r
"of his daughter to the Rev. Mr. Aldrich's."

(Signed) WILL. LLOYD, *Brook-street, H*

Within three hours after, we received anothe
sage from Mr. Parsons by the same hand, viz.

"If the Lord Mayor will give his approbati
"child shall be removed to the Rev. Mr. Aldr

The plan before mentioned was thus set forth
public papers: The girl was to be brought to th
of the said clergyman, without any person wh
that had or was supposed to have the least com
with her. The father was to be there; no

forgot to be in the room, but in a parlour, where there could be no sort of communication, attended by a proper person. A bed, without any furniture, was to be set in the middle of a large room, and the chairs to be placed round it. The persons to be present were some of the clergy, a physician, surgeon, apothecary, and a justice of the peace. The child was to be undressed, examined, and put to bed, by a lady of character and fortune. Gentlemen of established character, both clergy and laity, (amongst whom was a noble lord, who desired to attend) were to have been present at the examination. We have done, and still are ready to do, every thing in our power to detect an imposture, if any, of the most unhappy tendency both to the public and individuals.

STE. ALDRICH, *Rector of St. John's, Clerkenwell.*

JAMES PENN, *Lecturer of St. Ann's, Aldersgate.*

In pursuance of the above plan many gentlemen, eminent for their rank and character, by the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich of Clerkenwell, assembled at his house the 31st. of January, and next day appeared the following account of what passed on the occasion.

"*About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing went down stairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied*

in the strongest terms, any knowledge or belief of fraud.

As the supposed spirit had before publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of St. John, Clerkenwell; where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there by a knock upon her coffin; it was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence and veracity of the supposed spirit.

While they were enquiring and deliberating they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back; and being required to hold her hands out of bed, from that time, though the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest it's existence by appearance, by impressions on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any agency, no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited.

The spirit was then seriously advertised, that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company, at one, went into the church, and the gentlemen to whom the promise was made went with one more into the vault: the spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise; but nothing

being thus silence ensued. The person supposed to be aroused by the ghost then went down, with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired and was permitted to go home with her father.

It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly, "That the child has some art of making or counterfeiting particular noises, and that there is no "agency of any higher cause."

To elude the force of the conclusion, it was given out that the coffin in which the body of the supposed ghost had been deposited, or at least the body itself, had been displaced, or removed out of the vault. Mr. K——, therefore, thought proper to take with him to the vault the undertaker who buried Miss F——, and such other unprejudiced persons as, on inspection, might be able to prove the weakness of such a suggestion.

Accordingly on Feb. 25th. in the afternoon, Mr. K——, with a clergyman, the undertaker, clerk, and sexton of the parish, and two or three gentlemen, went into the vault, when the undertaker presently knew the coffin, which was taken from under the others, and easily seen to be the same, as there was no plate or inscription; and, to satisfy further, the coffin being opened before Mr. K——, the body was found in it.

Others, in the mean time, were taking other steps

to find out where the fraud, if any, lay. The girl was removed from house to house and was said to be constantly attended with the usual noises, though bound and muffled hand and foot, and that without any motion in her lips, and when she appeared asleep; nay, they were often said to be heard in rooms at a considerable distance from that where she lay.

At last her bed was tied up in the manner of a hammoc, about a yard and a half from the ground, and her hands and feet extended as wide as they could without injury, and fastened with fillets, for two nights successively, during which no noises were heard.

The next day, being pressed to confess, and being told that if the knockings and scratches were not heard any more, she, her father and mother, would be sent to Newgate, and half an hour being given her to consider, she desired she might be put to bed to try if the noises would come; she lay in bed this night much longer than usual, but no noises. This was on Saturday.

Sunday, being told that the approaching night only would be allowed for a trial, she concealed a board about four inches broad and six long under her stays. This board was used to set the kettle upon. Having got into bed, she told the gentlemen she would bring it —— at six the next morning.

The master of the house, however, and a friend of his, being informed by the maids that the girl had taken a board to bed with her, impatiently waited for the appointed hour, when she began to knock and scratch upon the board; remarking, however, what they themselves were convinced of, "that these noises were not like those which used to be made." She was then told that she had taken a board to bed, and on her denying it, searched, and caught in a lie.

The two gentlemen, who, with the maids, were the only persons present at this scene, sent to a third gentleman to acquaint him that the whole affair was detected, and to desire his immediate attendance; but he brought another along with him.

Their concurrent opinion was, that the child had been frightened into this attempt by the threats which had been made the two preceding nights; and the master of the house also and his friend both declared, "that the noises the girl had made that morning had "not the least likeness to the former noises."

Probably the organs with which she performed those strange noises were not always in a proper tone for that purpose, and she imagined she might be able to supply the place of them by a piece of board.

At length Mr. K—— thought proper to vindicate his character in a legal way. On the 10th of July the father and mother of the child, one Mary Frazer, who, it seems, acted as an interpreter between the

[redacted]

ghost and those who examined her, a clergyma a reputable tradesman, were tried at Gui before Lord Mansfield, by a special jury, an victed of conspiracy against the life and chara Mr. K——.

But the court choosing that Mr. K——, wh been so much injured on this occasion, should r some reparation by the punishment of the offe deferred giving sentence for seven or eight m in hopes the parties might make it up in the time. Accordingly the clergyman and trad agreed to pay Mr. K—— a round sum, son [illegible] five and six hundred pounds, to pur [illegible] pardon, and was thereupon dismissed w [illegible] reprimand. The father was ordered [illegible] the pillory three times in one month, once [illegible] Cock Lane, and after that to be impri [illegible] years, Elizabeth his wife one year, and [illegible] six months, in Bridewell, and to be [illegible] hard labour.

The father appearing to be out of his mind [illegible] he was first to stand on the pillory, the c [illegible] of that part of his sentence was deferred 'til [illegible] day, when, as well as on the other days of [illegible] the populace took so much compassi [illegible] instead of using him ill, they made a [illegible] collection for him.

THE GHOST.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

rH eager search to dart the soul,
ously vain, from pole to pole,
from the planets' wand'ring spheres,
:tort the number of our years,
whether all those years shall flow
ely smooth and free from woe,
ide Misfortune shall deform
life with one continual storm;
the scene shall motley be,
nate joy and misery—
desire which, more or less,
ien must feel, tho' few confess.
:nce ev'ry place and ev'ry age
'ds subsistence to the sage;
, free from this world and it's cares,
s an acquaintance with the stars,
i whom he gains intelligence
iings to come some ages hence,
:h unto friends at easy rates
adily communicates.
: it's first rise, which all agree on,
noble science was Chaldean;

That ancient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the mountain's head,
Gaz'd on the stars, observ'd the motions,
And suck'd in astrologic notions,
Which they so eagerly pursue,
As folks are apt what'er is new,
That things below at random rove
Whilst they 're consulting things above;
And when they now so poor were grown
They had no houses of their own,
They made bold with their friends the stars,
And prudently made use of their's.
To Egypt from Chaldee it travell'd,
And fate at Memphis was unravell'd:
Th' exotic science soon struck root,
And flourish'd into high repute:
Each learned priest, O strange to tell!
Could circles make and cast a spell,
Could read and write, and taught the nation
The holy art of divination:
Nobles themselves (for at that time
Knowledge in nobles was no crime)
Could talk as learn'dly as the priest,
And prophesy as much at least:
Hence all the fortune-telling crew,
Whose crafty skill mars Nature's hue,
Who in vile tatters, with smirch'd face
Runs up and down from place to place

To gratify their friends desires,
From Bampfield Carew to Moll Squires,
Are rightly term'd Egyptians all,
Whom we mistaken—Gypsies call.
The Grecian sages borrow'd this,
As they did other sciences,
From fertile Egypt—tho' the loan
They had not honesty to own.
Dodona's oaks, inspir'd by Jove,
A learned and prophetic grove,
Turn'd vegetable necromancers,
And to all comers gave their answers.
At Delphos, to Apollo dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each subtle priest on three-leg'd stool,
To take in wise men, play'd the fool:
A mystery so made for gain
Even now in fashion must remain:
Enthusiasts never will let drop
What brings such bus'ness to their shop:
And that great saint we Whitfield call,
Keeps up the humbug spiritual.
Among the Romans not a bird
Without a prophecy was heard;
Fortunes of empires often hung
On the magician-magpie's tongue,
And ev'ry crow was to the state
A sure interpreter of Fate.

Prophets embody'd in a college,
(Time out of mind your seat of knowledge;
For genius never fruit can bear
Unless it first be planted there,
And solid learning never falls
Without the verge of college walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was best to watch or sleep;
To eat or drink, to go or stay,
And when to fight or run away;
When matters were for action ripe,
By looking at a double tripe;
When emperors would live or die
They in an ass's skull could spy,
When generals would their station keep,
Or turn their backs, in hearts of sheep;
In matters whether small or great,
In private families or state,
As amongst us, the holy seer
Officiously would interfere,
With pious arts and rev'rend skill
Would bend lay bigots to his will,
Would help or injure foes or friends
Just as it serv'd his private ends;
Whether in honest way of trade
Traps for virginity were laid,
Or if, to make their party great,
Designs were form'd against the state,

Regardless of the commonweal,
By int'rest led, which they call Zeal,
Into the scale was always thrown
The will of Heav'n to back their own.
England, a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow,
Where without culture they arise,
And tow'r above the common size—
England a fortune-telling host
As num'rous as the stars could boast;
Matrons who toss the cup, and see
The grounds of fate in grounds of tea,
Who, vers'd in ev'ry modest lore,
Can a lost maidenhead restore,
Or, if their pupils rather choose it,
Can show the readiest way to loose it;
Gypsies, who ev'ry ill can cure
Except the ill of being poor,
Who charms 'gainst love and agues sell,
Who can in hen-roost set a spell,
Prepar'd by arts, by them best known,
To catch all feet except their own,
Who as to fortune can unlock it
As easily as pick a pocket;
Scotchmen, who in their country's right
Possess the gift of second-sight,
Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
Sure argument of prudent wit,

Which reputation to maintain
They never venture back again)
By lies prophetic heap us riches,
And boast the luxury of breeches.
Among the rest, in former years,
Campbell, illustrious name! appears,
Great hero of futurity,
Who, blind, could ev'ry thing foresee,
Who dumb could every thing foretel,
Who, Fate with equity to sell,
Always dealt out the will of Heav'n
According to what price was giv'n.
Of Scottish race, in Highlands born,
Possess'd with native pride and scorn,
He hither came, by custom led,
To curse the hands which gave him bread.
With want of truth and want of sense,
Amply made up by impudence,
(A succedaneum which we find
In common use with all mankind)
Caress'd and favour'd too by those
Whose hearts with patriot feelings glows,
Who foolishly, where'er dispers'd,
Still place their native country first,
(For Englishmen alone have sense
To give a stranger preference;
Whilst modest merit of their own
Is left in poverty to groan)

l foretold just what he wou'd,
the stars to make it good,
a he had impress'd such awe
tes current pass'd for law;
ve, all his empire own'd;
lurst smile when Campbell frown'd.
age deceas'd, for all must die,
npbell's no more safe than I,
than I can guard the heart
ath shall hurl the fatal dart,
d, ripe in art and years,
fav'rite of the spheres;
and another came
skill and equal fame;
each wand, as black each gown,
each beard, as wise each frown;
thing so like, you 'd swear
ll himself was sitting there:
ie happy art was known
ur fortunes, make their own.
in garret, for you know
rer to the stars we go
ter we esteem his art,
rious flock'd from ev'ry part:
, the poor, the maid, the marry'd,
se who could not walk were carry'd.
utler, hanging down his head,
bermaid or cookmaid led,

Enquires if from his friend the Moon
He has advice of pilfer'd spoon.
The court-bred woman of condition
(Who to approve her disposition
As much superior as her birth
To those compos'd of common earth,
With double spirit must engage
In ev'ry folly of the age)
The honourable arts would buy
To pack the cards and cog a die.
The hero (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place
Amongst the chiefs of Butcher-row)
Who might some thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to guess
At his employment by his dress,
Put med'cines off from cart or stage,
The grand Toscano of the age,
Or might about the countries go
High steward of a puppet-show,
Steward and stewardship most meet,
For all know puppets never eat,
Who would be thought (tho', save the mark!
That point is something in the dark)
The man of honour, one like those
Renown'd in story, who lov'd blows
Better than victuals, and would fight,
Merely for sport, from morn to night,

eads like Mavors firm, whose tongue
the triple thunder hung,
ies to Fear—Stand off—aloof—
lks as he were cannon-proof.
be deem'd ready, when you list,
vord and pistol, stick and fist,
; of points, balls, bruises, knocks,
: to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
he same time bears about
himself some touch of doubt,
lent doubt, which hints—that fame
ng but an empty name;
e is rightly understood
o be a real good;
en in a hero's heart
on is the better part,
is same honour may be won,
t no kind of danger run)
ugger comes, that magic pow'rs
:ertain his lucky hours;
ome hours the fickle dame,
fortune properly we name,
'er considers wrong or right,
vanted most plays least in sight,
e a modern court-bred jilt
ier chief fav'rites in a tilt:
urs there are when from the heart
into some other part,

No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
And fear usurps the vacant seat,
Whence, planet-struck, we often find
Stewarts and Sackvilles of mankind.
Farther, he'd know (and by his art
A conjurer can that impart)
Whether politer it is reckon'd
To have or not to have a second?
To drag the friends in, or alone
To make the danger all their own?
Whether repletion is not bad,
And fighters with full stomachs mad;
Whether, before he seeks the plain,
It were not well to breathe a vein?
Whether a gentle salivation,
Consistently with reputation,
Might not of precious use be found,
Not to prevent indeed a wound;
But to prevent the consequence
Which oftentimes arises thence,
Those fevers which the patient urge on
To gates of death by help of surgeon?
Whether a wind at east or west
Is for green wounds accounted best?
Whether (was he to choose) his mouth
Should point towards the north or south
Whether more safely he might use,
On these occasions, pumps or shoes?

Whether it better is to fight
By sunshine or by candle-light?
Or (lest a candle should appear
Too mean to shine in such a sphere,
For who would of a candle tell
To light a hero into hell!
And lest the sun should partial rise
To dazzle one or t' other's eyes,
Or one or t'other's brains to scorch)
Might not Dame Luna hold a torch?
These points with dignity discust,
And gravely fix'd, a task which must
Require no little time and pains
To make our hearts friends with our brains;
The man of war would next engage
The kind assistance of the sage,
Some previous method to direct,
Which should make these of none effect.
Could he not, from the mystic school
Of art, produce some sacred rule
By which a knowledge might be got
Whether men valiant were or not,
So he that challenges might write
Only to those who would not fight?
Or could he not some way dispense
By help of which (without offence
To Honour, whose nice nature's such
She scarce endures the slightest touch)

When he for want of t' other rule
Mistakes his man, and, like a fool,
With some vain fighting blade gets in,
He fairly may get out again?
Or should some demon lay a scheme
To drive him to the last extreme,
So that he must confess his fears
In mercy to his nose and ears,
And like a prudent recreant knight
Rather do any thing than fight;
Could he not some expedient buy
To keep his shame from public eye?
For well he held (and men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too)
That honour 's like a maidenhead,
Which if in private brought to bed
Is not the worse, but walks the Town,
Ne'er lost until the loss be known.
The parson too, (for now and then
Parsons are just like other men,
And here and there a grave d'vine
Has passions such as your's and mine)
Burning with holy lust to know
When Fate preferment will bestow,
'Frail of devotion, not of sin,
With circumspection sneaking in
To confer, as he does to where,
Thro' some by-alley or back-door,

the same caution orthodox
ks the stars and gets a pox.
tizen, in fraud grown old,
nows no deity but gold,
ut, and gasping now for brea
cine wants to keep off death,
know, if that he cannot have,
ins are current in the grave;
the stocks (which by his po
se or fall in half an hour,
nthought of and unseen.
l the springs behind the screen
ction came about,
o par, he should sell out,
safely might or no
n the funds below.
dress'd, believ'd, and paid,
'd the thriving trade,
reputation grown,
ld the magic throne.
ev'ry darling passion,
novelty and fashion,
'rice, lust, and pride,
in on ev'ry side;
prudent laws thought fit
nsolence of wit,
visely had provided,
d, and decided,

That no such vile and upstart elves
Should have more knowledge than themselves,
When fines and penalties were laid
To stop the progress of the trade,
And stars no longer could dispense,
With honour, farther influence,
And wizards (which must be confest
Was of more force than all the rest)
No certain way to tell had got
Which were informers, and which not,
Affrighted sages were perforce
Oblig'd to steer some other course:
By various ways these sons of Chance
Their fortunes labour'd to advance,
Well knowing by unerring rules
Knaves starve not in the land of fools.
Some with high titles and degrees,
Which wise men borrow when they please,
Without or trouble or expence,
Physicians instantly commence,
And proudly boast an equal skill
With those who claim the right to kill.
Others about the country roam
(For not one thought of going home)
With pistol and adopted leg,
Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.
Some, the more subtle of their race,
(Who felt some touch of coward grace,

Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deserving it)
Came to their brother Smollett's aid,
And carry'd on the critic trade.
Attach'd to letters and the Muse
Some verses wrote, and some wrote news;
These each revolving month are seen
The heroes of a Magazine;
Those ev'ry morning great appear
In Ledger or in Gazetteer,
Spreading the falsehoods of the day
By turns for Faden and for Say:
Like Swiss, their force is always laid
On that side where they best are paid:
Hence mighty prodigies arise,
And daily monsters strike our eyes;
Wonders, to propogate the trade,
More strange than ever Baker made,
Are hawk'd about from street to street;
And fools believe whilst liars eat.
Now armies in the air engage
To fright a superstitious age;
Now comets thro' the ether range,
In governments portending change;
Now rivers to the ocean fly
So quick, they leave their channels dry;
Now monstrous whales on Lambeth shore
Drink the Thames dry, and thirst for more;

And ev'ry now and then appears
An Irish savage, numbering years
More than these happy sages cou'd
Who drew their breath before the flood;
Now, to the wonder of all people,
A church is left without a steeple,
A steeple now is left in lurch,
And mourns departure of the church,
Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,
Remov'd a furlong off we find;
Now, wrath on cattle to discharge,
Hailstones as deadly fall and large
As those which were on Egypt sent,
At once their crime and punishment,
Or those which, as the prophet writes,
Fell on the necks of Amorites,
When, struck with wonder and amaze,
The sun suspended stay'd to gaze,
And, from her duty, longer kept,
In Ajalon his sister slept.
But if such things no more engage
The taste of a politer age,
To help them out in time of need
Another Tofts must rabbits breed:
Each pregnant female trembling hears,
And, overcome with spleen and fears,
Consults her faithful glass no more,
But, madly bounding o'er the floor,

Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By Fancy turn'd into a doe.
Now, to promote their private ends,
Nature her usual course suspends,
And varies from the stated plan
Observ'd e'er since the world began.
Bodies (which foolishly we thought,
By Custom's servile maxims taught,
Needed a regular supply,
And without nourishment must die)
With craving appetites and sense
Of hunger easily dispense,
And, pliant to their woundrous skill,
Are taught like watches to stand still,
Uninjur'd, for a month or more,
Then go on as they did before.
The novel takes, the tale succeeds,
Amply supplies it's author's needs,
And Betty Canning is at least,
With Gascoyne's help, a six months feast.
Whilst in contempt of all our pains
The tyrant Superstition reigns
Imperious in the heart of man,
And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan,
Whilst fond Credulity, who ne'er
The weight of wholesome doubts could bear,
To reason and herself unjust,
Takes all things blindly upon trust,

Whilst Curiosity, whose rage
No mercy shows to sex or age,
Must be indulg'd at the expense
Of judgment, truth, and common sense,
Impostures cannot but prevail;
And when old miracles grow stale
Jugglers will still the art pursue,
And entertain the world with new.
For them, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty skill,
Sad spirits summon'd from the tomb
Glide glaring ghastly thro' the gloom
In all the usual pomp of storms,
In horrid customary forms,
A wolf, a bear, a horse, an ape,
As fear and fancy give them shape;
Tormented with despair and pain
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.
Folly and Guilt (for Guilt, howe'er
The face of Courage it may wear,
Is still a coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms start,
The priest—that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wise,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unless escorted by his clerk.
But let not ev'ry bungler deem
Too lightly of so deep a scheme;

For reputation of the art
Each Ghost must act a proper part,
Observe decorum's needful grace,
And keep the laws of time and place—
Must change, with happy variation,
His manners with his situation.
What in the country must pass down,
Would be impertinent in town;
No spirit of discretion here
Can think of breeding awe and fear;
'Twill serve the purpose more by half
To make the congregation laugh;
We want no ensigns of surprise,
Locks stiff with gore, and sawcer eyes;
Give us an entertainment sprite,
Gentle, familiar, and polite,
One who appears in such a form
As might an holy hermit warm;
Or who on former schemes refines,
And only talks by sounds and signs;
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pays her visits to the ear,
And knocks so gently, 't would not fright
A lady in the darkest night.
Such is our Fanny, whose good will,
Which cannot in the grave lie still,
Brings her on earth to entertain
Her friends and lovers in Cock Lane.

THE GHOST.

BOOK II.

A SACRED standard rule we find,
By poets held time out of mind,
To offer at Apollo's shrine,
And call on one or all the Nine.
This custom thro' a bigot zeal,
Which Moderns of fine taste must feel
For those who wrote in days of yore,
Adopted stands like many more,
Tho' ev'ry cause which then conspir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to Time's destructive course,
For ages past hath lost it's force.
With ancient bards an invocation
Was a true act of adoration,
Of worship an essential part,
And not a formal piece of art,
Of paltry reading a parade,
A dull solemnity in trade,
A pious fever, taught to burn
An hour or two to serve a turn.
They talk'd not of Castalian springs
By way of saying pretty things,
As we dress out our flimsy rhymes;
'Twas the religion of the times;

ney believ'd that holy stream
greater force made fancy teem,
n'd by all a true specific
ike the barren brain prolific:
Romish church, (a scheme which bears
lf so much excuse as theirs)
'aith implicitly hath taught her,
s the force of holy water.
: Pagan system, whether true
e, it's strength, like buildings, drew
many parts dispos'd to bear
great whole their proper share.
;od of eminent degree
ne vast beam compar'd might be;
'odling was a peg, or rather
ıp, to keep the beams together:
ıan as safely might pretend
ove the thunderbolt to rend
h an impious pride aspire
Apollo of his lyre.
h settled faith and pious awe,
sh'd by the voice of Law,
ıoets to the Muses came,
om their altars caught the flame.
, with Phœbus for his guide,
use ascending by his side,
ow'ring pinions dar'd to soar
eye could scarcely strain before.

But why should we, who cannot feel
These glowings of a Pagan zeal,
That wild enthusiastic force,
By which, above her common course,
Nature in ecstasy upborne,
Look'd down on earthly things with scorn;
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For their religion than our own;
And feel not half so fierce a flame
At Clio's as at Fisher's name;
Who know these sacred boasted streams
Were mere romantick idle dreams,
That Thames has waters clear as those
Which on the top of Pindus rose;
And that the fancy to refine
Water's not half so good as wine,
Who know, if profit strikes our eye,
Should we drink Helicon quite dry;
Th' whole fountain would not thither lead
So soon as one poor jug from Tweed;
Who, if to raise poetic fire,
The pow'r of beauty we require,
In any publick place can view
More than the Grecians ever knew,
If wit into the scale is thrown
Can boast a Lennox of our own;
Why should we servile customs choose,
And court an antiquated Muse?

r why in ask a reason
bigotry, is treason,
broad, beaten turnpike road
ey'd panegyric ode,
n poet dares to ride
Apollo by his side,
ionnet take the air
s lady Muse be there;
some amaranthine grove,
tle Loves and Graces rove,
el to my lord must bear,
ids make for whores to wear;
soft elegiac verse
ce some mighty villain's hearse;
me infant, doom'd by Fate
w in a large estate,
mes the cradle must adorn,
ie world a fool is born.
hen our Critic Lords expect
poet should reject
'd maxims, or presume
much better in their room,
e fearful, I submit,
iis dearth of sense and wit,
hing done and little said,
excursive Fancy led
cond Book thus far,
e unwary traveller,

Whom vary'd scenes of wood and lawn
With treacherous delight have drawn,
Deluded from his purpos'd way,
Whom ev'ry step leads more astray,
Who gazing round can no where spy
Or house or friendly cottage nigh;
And resolutions seem to lack
To venture forward or go back)
Invoke some goddess to descend,
And help me to my journey's end;
Tho' conscious Arrow all the while
Hears the petition with a smile,
Before the glass her charms unfolds,
And in herself my Muse beholds.

Truth, goddess of celestial birth,
But little lov'd or known on earth,
Whose pow'r but seldom rules the heart,
Whose name with hypocritic art
An errant stalking-horse is made,
A snug pretence to drive a trade,
An instrument convenient grown
To plant more firmly Falsehood's throne
As rebels varnish o'er their cause
With specious colouring of laws,
And pious traitors draw the knife
In the king's name against his life;
Whether (from cities far away,
Where Fraud and Falsehood scorn thy sway)

faithful nymph's and shepherd's pride,
Love and Virtue by thy side,
hours in harmless joys are spent,
agst the children of Content,
ond of gaiety and sport,
tread the round of England's court,
'er my Lord may frowning go,
treat the stranger as a foe,
to be found a welcome guest
eorge's and in Charlotte's breast;
the giddy hours of youth
onstant soul adher'd to truth;
m the time I first wrote Man
pursu'd thy sacred plan;
ited by Interest in vain
ear mean Falsehood's golden chain;
a season drawn away,
ng from Virtue's path astray;
w disguise I scorn'd to try,
lar'd to sin but not to lie:
, O hither! condescend,
il Truth! thy steps to bend,
avour him who ev'ry hour
sses and obeys thy pow'r!
come not with that easy mien,
ich you won the lively Dean;
et assume that strumpet air
Rab'lais taught thee first to wear;

[redacted]

Nor yet that arch ambiguous face
Which with Cervantes gave thee grace;
But come in sacred vesture clad,
Solemnly dull and truly sad!
  Far from thy seemly, matron train
Be idiot Mirth and Laughter vain!
For Wit and Humour, which pretend
At once to please us and amend,
They are not for my present turn;
Let them remain in France with Sterne.
  Of noblest City-parents born,
Whom wealth and dignities adorn,
Who still one constant tenour keep,
Not quite awake nor quite asleep,
With thee let formal Dulness come,
And deep Attention, ever dumb,
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilst ev'ry circumstance she weighs,
Whose downcast eye is often found
Bent without motion to the ground,
Or to some outward thing confin'd
Remets no image to the mind;
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But stupid without vision stares:
[illegible] let Gravity attend,
[illegible] and Truth's unerring friend,
[illegible] with half an eye,
[illegible] Gravity can never lie;

brow pull'd o'er his eyes
roof proclaims him wise.
l waggeries and sports,
f luxurious courts;
nd lust enervate youth,
downright City Truth;
ch we ever find
n for mankind;
n equilibrio hung,
and never young,
cradle to the grave,
riend nor Vice's slave;
the wire we spy,
een the earth and sky.
-I see her from afar
ourse to Temple Bar;
ilent is her train,
ave and garments plain,
uit a parson's wear,
d-piece of a may'r.
nspir'd our Bacon's force
y to learning's source;
works of Nature ran,
something more than man,
ture's hidden springs,
rinciples of things;
h our spirits bore,
vorlds unknown before.

By Truth inspir'd, when Lauder's spight,
O'er Milton cast the veil of night,
Douglas arose, and thro' the maze
Of intricate and winding ways
Came where the subtle traitor lay,
And dragg'd him trembling to the day;
Whilst he, (O shame to noblest parts,
Dishonour to the lib'ral arts,
To traffic in so vile a scheme!)
Whilst he, our letter'd Polypheme,
Who had confed'rate forces join'd,
Like a base coward sculk'd behind.
By Truth inspir'd our critics go
To track Fingal in Highland snow,
To form their own and others creed
From manuscripts they cannot read.
By Truth inspir'd we numbers see
Of each profession and degree,
Gentle and simple, lord and cit,
Wit without wealth, wealth without wit;
When Punch and Sheridan have done,
To Fanny's Ghostly lectures run.
By Truth and Fanny now inspir'd
I feel my glowing bosom fir'd;
Desire beats high in ev'ry vein
To sing the spirit of Cock Lane,
To tell (just as the measure flows
In halting rhyme, half verse, half prose)

With more than mortal arts endu'd,
How she united force withstood;
And proudly gave a brave defiance
To Wit and Dulness in alliance.
This apparition (with rèlation
To ancient modes of derivation,
This we may properly so call,
Altho' it ne'er appears at all,
As by the way of inuendo
Lucus is made *a non lucendo)*
Superior to the vulgar mode,
Nobly disdains that servile road
Which coward Ghosts, as it appears,
Have walk'd in, full five thousand years,
And, for restraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of her own.
Others may meanly start away,
Aw'd by the herald of the day,
With faculties too weak to bear
The freshness of the morning air,
May vanish with the melting gloom,
And glide in silence to the tomb,
She dares the sun's most piercing light,
And knocks by day as well as night:
Others, with mean and partial view
Their visits pay to one or two;
She, great in reputation grown,
Keeps the best company in town

Our active enterprising Ghost,
As large and splendid routs can boast
As those which—rais'd by Pride's command,
Block up the passage thro' the Strand.
Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who serv'd their time on the Parade,
She saints, who, true to Pleasure's plan,
Talk about God, and lust for man;
Wits who believe nor God nor Ghost,
And fools who worship ev'ry post;
Cowards, whose lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And cits, who for the same cause cry;
The canting Tabernacle brother,
(For one rogue still suspects another;)
Ladies who to a spirit fly
Rather than with their husbands lie;
Lords who as chastly pass their lives
With other women as their wives;
Proud of their intellects and clothes,
Physicians, lawyers, parsons, beaux,
And, truant from their desks and shops,
Spruce Temple clerks and 'prentice fops,
To Fanny come, with the same view,
To find her false or find her true.
Hark! something creeps about the house!
Is it a spirit or a mouse?

Hark! something scrambles round the room!
A cat, a rat, a stubb'd birch broom.
Hark! on the wainscot now it knocks!
" If thou'rt a Ghost," cry'd Orthodox,
With that affected solemn air
Which hypocrites delight to wear,
And all those forms of consequence
Which fools adopt instead of sense—
" If thou'rt a Ghost, who from the tomb
Stalks sadly silent thro' this gloom,
In breach of Nature's stated laws,
For good or bad, or for no cause,
Give now nine knocks; like priests of old,
Nine we a sacred number hold."
" 'Psha!" cry'd Profound, (a man of parts,
Deep read in all the curious arts,
Who to their hidden springs had trac'd
The force of numbers rightly plac'd)
" As to the number you are right,
As to the form mistaken quite.
What's nine?—Your adepts all agree
The virtue lies in three times three."
He said, nor need to say it twice,
For thrice she knock'd, and thrice and thrice.
The crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
In silence at each other gaz'd;
From Cælia's hand the snuff-box fell,
Tinsel, who ogled with the belle,

To pick it up attempts in vain;
He stoops, but cannot rise again.
Immane Pompeso was not heard
T' import one mobbled foreign word;
Fear seizes heroes, fools, and wits,
And Plausible his pray'rs forgets.
At length, as people just awake,
Into wild dissonance they break;
All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was understood or plainly heard.
Such is the noise of chatt'ring geese
Slow sailing on the summer breeze;
Such is the language Discord speaks
In Welsh women o'er beds of leeks;
Such the confus'd and horrid sounds
Of Irish in potatoe grounds.
But tir'd, for even C——'s tongue
Is not on iron hinges hung,
Fear and Confusion sound retreat,
Reason and Order take their seat.
The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the causes out;
For this a sacred rule we find
Among the nicest of mankind,
Which never might exception brook
From Hobbes ev'n down to Bolingbroke,
To doubt of facts, however true.
Unless they know the causes too.

ifle, of whom 'twas hard to tell
he intended ill or well,
to prevent all further pother
bly meant nor one nor t' other;
to be silent always loth
d speak on either side or both;
led away by love of fame,
new idea came,
e'er it made for, always said it,
ith an eye to truth, but credit;
rators professed, 'tis known,
not for our sake but their own;
always show'd his talents best
serious things were turn'd to jest,
nder much impertinence
ss'd no common share of sense;
could deceive the flying hours
chat on butterflies and flow'rs;
talk of powder, patches, paint,
the same zeal as of a saint;
prove a Sibyl brighter far
Venus or the Morning Star;
t something still so gay, so new,
mile of approbation drew,
females ey'd the charming man,
t their hearts flutter'd with their fan;
, who would by no means miss
portunity like this,

Proceeding on his usual plan,
Smil'd, strok'd his chin, and thus began:
" With shears or scissors, sword or knife,
When the Fates cut the thread of life;
(For if we to the grave are sent
No matter with what instrument)
The body in some lonely spot
On dunghill vile is laid to rot;
Or sleeps among more holy dead,
With pray'rs irreverently read,
The soul is sent where Fate ordains
To reap rewards, or suffer pains.
The virtuous to those mansions go,
Where pleasures unembitter'd flow,
Where, leading up a jocund band,
Vigour and Youth dance hand in hand;
Whilst Zephyr with harmonious gales
Pipes softest music thro' the vales;
And Spring and Flora, gaily crown'd,
With velvet carpets spread the ground;
With livelier blush where roses bloom,
And ev'ry shrub perspires perfume,
Where crystal streams meandring glide,
Where warbling flows the amber tide,
Where other suns dart brighter beams,
And light thro' purer ether streams.
Far other seats, far diff'rent state,
The sons of Wickedness await.

Justice, (not that old hag I mean
Who 's nightly in the garden seen,
Who lets no spark of mercy rise,
For crimes by which men lose their eyes;
Nor her who with an equal hand
Weighs tea and sugar in the Strand;
Nor her who, by the world deem'd wise,
Deaf to the widow's piercing cries,
Steel'd 'gainst the starving orphan's tears,
On pawns her base tribunal rears;
But her who after death presides,
Whom sacred Truth unerring guides,
Who, free from partial influence,
Nor sinks nor raises evidence,
Before whom nothing 's in the dark,
Who takes no bribe, and keeps no clerk)
Justice with equal scale below,
In due proportion weighs out wo,
And always with such lucky aim
Knows punishments so fit to frame,
That she augments their grief and pain,
Leaving no reason to complain.
  Old maids and rakes are join'd together,
Coquettes and prudes, like April weather;
Wits forc'd to chum with Common Sense,
And Lust is yok'd to Impotence;
Professors (Justice so decreed)
Unpaid must constant lectures read;

On earth it often doth befall
They're paid and never read at all;
Parsons must practise what they teach,
And b—ps are compell'd to preach.
She who on earth was nice and prim,
Of delicacy full and whim,
Whose tender nature could not bear
The rudeness of the churlish air,
Is doom'd to mortify her pride,
The change of weather to abide,
And sells, whilst tears with liquor mix,
Burnt brandy on the shore of Styx.
Avaro, by long use grown bold
In ev'ry ill which brings him gold,
Who his Redeemer would pull down,
And sell his God for half a-crown,
Who, if some blockhead should be willing
To lend him on his soul a shilling,
A well-made bargain would esteem it,
And have more sense than to redeem it;
Justice shall in those shades confine,
To drudge for Plutus in the mine,
All the day long to toil and roar,
And, cursing, work the stubborn ore
For coxcombs here who have no brains,
Without a sixpence for his pains;
Thence, with each due return of night,
Compell'd, the tall, thin, half-starv'd, sprit

Shall earth revisit, and survey
The place where once his treasure lay,
Shall view the stall where holy Pride,
With letter'd Ignorance ally'd,
Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
Descended to another lord;
Then shall he, screaming, pierce the air,
Hang his lank jaws, and scowl despair;
Then shall he ban at Heaven's decrees,
And, howling, sink to hell for ease.
Those, who on earth, thro' life have past
With equal pace from first to last,
Nor vex'd with passions nor with spleen,
Insipid, easy, and serene,
Whose heads were made too weak to bear
The weight of bus'ness or of care,
Who, without merit, without crime,
Contrive to while away their time,
Nor good nor bad, nor fools nor wits,
Mild Justice, with a smile permits
Still to pursue their darling plan,
And find amusement how they can.
The beau, in gaudiest plumage drest
With lucky fancy, o'er the rest
Of air a curious mantle throws,
And chats among his brother beaux;
Or if the weather's fine and clear,
No sign of rain or tempest near.

Encourag'd by the cloudless day,
Like gilded butterflies at play,
So lively all, so gay, so brisk,
In air they flutter, float, and frisk.
The belle (what mortal doth not know
Belles after death admire a beaux?)
With happy grace renews her art
To trap the coxcomb's wand'ring heart;
And after death, as whilst they live,
A heart is all which beaux can give.
In some still, solemn, sacred shade
Behold a group of authors laid,
Newspaper wits and sonnetteers,
Gentlemen bards, and rhyming peers,
Biographers, whose wondrous worth
Is scarce remember'd now on earth,
Whom Fielding's humour led astray,
And plaintive fops, debauch'd by Gray,
All sit together in a ring,
And laugh and prattle, write and sing.
On his own works, with laurel crown'd,
Neatly and elegantly bound,
(For this is one of many rules
With writing lords and laureate fools,
And which for ever must succeed
With other lords who cannot read,
However destitute of wit,
To make their works for bookcase fit)

Acknowledg'd master of those seats,
Cibber his Birth-Day Odes repeats.
With triumph now possess that seat,
With triumph now thy Odes repeat;
Unrivall'd vigils proudly keep,
Whilst ev'ry hearer's lull'd to sleep;
But know, illustrious Bard! when Fate,
Which still pursues thy name with hate,
The legal laurel blasts, which now
Blooms on the placid Whitehead's brow,
Low must descend thy pride and fame,
And Cibber's be the second name."
Here Trifle cough'd (for coughing still
Bears witness of the speaker's skill,
A necessary piece of art,
Of rhet'rick an essential part,
And adepts in the speaking trade
Keep a cough by them ready made,
Which they successfully dispense
When at a loss for words or sense)
Here Trifle cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He strove to recollect his smile,
That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
Credulity, the child of Folly,
Begot on cloyster'd Melancholy,
Who heard, with grief, the florid fool
Turn sacred things to ridicule,

And saw him led by white away,
Still farther from the subject stray,
Just in the happy nick, aloud,
In shape of M—e, address'd the crowd.
" Were we with patience here to sit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of wit,
Till Trifle his harangue should end,
A Greenland night we might attend,
Whilst he with fluency of speech,
Would various mighty nothings teach.
(Here Trifle, sternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a frown,
But Nature unawares stept in,
And mocking, turn'd it to a grin.)
And when, in Fancy's chariot hurl'd,
We had been carry'd round the world,
Involv'd in errour still and doubt,
He'd leave us where we first set out.
Thus soldiers (in whose exercise
Material use with grandeur vies
Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to set them down again.
Believe ye not (yes, all I see
In sound belief concur with me)
That Providence, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, this Spirit sends?
Tho' speechless lay the trembling tongue,
Your faith was on your features hung:

Your faith! I in your eyes could see,
When all were pale and star'd like me:
But scruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry shadow of dispute,
Pomposo, Plausible, and I,
With Fanny have agreed to try
A deep concerted scheme—this night
To fix or to destroy her quite.
If it be true, before we 'ave done
We'll make it glaring as the sun;
If it be false, admit no doubt
Ere morning's dawn we'll find it out.
Into the vaulted womb of Death,
Where Fanny now, depriv'd of breath,
Lies fest'ring, whilst her troubled sprite
Adds horror to the gloom of night,
Will we descend, and bring from thence
Proofs of such force to common sense,
Vain triflers shall no more deceive,
And Atheists tremble and believe."
He said, and ceas'd; the chamber rung
With due applause from ev'ry tongue:
The mingled sound (now let me see
Something by way of simile)
Was it more like Strymonian cranes,
Or winds low murm'ring when it rains,
Or drowsy hum of clustering bees,
Or the hoarse roar of angry seas?

Or (still to heighten and explain,
For else our simile is vain)
Shall we declare it, like all four,
A scream, a murmur, hum, and roar?
Let fancy now in awful state
Present this great triumvirate,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In other cases by mankind)
Elected with a joint consent
All fools in town to represent,
The clock strikes twelve—M--e starts and sw
In oaths, we know, as well as pray'rs,
Religion lies, and a church brother
May use at will at one or t' other;
Plausible from his cassock drew
A holy manual, seeming new;
A book it was of private pray'r,
But not a pin the worse for wear;
For, as we by the by may say,
None but small saints in private pray.
Religion, fairest maid on earth!
As meek as good, who drew her birth
From that bless'd union, when in heav'n
Plessure was bride to Virtue given;
Religion! ever pleas'd to pray,
Possess'd the precious gift one day;
Hypocrisy, of Cunning born,
Crept in and stole it ere the morn;

Wh—te—d, that greatest of all saints,
Who always prays and never faints,
(Whom she to her own brothers bore,
Rapine and Lust, on Severn's shore)
Receiv'd it from the squinting dame;
From him to Plausible it came,
Who, with unusual care opprest
Now, trembling, pull'd it from his breast:
Doubts in his boding heart arise,
And fancy'd spectres blast his eyes;
Devotion springs from abject fear,
And stamps his prayers for once sincere.
Pomposo, (insolent and loud,
Vain idol of a scribbling crowd,
Whose very name inspires an awe,
Whose ev'ry word is sense and law,
For what his greatness hath decreed,
Like laws of Persia and of Mede,
Sacred thro' all the realm of Wit,
Must never of repeal admit;
Who, cursing flatt'ry, is the tool
Of ev'ry fawning flatt'ring fool;
Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
And sickens at another's praise;
Who, proudly seiz'd of Learning's throne,
Now damns all learning but his own;
Who scorns those common wares to trade in,
Reas'ning, convincing, and persuading,

But makes each sentence current pass
With puppy, coxcomb, scoundrel, ass:
For 'tis with him a certain rule,
The folly's prov'd when he calls fool;
Who, to increase his native strength,
Draws words six syllables in length,
With which, assisted with a frown
By way of club, he knocks us down;
Who 'bove the vulgar dares to rise,
And sense of decency defies;
For this same decency is made
Only for bunglers in the trade,
And, like the cob-web laws, is still
Broke thro' by great ones when they will)—
Pomposo, with strong sense supply'd,
Supported and confirm'd by pride,
His comrades terrors, to beguile
Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile:
Features so horrid, were it light,
Would put the devil himself to flight.
Such were the three in name and worth
Whom zeal and Judgment singled forth
To try the sprite on reason's plan,
Whether it was of God or man.
Dark was the night; it was that hour
When terror reigns in fullest pow'r,
When, as the learn'd of old have said,
The yawning grave gives up her dead;

When Murder, Rapine by her side
Stalks o'er the earth with giant stride;
Our Quixotes (for that knight of old
Was not in truth by half so bold,
Tho' reason at the same time cries,
Our Quixotes are not half so wise,
Since they, with other follies, boast,
An expedition 'gainst a ghost)
Thro' the dull deep surrounding gloom,
In close array, t'wrds Fanny's tomb
Adventur'd forth; Caution before,
With heedful step, the lanthorn bore,
Pointing at graves; and in the rear,
Trembling, and talking loud, went Fear.
The churchyard teem'd—th' unsettled ground,

Fools, rogues, and whores, if rich and great
Proud ev'n in death, here rot in state.
No thieves disrobe the well-dress'd dead,
No plumbers steal the sacred lead;
Quiet and safe the bodies lie;
No sextons sell, no surgeons buy.
Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd,
And thrice to turn it vainly try'd,
'Till taught by Prudence to unite,
And straining with collected might,
The stubborn wards resist no more,
But open flies the growling door.
Three paces back they fell, amaz'd,
Like statues stood, like madmen gaz'd;
The frighted blood forsakes the face,
And seeks the heart with quicker pace;
The throbbing heart its fears declares,
And upright stand the bristled hairs;
The head in wild distraction swims,
Cold sweats bedew the trembling limbs;
Nature, whilst fears her bosom chill,
Suspends her powers, and life stands still.
Thus had they stood till now; but Shame
(An useful tho' neglected dame,
By Heav'n design'd the friend of man,
Tho' we degrade her all we can,
And strive, as our first proof of wit,
Her name and nature to forget)

Came to their aid in happy hour,
And with a wand of mighty pow'r
Struck on their hearts; vain fears subside,
And baffled, leave the field to Pride.
Shall they, (forbidit, Fame!) shall they
The dictates of vile Fear obey?
Shall they, the idols of the Town,
To bugbears fancy-form'd bow down?
Shall they who greatest zeal expreſs,
And undertook for all the reſt,
Whose matchless courage all admire,
Inglorious from the task retire?
How would the wicked ones rejoice,
And infidels exalt their voice,
If M—e and Plausible were found,
By shadows aw'd, to quit their ground?
How would fools laugh, should it appear
Pomposo was the slave of fear?
"Perish the thought! tho' to our eyes
"In all its terrors hell should rise,
"Tho' thousand Ghosts in dread array,
"With glaring eyeballs cross our way;
"Tho' Caution, trembling, stands aloof,
"Still we will on, and dare the proof."
They said; and, without farther halt,
Dauntless march'd onward to the vault.
What mortal men who e'er drew breath
Shall break into the house of Death,

With foot unhallow'd and from thence
The myst'ries of that state dispense,
Unless they with due rites prepare
Their weaker sober sight to bear,
And gain permission from the state
On earth their journal to relate?
Poets themselves, without a crime,
Cannot attempt it ev'n in rhyme,
But always on such grand occasion
Prepare a solemn invocation,
A posy for grim Pluto weave,
And in smooth numbers ask his leave.
But why this caution? why prepare
Rites needless now? for thrice in air
The spirit of the Night hath sneez'd,
And thrice has clapp'd his wings with speed.
Descend, then, Truth, and guide thy sister,
My Muse, my patroness, and guide!
Let others at invention aim,
And seek by falsities for fame;
Our story wants not at this time,
Flounces and furbelows in rhyme:
Relate plain facts; be brief and bold:
And let the poets fam'd of old
Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,
In vain to find a parallel.
Silent all three went in; about
All three turn'd silent, and came out.

THE GHOST,

BOOK III.

It was the hour when huswife Morn
With pearl and linen hangs each thorn;
When happy bards, who can regale
Their Muse with country air and ale,
Ramble a-field to brooks and bow'rs
To pick up sentiments and flow'rs,
When dogs and squires from kennel fly,
And hogs and farmers quit their sty,
When my Lord rises to the chase,
And brawney chaplain takes his place.
These images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly understood,
Sagacious readers must allow
Proclaim us in the country now;
For observations mostly rise
From objects just before our eyes,
And ev'ry lord, in critic wit,
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out as he goes along
(And who shall dare to say he's wrong?)
Whether the warmth (for bards, we know,
At present never more than glow)

Was in the Town or country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.
It was the hour—tho' critics frown,
We now declare ourselves in Town,
Nor will a moment's pause allow
For finding when we came, or how,
The man who deals in humble prose,
Ty'd down by rule and method goes,
But they who court the vig'rous Muse
Their carriage have a right to chuse.
Free as the air, and unconfin'd,
Swift as the motions of the mind,
The poet darts from place to place,
And instant bounds o'er time and space;
Nature (whilst blended fire and skill
Inflame our passions to his will)
Smiles at her violated laws,
And crowns his daring with applause.
Should here be still some rigid few
Who keep propriety in view,
Whose heads turn round, and cannot bear
This whirling passage thro' the air,
Free leave have such at home to sit,
And write a regimen for wit;
To clip our pinions let them try,
Not having heart themselves to fly.
It was the hour when devotees
Breathe pious curses on their knees;

ıey with prayers the day begin
ıkify a night of sin;
ogues of modesty, who roam
ıe veil of night, sneak home,
ee from all restraint and awe,
ıhe windward of the law,
ıdest rogues their tricks may play,
ınder in the face of day.
ıold—Whilst thus we play the fool,
contempt of ev'ry rule,
of no consequence expressing,
ing now, and now digressing,
discredit of our skill,
in concern is standing still.
ays indeed, when storms of rage
ıt'ous in the soul engage,
n the spirits weak and low
ık in deep distress and wo.
trict propriety we hear
tion stealing on the ear,
ıt off feeling half an hour
:ch a cot or paint a flower;
these serious works, design'd
ıd the morals of mankind,
st for ever be disgrac'd,
ll the nicer sons of taste,
, the shadow to pursue,
the substance out of view.

Our means must uniformly tend
In due proportion to their end,
And ev'ry passage aptly join
To bring about the one design,
Our friend themselves cannot admit
This rambling, wild, digressive wit:
No—not those very friends who found
Their credit on the self-same ground.
Peace, my good grumbling Sir—For
Sunk in the solemn formal dunce,
This coxcomb shall your fears beguile—
We will be dull—that you may smile.
Come, Method! come in all thy pride
Dulness and Whitehead by thy side;
Dulness and Method still are one,
And Whitehead is their darling son:
Not he whose pen, above control,
Struck terror to the guilty soul,
Made Folly tremble thro' her state,
And villains blush at being great,
Whilst he himself, with steady face
Disdaining modesty and grace,
Could blunder on thro' thick and thin,
Thro' ev'ry mean and servile sin,
Yet swear by Philip and by Paul
He nobly scorn'd to blush at all;
But he who in the laureate chair,
By grace not merit planted there,

tward pomp is seem to sit,
y his patent proves his wit;
ours of the great we know
it as well as rank bestow,
ey who, without one pretension,
et for fools a place or pension,
able be suppos'd of course
ison is allow'd due force)
re such qualities and grace
ly equip them for the place.
: he who measures as he goes
ngrel kind of tinkling prose,
s too frugal to dispense,
ce both poetry and sense;
from amidst his slumb'ring guards,
out a charge to subject bards,
e couplets after couplets creep
ious to the reign of sleep;
r'ry word imprints an awe,
ll his dictates pass for law
beaux, who simper all around,
elles, who die in ev'ry sound;
all things of this relation
nostly judge from situation,
a thousand find we one
really weighs what's said or done;
deal out censure or give credit
y from him who did or said it.

But he—who happily serene,
Means nothing, yet would seem to mean,
Who rules and cautions can dispense
With all that humble insolence
Which impudence in vain would teach,
And none but modest men can reach,
Who adds to sentiments the grace
Of always being out of place,
And drawls out morals with an air
A gentleman would blush to wear,
Who on the chastest, simplest plan,
As chaste, as simple, as the man,
Without or character or plot,
Nature unknown and art forgot,
Can with much racking of the brains,
And years consum'd in letter'd pains,
A heap of words together lay,
And, smirking, call the thing A Play;
Who, champion sworn in Virtue's cause,
'Gainst Vice his tiny bodkin draws,
But to no part of prudence stranger,
First blunts the point for fear of danger.
So nurses sage, as caution works,
When children first use knives and forks,
For fear of mischief, it is known,
To others' fingers or their own,
To take the edge off wisely chuse,
Tho' the same stroke takes off the use.

Thee, Whitehead! thee I now invoke,
Sworn foe to satire's gen'rous stroke,
Which makes unwilling conscience feel,
And wounds, but only wounds to heal:
Good-natur'd easy creature! mild,
And gentle as a newborn child,
Thy heart would never once admit
Ev'n wholesome rigour to thy wit;
Thy head, if conscience should comply,
It's kind assistance would deny,
And lend thee neither force nor art
To drive it onward to the heart.
O may thy sacred pow'r control
Each fiercer working of my soul,
Damp ev'ry spark of genuine fire,
And languors like thine own inspire!
Trite be each thought, and ev'ry line
As moral and as dull as thine.
Pois'd in mid-air—(it matters not
To ascertain the very spot,
Nor yet to give you a relation
How it eluded gravitation——)
Hung a watch-tow'r—by Vulcan plann'd
With such rare skill by Jove's command,
That ev'ry word which whisper'd here
Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
On the still bosom of the air
Is borne, and heard distinctly there,

The palace of an ancient dame,
Whom men as well as gods call fame.
A prattling gossip, on whose tongue
Proof of perpetual motion hung,
Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass,
Like her own trumpet made of brass;
Who with an hundred pair of eyes
The vain attacks of sleep defies,
Who with an hundred pair of wings
News from the farthest quarters brings,
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that she knows, and ten times more.
Not all the virtues which we find
Concentred in a Hunter's mind
Can make her spare the ranc'rous tale,
If in one point she chance to fail;
Or if, once in a thousand years,
A perfect character appears,
Such as of late with joy and pride
My soul possess'd ere Arrow dy'd;
Or such an envy must allow
The world enjoys in H—— now;
This hag, who aims at all alike,
At virtues ev'n like theirs will strike,
And make faults in the way of trade,
When she cann't find them ready made.
All things she takes in, small and great,
Talks of a toyshop and a state,

and fools, of saints and kings;
re, stars, and leading strings;
ords fumbling for a clap,
ing ones full of pray'rs and pap,
s, of morals, and tiewigs,
and serjeants dancing jigs,
professors at the bar
to thrum on the guitar;
aws are slubber'd o'er in haste,
gment sacrific'd to taste;
d sepulchres, lawn sleeves,
d's house made a den of thieves;
al pomp, where clamours hung,
'd disgrace on ev'ry tongue,
Sense and Order blush'd to see
without humanity;
nations where each heart
nest raptures bore a part;
Feasts, where Elegance
oud her colours to advance,
uttony, uncommon case,
nly get the second place;
-rais'd pillars in the state,
ust be good as being great;
lders on which honours sit
as clumsily as wit;
hty knights whom titles please,
the payment of the fees;

Of lectures, whither ev'ry soul
In second childhood goes to school;
Of gray-beards, deaf to Reason's call,
From Inn of Court or City Hall,
Whom youthful appetites enslave
With one foot fairly in the grave,
By help of crutch a needful brother,
Learning of Hart to dance with t' other
Of doctors regularly bred
To fill the mansions of the dead;
Of quacks (for quacks they must be
Who save when forms require to kill)
Who life, and health, and vigor, give
To him not one would wish to live;
Of artists who, with noblest view,
Disinterested plans pursue,
For trembling worth the ladder raise,
And mark out the ascent to praise;
Of arts and sciences, where meet
Sublime, profound, and all complete,
A set (whom at some fitter time
The Muse shall consecrate in rhyme)
Who, humble artists to outdo,
A far more lib'ral plan pursue,
And let their well judg'd premiums fa
On those who have no worth at all;
Of signpost exhibitions, rais'd
For laughter more than to be prais'd,

'by the way we cannot see
praise and laughter may n't agree)
s genuine humour runs to waste,
astly chides our want of taste,
r'd like other things, tho' good,
se they are not understood.
higher subjects now she soars,
alks of politics and whores,
your nice and chaster ears
erm indelicate appears,
ure politely shall refine
nelt it into Concubine)
same breath spread Bourbon's league,
ublishes the grand intrigue;
ssels or our own Gazette
armies fight which never met,
irculate the pox or plague
ndon by the way of Hague.
the lies which there appear
'd with authority come here,
vs as freely from the gabble
ne rude leader of a rabble,
m the quaint harangues of those
ead a nation by the nose,
m those storms which void of art
from our honest patriot's heart
Eloquence and Virtue (late
k'd to live in mutual hate)

Fond of each other's friendship grown,
Claim ev'ry sentence for their own,
And with an equal joy recites
Parade amours and halfpay fights
Perform'd by heroes of fair weather
Merely by dint of lace and feather,
As those rare acts which Honour taught
Our daring sons where Granby fought,
Or those which with superior skill
S—— achiev'd by standing still.
This hag (the curious, if they please,
May search from earliest times to these,
And poets they will always see
With gods and goddesses make free,
Treating them all except the Muse
As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes)
Who had beheld him first to last
How our triumvirate had past
Night's dreadful interval, and heard
With strict attention ev'ry word,
Soon as she saw return of light
On sounding pin'ons took her flight.
Swift thro' the regions of the sky,
Above the reach of human eye,
Onward she drove the furious blast,
And rapid as a whirlwind past
O'er countries once the seats of taste,
By time and ignorance laid waste,

O'er lands were former ages saw
Reason and truth the only law;
Where arts and arms, and public love,
In gen'rous emulation strove;
Where kings were proud of legal sway,
And subjects happy to obey,
Tho' now in slav'ry sunk, and broke
To Superstition's galling yoke;
Of arts, of arms, no more they tell,
Or freedom, which with science fell:
By tyrants aw'd, who never find
The passage to their people's mind,
To whom the joy was never known
Of planting in the heart their throne;
Far from all prospect of relief,
Their hours in fruitless pray'rs and grief
For loss of blessings they employ,
Which we unthankfully enjoy.
Now is the time (had we the will)
T' amaze the reader with our skill,
To pour out such a flood of knowledge
As might suffice for a whole college,
Whilst with a true poetic force
We trac'd the goddess in her course,
Sweetly describing in our flight
Each common and uncommon sight,
Making our journal gay and pleasant
With things long past and things now present.

Rivers—once nymphs—(a transformation
Is mighty pretty in relation)
From great authorities we know
Will matter for a tale bestow;
To make the observation clear
We give our friends an instance here
The day (that never is forgot)
Was very fine, but very hot;
The nymph (another gen'ral rule)
Inflam'd with heat, laid down to cool;
Her hair (we no exceptions find)
Wav'd careless, floating in the wind;
Her heaving breasts, like summer seas,
Seem'd am'rous of the playful breeze;
Should fond Description tune our lays
In choicest accents to her praise,
Description we at last should find,
Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
Nature had form'd her to inspire
In ev'ry bosom soft desire,
Passions to raise she could not feel,
Wounds to inflict she would not heal.
A god (his name is no great matter,
Perhaps a Jove, perhaps a Satyr)
Raging with lust, a godlike flame,
By chance, as usual, thither came,
With gloating eyes the fair one view'd,
Desir'd her first, and then pursu'd;

She (for what other can she do?)
Must fly—or how can he pursue?
The Muse (so custom hath decreed)
Now proves her spirit by her speed,
Nor must one limping line disgrace
The life and vigor of the race.
She runs and he runs, till at length,
Quite destitute of breath and strength,
To Heav'n (for there we all apply,
For help, when there's no other nigh)
She offers up her virgin pray'r,
(Can virgins pray unpity'd there?)
And when the god thinks he has caught her,
Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,
Becomes a stream, in which the poet
If he has any wit may show it.
A city once for pow'r renown'd,
Now levell'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt is a direction
To introduce some fine reflection.
Ah! woful me! ah! woful man!
Ah! woful all, do all we can!
Who can on earthly things depend
From one to t' other moment's end?
Honour, wit, genius, wealth, and glory,
Good lack! good lack! are transitory;
Nothing is sure and stable found,
The very earth itself turns round:

Monarchs, nay ministers, must die,
Must rot, must stink—Ah, me! ah, why?
Cities themselves in time decay;
If cities thus—ah! well-a-day!
If brick and mortar have an end
On what can flesh and blood depend!
Ah! woful me! ah! woful man!
Ah! woful all, do all we can!
England, (for that's at last the scene
Tho' worlds on worlds should rise between,
Whither we must our course pursue)
England should call into review
Times long since past indeed, but not
By Englishmen to be forgot,
Tho' England, once so dear to Fame,
Sinks in Great Britain's dearer name.
Here could we mention chiefs of old,
In plain and rugged honour bold,
To virtue kind, to vice severe,
angers to bribery and fear,
o kept no wretched clans in awe,
o never broke or warp'd the law;
iots whom, in her better days,
Rome might have been proud to raise;
o, steady to their country's claim,
idly stood up in Freedom's name,
'n to the teeth of tyrant Pride,
nd when they could no more they dy'd.

There (striking contrast!) might we place
A servile, mean, degen'rate, race,
Hirelings, who valued nought but gold,
By the best bidder bought and sold;
Truants from honour's sacred laws,
Betrayer's of their country's cause;
The dupes of party, tools of pow'r,
Slaves to the minion of an hour;
Lackies who watch'd a fav'rites nod,
And took a puppet for their god.
Sincere and honest in our rhymes,
How might we praise these happier times!
How might the Muse exalt her lays,
And wanton in a monarch's praise!
Tell of a prince in England born,
Whose virtues England's crown adorn,
In youth a pattern unto age,
So chaste, so pious, and so sage,
Who true to all those sacred bands
Which private happiness demands,
Yet never lets them rise above
The stronger ties of public love.
With conscious pride see England stand,
Our holy Charter in her hand;
She waves it round, and o'er the isle
See Liberty and Courage smile!
No more she mourns her treasures hurl'd
In subsidies to all the world;

No more by foreign threats dismay'd,
No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,
She deals out sums to petty states,
Whom Honour scorns and Reason hates,
But wiser by experience grown
Finds safety in herself alone.
Whilst thus, she cries, "My children stand,
An honest, valiant, native band,
A train'd militia, brave and free,
True to their king, and true to me,
No foreign hirelings shall be known,
Nor need we hirelings of our own;
Under a just and pious reign
The statesman's sophistry is vain;
Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
These are my natural defence!
Their faith I know, and they shall prove
The bulwark of the king they love."
These, and a thousand things beside,
Did we consult a poet's pride,
Some gay, some serious, might be said,
But ten to one they'd not be read;
Or were they by some curious few,
Not even those would think them true;
For from the time that Jubal first
Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
Poets have always been suspected
Of having truth in rhyme neglected,

except who, from his youth
m'd for faith and truth,
ce taught in courtly chime
ears brought truth in rhyme.
to poets we allow,
when acquired or how,
unbounded deviation;
stom calls Imagination,
they be suppos'd to lie
fast as Fame can fly;
(to solve this Gordian knot,
e almost had forgot)
ous readers be it known,
d of verse and falsehood grown,
in sweet digression sung,
k'd her flight, and held her tongue,
pursues, with double force
le speed, her destin'd course,
till she the place arrives
nius starves and Dulness thrives;
hes virtue are esteem'd,
is truest wisdom deem'd;
mmerce proudly rears her throne
other lands unknown;
be cheated and to cheat
from ev'ry quarter meet;
ristians, Jews, and Turks, shake hands,
commercial bands;

All of one faith, and that to own
No god but interest alone!
When gods and goddesses come down
To look about them here in Town,
(For change of air is understood
By sons of Physic to be good,
In due proportions, now and then,
For these same gods as well as men)
By custom rul'd, and not a poet
So very dull but he must know it,
In order to remain *incog.*
They always travel in a fog;
For if we majesty expose
To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows;
The force is lost, and, free from awe,
We spy and censure every flaw;
But well preserv'd from public view
It always breaks forth fresh and new;
Fierce as the sun in all his pride
It shines, and not a spot's descry'd.
Was Jove to lay his thunder by,
And with his brethren of the sky
Descend to earth, and frisk about,
Like chatt'ring N***, from rout to rout,
He would be found by all his host,
A nine days wonder at the most.
Would we in trim our honours wear,
We must preserve them from the air:

What is familiar men neglect,
However worthy of respect.
Did they not find a certain friend
In novelty to recommend,
(Such we, by sad experience, find
The wretched folly of mankind)
Venus might unattractive shine,
And H*** fix no eyes but mine.
  But Fame who never cared a jot
Whether she was admir'd or not,
And never blush'd to shew her face
At any time in any place,
In her own shape, without disguise,
And visible to mortal eyes,
On 'Change, exact at seven o'clock,
Alighted on the weathercock,
Which, planted there time out of mind,
To note the changes of the wind,
Might no improper emblem be
Of her own mutability.
  Thrice did she sound her trump (the same
Which from the first belong'd to Fame,
An old ill-favour'd instrument,
With which the goddess was content,
Tho' under a politer race
Bagpipes might well supply its place)
And thrice awaken'd by the sound
A gen'ral din prevail'd around;

Confusion thro' the City past,
And Fear bestrode the dreadful blast.
Those fragrant currents which we meet
Distilling soft thro' ev'ry street,
Affrighted from the usual course,
Ran murm'ring upwards to their source;
Statues wept tears of blood, as fast
As when a Cæsar breath'd his last;
Horses, which always us'd to go
A foot-pace in my Lord Major's show,
Impetuous from their stable broke,
And aldermen and oxen spoke.
Halls felt the force, tow'rs shook around,
And steeples nodded to the ground;
St. Paul himself (strange sight!) was seen
To bow as humbly as the Dean:
The Mansionhouse, for ever plac'd
A monument of City taste,
Trembled, and seem'd aloud to groan
Thro' all that hideous weight of stone.
To still the sound, or stop her ears,
Remove the cause or sense of fears,
Physic, in college seated high,
Would any thing but med'cine try.
No more in Pewt'rer's Hall was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word;
Those seats were desolate become,
A *hapless* Elocution dumb.

'orn, City-born, and City-bred,
ly strict decorum ever led,
Who threescore years had known the grace
)f one dull, stiff, unvary'd pace;
Terror, prevailing over Pride,
Was seen to take a larger stride;
Worn to the bone, and cloth'd in rags,
lee Av'rice closer hug his bags;
With her own weight unwieldy grown,
lee Credit totter on her throne.
Virtue alone, had she been there,
The mighty sound unmov'd could hear.
Up from the gorgeous bed where Fate
Dooms annual fools to sleep in state,
To sleep so sound that not one gleam
)f fancy can provoke a dream,
Great Dulman started at the sound,
Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and star'd around.
Much did he wish to know, much fear,
Whence sounds so horrid struck his ear,
So much unlike those peaceful notes,
That equal harmony, which flotes
On the dull wing of City air,
Grave prelude to a feast or fair:
Much did he inly ruminate
Concerning the decrees of Fate,
Revolving, tho' to little end,
What this same trumpet might portend.

Could the French—No—that could not
Under Bute's active ministry,
Too watchful to be so deceiv'd,
Have stolen hither unperceiv'd?
To Newfoundland, indeed, we know
Fleets of war unobserv'd may go,
Or if observ'd, may be suppos'd,
At intervals when reason doz'd,
No other point in view to bear
But pleasure, health, and change of air;
But reason ne'er could sleep so sound
To let an enemy be found
In our land's heart, ere it was known
They had departed from their own.
Or could his successor, (Ambition
Is ever haunted with suspicion)
His daring successor elect,
All customs, rules, and forms, reject,
And aim, regardless of the crime,
To seize the chair before his time?
Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
Seeing his countrymen in pow'r,
Those countrymen who, from the first,
In tumults and rebellion nurs'd,
Howe'er they wear the mask of art,
Still love a Stewart in their heart)
Could Scottish Charles—
Conjecture thus?
That mental ignis fatuus

[redacted] brain a weary dance
ince to England, hence to France,
rmation (in the shape
ain learned, good Sir Crape,
lounging, pamper'd priest,
own at ev'ry City feast,
ras seen much oft'ner there
the house of God at pray'r;
rays ready in his place,
God's creatures wait for grace,
the best historians write,
'd for faith than appetite;
osition to reveal,
ce was short, and long the meal;
vays would excess admit,
h or turtle came with it,
er engag'd in the defence
lenying Abstinence,
e could fortunately meet
y thing he lik'd to eat;
ew that wine, on Scripture plan,
de to cheer the heart of man;
o, by long experience taught,
erfulness was kill'd by thought;
m those premises collected,
few perhaps would have suspected)
ne who, with due share of sense,
l the ways of Providence,

Could with safe conscience leave off drinking
Till they had lost the pow'r of thinking;
With eyes half clos'd, came waddling in,
And, having strok'd his double chin,
(That chin, whose credit so maintain
Against the scoffs of the profane
Had cost him more than ever stane
Paid for a poor electorate,
Which, after all the cost and rout
It had been better much without;
Briefly (for breakfast, you must know,
Was waiting all the while below)
Related, bowing to the ground,
The cause of that uncommon sound;
Related, too, that at the door
Pomposo, Plausible, and M—s,
Begg'd that Fame might not be allow'd
Their shame to publish to the crowd;
That some new laws he would provide,
(If old could not be misapply'd
With as much ease and safety there
As they are misapply'd elsewhere)
By which it might be constru'd treason
In man to exercise his reason,
Which might ingeniously devise
One punishment for truth and lies,
And fairly prove, when they had done,
That truth and falsehood were but one;

ich juries must indeed retain;
t their effect should render vain,
king all real pow'r to rest
one corrupted rotten breast,
y whose false gloss the very Bible
light be interpreted a libel.
M**** (who, his reverence to save,
'leaded the fool to screen the knave,
Tho' all who witness'd on his part
Swore for his head against his heart)
Had taken down, from first to last,
A just account of all that past;
But since the gracious will of Fate,
Who mark'd the child for wealth and state
Ev'n in the cradle, had decreed
That mighty Dulman ne'er should read,
That office of disgrace to bear
The smooth-lipp'd Plausible was there;
From H***** ev'n to Clerkenwell,
Who knows not smooth-lipp'd Plausible?
A preacher deem'd of greatest note
For preaching that which others wrote.
Had Dulman now (and fools, we see,
Seldom want curiosity)
Consented (but the morning shade
Of Gascoyne hastened to his aid,
And in his hand, what could he more?
Triumphant Canning's picture bore)

That our three heroes should advance
And read their comical romance,
How rich a feast, what royal fare,
We for our readers might prepare!
So rich, and yet so safe a feast,
That no one foreign blatant beast,
Within the purlieus of the law,
Should dare thereon to lay his paw,
And, growling, cry, with surly tone,
Keep off—this feast is all my own.
Bending to earth the downcast eye,
Or planting it against the sky,
As one immers'd in deepest thought,
Or with some holy vision caught,
His hands, to aid the traitor's art,
Devoutly folded o'er his heart,
Here M****, in fraud, well skill'd, should go
All saint, with solemn step, and slow.
O that Religion's sacred name,
Meant to inspire the purest flame,
A prostitute should ever be
To that arch-fiend Hypocrisy,
Where we find ev'ry other vice
Crown'd with damn'd sneaking cowardice!
Bold sin reclaim'd is often seen;
Past hope that man who dares be mean.
There, full of flesh, and full of grace,
With that fine round unmeaning face

lature gives to sons of earth
he designs for ease and mirth,
he prim Plausible be seen,
his stiff affected mien;
Nature, arm'd by gravity,
ires too in buckle knee;
what sanctity he reads,
at devotion tells his beads!
ophet! show me, by thine art,
the religion of his heart;
ere, if truth thou canst unfold,
center'd all in gold;
n, nor fear correction's rod,
to friendship as to God.
l, unwieldy, without form,
s ocean in a storm,
rodigious, in the rear,
t of honour, should appear
. Fame around should tell
slave to int'rest fell;
integrity renown'd,
ooksellers have often found,
ibscribers baits his hook,
:s their cash—but where's the book?
r where—Wise Fear, we know,
he robbing of a foe;
, to serve our private ends,
he cheating of our friends?

No man alive who would not swear
All's safe, and therefore honest, there;
For, spite of all the learned say,
If we to truth attention pay
The word Dishonesty is meant
For nothing else but punishment.
Fame, too, should tell, nor head the thrust
Of rogues who brother rogues abet,
Nor tremble at the terrors hung
Aloft to make her hold her tongue
How to all principles untrue,
Not fix'd to old friends nor to new,
He damns the pension which he takes,
And loves the Stewart he forsakes.
Nature (who, justly regular,
Is very seldom known to err,
But now and then in sportive mood,
As some rude wits have understood,
Or thro' much work requir'd in haste,
Is with a random stroke disgrac'd)
Pomposo form'd on doubtful plan,
Not quite a beast nor quite a man;
Like—God knows what—for never yet
Could the most subtle human wit
Find out a monster which might be
The shadow of a simile.

These three, these great, these mighty three!
Nor can the poet's truth agree,

r report hath done him wrong,
arp'd the purpose of his song,
;st the refuse of their race,
)ns of Infamy, to place
)en, gen'rous, manly, mind
we with joy in Aldrich find;
hree, who now are faintly shown,
etch'd, and scarcely to be known,
nan their request had heard,
)ger colours had appear'd,
ends, tho' partial, at first view,
ring, had own'd the picture true.
)ad their journal been display'd,
e whole process open laid,
a vast unexhausted field
:th must such a journal yield!
)wn anger strongly charm'd,
hope, 'gainst fear, by conscience arm'd,
ad bold Satire made her way,
s, lords, and dukes, her destin'd prey.
Prudence, ever sacred name
se who feel not virtue's flame,
/ feel it, at the best,
dull dupe of interest,
:r'd aloud (for this we find
)m current with mankind,
to whisper, that each word
l around be plainly heard,

And Prudence sure would never miss
A custom so contriv'd as this
Her candour to secure, yet aim
Sure death against another's fame)
Knights, lords, and dukes—Mad wretch! forbear,
Dangers unthought of ambush there;
Confine thy rage to weaker slaves,
Laugh at small fools, and lash small knaves,
But never helpless, mean, and poor,
Rush on where laws cannot secure,
Nor think thyself, mistaken youth!
Secure in principles of truth:
Truth! why, shall ev'ry wretch of letters
Dare to speak truth against his betters?
Let ragged Virtue stand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;
Let ragged Wit a mute become,
When Wealth and Pow'r would have her dumb;
For who the devil doth not know
That titles and estates bestow
An ample stock, where'er they fall,
Of graces which we mental call?
Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
Are rogues, and fools by situation;
The rich and great are understood
To be of course both wise and good;
Consult then int'rest more than pride,
Discreetly take the stronger side;

in time, the simple few
tue's barren path pursue;
y maxims—follow me—
bow the prudent knee;
y God, betray thy friend,
s altar hourly bend,
thou rich and great be seen;
reat now you must be mean.
, Tempter! to some weaker soul,
ear and interest control;
y precepts are addrest
irtue steels the steady breast;
eanness wade to boasted pow'r,
ilt repeated ev'ry hour,
thy gain when all is done,
ighty laurels hast thou won?
wds, to whom the heart's unknown,
ee for virtues not thy own;
at once man's scourge and friend,
Couscience too commend?
reproaches canst thou fly?
u with worlds her silence buy?
not—her stings shall find
e to thy coward mind:
ll she fix her sharpest dart,
w thee truly as thou art,
to those by whom thou 'rt priz'd,
thyself to be despis'd.

The man who weds the sacred Muse,
Disdains all mercenary views,
And he who Virtue's throne would rear
Laughs at the phantoms rais'd by fear.
Tho' Folly, rob'd in purple, shines,
Tho' Vice exhausts Peruvian mines,
Yet shall they tremble and turn pale
When Satire wields her mighty flail;
Or should they, of rebuke afraid,
With Melcombe seek hell's deepest shade,
Satire, still mindful of her aim,
Shall bring the cowards back to shame.
Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view,
Honest, tho' poor, (and who shall dare
To disappoint my boasting there?)
Hardy and resolute, tho' weak,
The dictates of my heart to speak,
Willing I bend at Satire's throne;
What pow'r I have be all her own.
Nor shall yon' lawyer's specious art,
Conscious of a corrupted heart,
Create imaginary fear
To damp us in our bold career.
Why should we fear? and what? the laws?
They are all arm'd in virtue's cause,
And aiming at the self-same end
Satire is always virtue's friend.

Nor shall that Muse whose honest rage,
In a corrupt degen'rate age,
When, dead to ev'ry nicer sense,
Deep sunk in vice and indolence,
The spirit of old Rome was broke
Beneath the tyrant fiddler's yoke)
Banish'd the rose from Nero's cheek,
Under a Brunswick fear to speak.
Drawn by conceit from reason's plan,
How vain is that poor creature, Man!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf
To prate about that thing himself!
After my promise made in rhyme,
And meant in earnest, at that time,
To jog, according to the mode,
In one dull place, in one dull road

To help the whole with wondrous art,
Whence it seems idly to depart;
Then should our readers ne'er accuse
These wild excursions of the Muse,
Ne'er backward turn dull pages o'er
To recollect what went before!
Deeply impress'd, and ever new,
Each image past should start to view,
And we to Dulman now come in
As if we ne'er had absent been.
Have you not seen, when danger's near,
The coward cheek turn white with fear?
Have you not seen, when danger's fled,
The self-same cheek with joy turn red?
These are low symptoms, which we find
Fit only for a vulgar mind,
Where honest features, void of art,
Betray the feelings of the heart.
Our Dulman with a face was bless'd,
Where no one passion was express'd;
His eye in a fine stupor caught,
Imply'd a plent'ous lack of thought;
Nor was one line that whole face seen in
Which could be justly charg'd with meaning.
To Avarice by birth ally'd,
Debauch'd by marriage into pride,
In age grown fond of youthful sports,
Of pomps, of vanities, and courts,

success too mighty made,
his country or his trade;
passion, (no rare case,
ockheads in, or out, of place)
k and insolent of soul
g reason's just control,
ding of his own accord
trim, transient toy, my Lord:
e of Scots, (a fatal race,
God in wrath contriv'd to place,
rge our crimes and gall our pride,
ant thorn in England's side,
irst, our greatness to oppose,
vengeance mark'd for foes,
nore to serve his wrathful ends,
re to curse us, mark'd for friends)
the state, if we give credit
for no one else e'er said it,
iend of great ones not a few,
their titles only knew,
se (which envious of his breeding
rms have charg'd to want of reading)
o shew himself polite
would pronounce aright;
or, with whom a host
which Rome and Athens boast,
eir pride, might not contend;
th no powers to recommend,

Whilst Jacky Home and Billy Whitehead,
And Dicky Glover, sat delighted,
Could speak whole days in Nature's spite,
Just as those able versemen write;
Great Dulman from his bed arose—
Thrice did he spit—thrice wip'd his nose—
Thrice strove to smile—thrice strove to frown—
And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
Then silence broke—"Crape, who am I?"
Crape bow'd, and smil'd an arch reply.
"Am I not, Crape—I am, you know,
Above all those who are below.
Have I not knowledge? and for wit,
Money will always purchase it;
Nor, if it needful should be found,
Will I grudge ten or twenty pound,
For which the whole stock may be bought,
Of scoundrel wits not worth a groat.
But lest I should proceed too far,
I'll feel my friend the Minister,
(Great men, Crape, must not be neglected)
How he in this point is affected;
For as I stand a magistrate,
To serve him first and next the state,
Perhaps he may not think it fit
To let his magistrates have wit.
Boast I not, at this very hour,
Those large effects which troop with pow'r?

Am I not mighty in the land?
Do not I sit whilst others stand?
Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
In seat of honour always plac'd?
And do not Cits of chief degree,
Tho' proud to others, bend to me?
Have I not, as Justice ought,
The laws such wholesome rigor taught,
That Fornication, in disgrace,
Is now afraid to show her face,
And not one whore these walls approaches
Unless they ride in our own coaches?
And shall this Fame, an old poor strumpet,
Without our licence sound her trumpet,
And, envious of our City's quiet,
In broad daylight blow up a riot?
If insolence like this we bear,
Where is our state? our office where?
Farewell all honours of our reign,
Farewell the neck-ennobling chain,
Freedom's known badge o'er all the globe,
Farewell the solemn-spreading robe,
Farewell the sword, farewell the mace,
Farewell all title, pomp, and place;
Remov'd from men of high degree,
(A loss to them, Crape, not to me)
Banish'd to Chippenham or to Frome,
Dulman once more shall ply the loom."

Crape, lifting up his hands and eyes,
"Dulman—the loom—at Chippenham"—
"If there be pow'rs which greatness love,
Which rule below, but dwell above,
Those pow'rs united all shall join
To contradict the rash design.
Sooner shall stubborn Will lay down
His opposition with his gown;
Sooner shall Temple leave the road
Which leads to Virtue's mean abode;
Sooner shall Scots this country quit,
And England's foes be friends to Pitt,
Than Dulman, from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander outcast and unknown.
Sure as that cane, (a cane there stood
Near to a table made of wood,
dry fine wood a table made,
me rare artist in the trade,
had enjoy'd immortal praise
had liv'd in Homer's days)
that cane, which once was seen
e of life all fresh and green,
nks of Indus to adorn,
f its leafy honours shorn,
ing to exactest rule,
shion'd by the workman's tool,
hich at present we behold
ly polish'd, crown'd with gold,

With gold well wrought; sure as that cane
Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afresh, shall never more
Flourish in tawny India's shore,
So sure shall Dulman and his race,
To latest times this station grace."
  Dulman, who all this while had kept
His eyelids clos'd as if he slept,
Now looking stedfastly on Crape,
As at some god in human shape—
"Crape, I protest you seem to me
To have discharg'd a prophecy:
Yes—from the first it doth appear,
Planted by Fate, the Dulmans here
Have always held a quiet reign,
And here shall to the last remain

To Stentor go—if he 's not there
His place let Bully Norton bear—
Our citizens to council call—
Let all meet—'t is the cause of all.
Let the three witnesses attend,
With allegations to befriend,
To swear just so much, and no more,
As we instruct them in before.
Stay—Crape—come back—What, don't you see
Th' effects of this discovery?
Dulman all care and toil endures—
The profit, Crape, will all be yours.
A mitre, (for this arduous task,
Perform'd, they 'll grant whate'er I ask)
A mitre (and perhaps the best)
Shall, thro' my int'rest, make thee blest;
And at this time, when gracious Fate
Dooms to the Scot the reigns of state,
Who is more fit (and for your use
We could some instances produce)
Of England's church to be the head
Than you, a Presbyterian bred?
But when thus mighty you are made,
Unlike the brethren of thy trade,
Be grateful, Crape, and let me not,
Like old Newcastle, be forgot.
But an affair, Crape, of this size
Will ask from conduct vast supplies;

st not, as the vulgar say,
ne in hugger-mugger way:
rs, indeed, (and that's discreet)
hatch the plot in private meet:
should in public go, no doubt,
e bus'ness is to find it out.
-morrow—if the day appear
y to turn out fair and clear—
aim a grand processionade—
the City-pomp display'd;
e Trainbands"—Crape shook his head—
heard the trumpet, and were fled—
ell"—cries the knight—"if that's the case
ervants shall supply their place—
ervants—mine alone—no more

I'll make a proof how I advance in
My new accomplishment of dancing."
Not quite so fast as lightning flies,
Wing'd with red anger, thro' the skies;
Not quite so fast as sent by Jove,
Iris descends on wings of love;
Not quite so fast as Terror rides,
When he the chafing winds bestrides,
Crape hobbled—but his mind was good—
Cou'd he go faster than he cou'd?
Near to that tow'r which, as we 're told,
The mighty Julius rais'd of old;
Where to the block, by Justice led,
The rebel Scot hath often bled;
Where arms are kept so clean, so bright,
'Twere sin they should be soil'd in fight;
Where brutes of foreign race are shown
By brutes much greater of our own;
Fast by the crowded Thames, is found
An ample square of sacred ground,
Where artless Eloquence presides,
And Nature ev'ry sentence guides.
Here female parliaments debate
About religion, trade, and state;
Here ev'ry Naiad's patriot soul,
Disdaining foreign base control,
Despising French, despising Erse,
Pours forth the plain old English curse,

And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The honours of the vulgar tongue.
Here Stentor, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out law:
Twelve furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly, and distinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd and swell'd the mighty sound.
The loudest virgin of the stream
Compar'd with him would silent seem;
Thames, (who, enrag'd to find his course
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Against the bridge indignant roars,
And lashes the resounding shores)
Compar'd with him, at lowest tide,
In softest whispers seems to glide.

Big with those throes which patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the commonweal,
Some secret, which forbids him rest,
Tumbles and tosses in his breast,
Tumbles and tosses to get free,
And thus the chief commands by me;
To-morrow, if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a grand processionade—
Be all the City-pomp display'd—
Our citizens to council call—
Let all meet—'t is the cause of all."

THE GHOST.

BOOK IV.

XCOMBS, who vainly make pretence
something of exalted sense
re other men, and, gravely wise,
ect those pleasures to despise
ich, merely to the eye confin'd,
g no improvement to the mind;
l at all pomp; they would not go
millions to a puppet-show,
can forgive the mighty crime
countenancing pantomime;

And what they smell, and taste, and feel,
Distrust till Reason sets her seal,
And, by long trains of consequences
Ensur'd, gives sanction to the senses;
Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waste
One hour in what the world calls Taste,
Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry,
Unless they know some reason why;
With these grave fops, whose system seems
To give up certainty for dreams,
The eye of man is understood
As for no other purpose good,
Than as a door, thro' which of course
Their passage crowding objects force,
A downright usher, to admit
New-comers to the court of Wit:
(Good Gravity! forbear thy spleen,
When I say wit I wisdom mean)
Where (such the practice of the court,
Which legal precedents support)
Not one idea is allow'd
To pass unquestion'd in the crowd;
But, ere it can obtain the grace
Of holding in the brain a place
Before the chief in congregation
Must stand a strict examination.
Not such as those who physick twirl,
Full fraught with death from ev'ry curl,

Who prove, with all becoming state,
Their voice to be the voice of Fate,
Prepar'd with essence, drop, and pill,
To be another Ward or Hill,
Before they can obtain their ends,
To sign death-warrants for their friends,
And talents vast as theirs employ,
Secundum artem to destroy,
Must pass (or laws their age restrain)
Before the chiefs of Warwick Lane:
Thrice happy Lane! where uncontroll'd,
In pow'r and lethargy grown old,
Most fit to take, in this bless'd land,
The reigns which fell from Wyndham's hand,
Her lawful throne great Dulness rears,
Still more herself as more in years;

Whose heads, when other methods fail,
Receive instruction from the tail,
Because their sires, a common case,
Which brings the children to disgrace,
Imagine it a certain rule,
They never could beget a fool,
Must pass, or must compound for, ere
The chaplain, full of beef and pray'r,
Will give his reverend permit,
Announcing them for orders fit;
So that the prelate (what's a name?
All prelates now are much the same)
May with a conscience safe and quiet,
With holy hands lay on that fiat
Which doth all faculties dispense,
All sanctity, all faith, all sense,
Makes Madan quite a saint appear,
And makes an oracle of Cheere.
Not such as in that solemn seat,
Where the Nine Ladies hold retreat,
The Ladies Nine, who, as we 're told,
Scorning those haunts they lov'd of old,
The banks of Isis now prefer,
Nor will one hour from Oxford stir,
Are held for form, which Balaam's ass
As well as Balaam's self might pass,
And with his master take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees.

Men of sound parts, who, deeply read,
O'erload the storehouse of the head
With furniture they ne'er can use
Cannot forgive our rambling Muse
This wild excursion; cannot see
Why Physic and Divinity,
To the surprize of all beholders,
Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders;
Or how, in any point of view,
Oxford hath any thing to do:
But men of nice and subtle learning,
Remarkable for quick discerning,
Thro' spectacles of critic mould,
Without instruction, will behold
That we a method here have got
To show what is by what is not;
And that our drift (parenthesis
For once apart) is briefly this.
Within the brain's most secret cells,
A certain Lord Chief Justice dwells,
Of sov'reign pow'r, whom, one and all,
With common voice, we Reason call,
Tho', for the purpose of satire
A name in truth is no great matter;
Jeff'ries or Mansfield, which you will,
It means a Lord Chief Justice still,
Here, so our great projectors say,
The senses all must homage pay;

Hither they all must tribute bring,
And prostrate fall before the king.
Whatever unto them is brought
Is carry'd on the wings of thought
Before his throne, where, in full state,
He on their merits holds debate,
Examines, cross-examines, weighs,
Their right to censure or to praise;
Nor doth his equal voice depend
On narrow views of foe and friend,
Nor can or flattery or force
Divert him from his steady course;
The channel of inquiry's clear,
No sham-examination's here.
He, upright Justicer! no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
Adjusts and settles in a trice
What virtue is, and what is vice,
What is perfection, what defect,
What we must choose, and what reject;
He takes upon him to explain
What pleasure is, and what is pain,
Whilst we, obedient to the whim,
And resting all our faith on him,
True members of the Stoic weal,
Must learn to think and cease to feel.
This glorious system form'd, for man
To practice when and how he can,

: senses in alliance,
n hurl a proud defiance,
oft' conquer'd yet unbroke,
r to throw off that yoke,
:y a greater slav'ry hold
ish bondage was of old;
, something touch'd with shame,
1 to retain the name
:y, and, as in sport,
mimic formal court,
, no uncommon thing,
ind of puppet king,
r'd by the way of toy
globe, but not employ,
n-mongers, struck with fear,
cate destruction near;
; to anarchy must run;
world of man's undone.
iould the eye, that nicest sense,
) send intelligence
)rain, distinct and clear,
t passes in her sphere;
e presumpt'ous joy receive
the understanding's leave,
n it rank and daring treason
ie monarchy of Reason,
ing, tho' they 're wondrous wise,
have reason, most have eyes;

So that the pleasures of the mind
To a small circle are confin'd,
Whilst those which to the senses fall
Become the property of all.
Besides, (and this is sure a case
Not much at present out of place)
Where Nature reason doth deny,
No art can that defect supply:
But if (for it is our intent
Fairly to state the argument)
A man should want an eye or two,
The remedy is sure tho' new,
The cure's at hand—no need of fear—
For proof—behold the Chevalier—
As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
To put eyes in, as put them out.
But, argument apart which tends
T' embitter foes and sep'rate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apostate for the Nine,
Would I, tho' bred up a divine,
And foe of course to Reason's weal
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own sense and feelings taught,
In speech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;
What's he to me or I to him?
Might I, tho' never rob'd in ermine,
A matter of this weight determine,

lies should settled be
men to hypocrisy,
them ape an aukward zeal,
ng, not pretend to feel.
ıot have, might sentence rest
x'd within my breast,
net censur'd and confin'd,
we're of a diff'rent mind.
:, who in her act most free,
elights in liberty,
in love, and without bound
y on ev'ry creature round,
'et, was ev'ry bounty shed
e portions on our head,
d not truly bounteous call
ɔm did not crown them all.
ovidence forbid to stray,
ever can mistake their way,
n'd still, they plod along
nct, neither right nor wrong;
ı, had he the heart to use
dom, hath a right to chuse;
r he acts or well or ill,
; entirely on his will.
last work, her fav'rite man
, on Nature's better plan,
ege in pow'r to err;
this phrase resentment stir

Amongst the grave ones, since, indeed,
The little merit man can plead
In doing well, dependeth still
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.
Opinions should be free as air,
No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
His qualities, a claim can found,
That my opinion must be bound,
And square with his; such slavish chains
From foes the lib'ral soul disdains,
Nor can, tho' true to friendship, bend,
To wear them ev'n from a friend.
Let those who rigid judgment own
Submissive bow at Judgment's throne,
And if they of no value hold
Pleasure till pleasure is grown cold,
Pall'd, and insipid, forc'd to wait
For Judgment's regular debate
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull subjects suited to their mind.
Theirs be slow wisdom; be my plan
To live as merry as I can,
Regardless, as the fashions go
Whether there 's reason for 't or no:
Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn,

But if, by error led astray,
chance to wander from my way,
et no blind guide observe, in spite,
'm wrong, who cannot set me right.
'hat doctor could I ne'er endure
Vho found disease and not a cure;
lor can I hold that man a friend
Vhose zeal a helping hand shall lend
'o open happy Folly's eyes,
ind making wretched, make me wise:
'or next, a truth which cann 't admit
leproof from Wisdom or from Wit,
'o being happy here below,
s to believe that we are so.
Some few in knowledge find relief;
lace my comfort in belief

But joys which in the fancy live,
Each moment to each man may give;
True to himself, and true to ease,
He softens Fate's severe decrees,
And (can a mortal wish for more?)
Creates and makes himself new o'er,
Mocks boasted vain reality,
And is whate'er he wants to be.
Hail, Fancy!—to thy pow'r I owe
Deliv'rance from the gripe of Wo;
To thee I owe a mighty debt,
Which Gratitude shall ne'er forget
Whilst Mem'ry can her force employ,
A large increase of ev'ry joy.
When at my doors, too strongly bar'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,
A knavish guard, ordain'd by law
To keep poor Honesty in awe;
Authority, severe and stern
To intercept my wish'd return;
When foes grew proud, and friends grew cool,
And laughter seiz'd each sober fool;
When Candour started in amaze,
And meaning censure hinted praise;
When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
And hands, thank'd Heav'n that she was wise;
When all around me with an air
Of hopeless sorrow look'd despair;

When they or said or seem'd to say
There is but one, one only way
Better, and be advis'd by us
Not be at all than to be thus;
When Virtue shunn'd the shock, and Pride
Disabl'd lay by Virtue's side,
Too weak my ruffled soul to cheer,
Which could not hope yet would not fear,
Health in her motion, the wild grace
Of pleasure speaking in her face,
Dull regularity thrown by,
And comfort beaming from her eye,
Fancy, in richest robes array'd,
Came smiling forth, and brought me aid,
Came smiling o'er that dreadful time,
And, more to bless me, came in rhyme.
Nor is her pow'r to me confin'd;
It spreads it comprehends mankind.
When (to the spirit-stirring sound
Of trumpets breathing courage round,
And fifes well mingled to restrain
And bring that courage down again,
Or to the melancholy knell
Of the dull, deep, and doleful, bell,
Such as of late the good Saint Bride
Muffled, to mortify the pride
Of those who, England quite forgot,
Paid their vile homage to the Scot,

Where Asgill held the foremost place
Whilst my Lord figur'd at a race)
Processions ('tis not worth debate
Whether they are of stage or state)
Move on so very, very slow,
'Tis doubtful if they move or no;
When the performers all the while
Mechanically frown or smile,
Or with a dull and stupid stare
A vacancy of sense declare,
Or with down-bending eye seem wrought
Into a labyrinth of thought,
Where Reason wanders still in doubt,
And once got in cannot get out,
What cause sufficient can we find
To satisfy a thinking mind,
Why, dup'd by such vain farces, man
Descends to act on such a plan?
Why they who hold themselves divine
Can in such wretched follies join,
Strutting like peacocks or like crows,
Themselves and Nature to expose?
What cause, but that (you'll understand
We have our remedy at hand,
That if perchance we start a doubt
Ere it is fix'd we wipe it out,
As surgeons when they lop a limb,
Whether for profit, fame, or whim,

re experiment to try,
always have a styptic by) .
steps in, and stamps that real
ı *ipso facto* is ideal.
ı none remember? yes, I know
ust remember that rare show,
. to the country Sense went down,
:ools came flocking up to Town;
ı knights (a work which all admit
: for knighthood much unfit)
booths for hire; when parsons play'd,
bes canonical array'd,
fiddling join the Smithfield dance,
price of tickets to advance,
nto tapsters turn'd, dealt out,
ing from booth to booth about,
'ry scoundrel by retail
pennyworths of beef and ale,
. first prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
resent grand electioneering;
n heralds, running all about
ring in order, turn'd it out;
n, by the prudent Marshall's care,
the rude populace should stare,
with unhallow'd eyes profane
puppets of Patrician strain,
whole procession, as in spite,
:ar'd, unseen, stole off by night;

When our lov'd monarch, nothing loath,
Solemnly took that sacred oath
Whence mutual firm agreements spring
Betwixt the subject and the king,
By which, in usual manner crown'd,
His head, his heart, his hands, he bound,
Against himself, should passion stir
The least propensity to err,
Against all slaves who might prepare
Or open force or hidden s are,
That Glorious Charter to maintain,
By which we serve and he must reign;
Then Fancy with unboun d sway
Revell'd sole mistress of the day,
And wrought such wonders as might make
Egyptian sorcerers forsake
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The palm of magic her's alone.
A knight, (who in the silken lap
Of lazy Peace had liv'd on pap,
Who never yet had dar'd to roam
'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
Nor ev'n that unless a guide
Was plac'd to amble by his side,
And troops of slaves were spread around
To keep his Honour safe and sound,
Who could not suffer for his life
A point to sword or edge to knife,

And always fainted at the sight,
Of blood, tho' 't was not shed in fight,
Who disinherited one son . . .
For firing off an alder gun,
And whipt another six years old,
Because the boy presumpt'ous, bold
To madness, likely to become
A very Swiss, had beat a drum,
Tho' it appear'd an instrument
Most peaceable and innocent,
Having from first been in the hands
And service of the City Bands)
Grac'd with those ensigns which were meant
To further Honour's dread intent,
The minds of warriors to inflame,
And spur them on to deeds of fame,
With little sword, large spurs, high feather,
Fearful of ev'ry thing but weather,
(And all must own, who pay regard
To charity, it had been hard
That in his very first campaign
His honours should be soil'd with rain)
A hero all at once became,
And (seeing others much the same
In point of valour as himself,
Who leave their courage on a shelf
From year to year, till some such rout
In proper season calls it out)

Strutted, look'd big, and swagger'd more
Than ever hero did before;
Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,
Like Mavors, grimly smil'd and frown'd;
Seem'd heav'n, and earth, and hell, to call
To fight, that he might rout them all,
And personated Valour's style
So long, spectators to beguile,
That passing strange, and wondrous true,
Himself at last believ'd it too,
Nor for a time could he discern
Till truth and darkness took their turn:
So well did Fancy play her part,
That coward still was at the heart.
Whiffle, (who knows not Whiffle's name,
By the impartial voice of Fame
Recorded first thro' all this land
In Vanity's illustrious band?)
Who, by all bounteous Nature meant
For offices of hardiment,
A modern Herculea at least,
To rid the world of each wild beast,
Of each wild beast which came in view,
Whether on four legs or on two,
Degenerate, delights to prove
His force on the parade of Love,
Disclaims the joys which camps afford,
And for the distaff quits the sword;

Who fond of women would appear
To public eye and public ear,
But when in private lets them know
How little they can trust to show;
Who sports a woman as of course,
Just as a jockey shews a horse,
And then returns her to the stable,
Or, vainly plants her
Where he would rath
(So pall'd and so depra
Than, by some great occ
To seize her panting in he
Burning with more than mortal fires,
And melting in her own desires;
Who ripe in years is yet a child,
Thro' fashion not thro' feeling wild,
Whate'er in others, who proceed
As Sense and Nature have decreed,
From real passion, flows in him
Is mere effect of mode and whim;
Who laughs, a very common way,
Because he nothing has to say,
As your choice spirits oaths dispense
To fill up vacancies of sense;
Who, having some small sense defies 't;
Or, using, always misapplies it;
Who now and then brings something forth
Which seems indeed of Sterling worth (

Something, by sudden start and fit,
Which at a distance looks like wit,
But on examination near
To his conclusion will appear,
By truth's fair glass, to be at best
A threadbare jester's threadbare jest;
Who frisks and dances thro' the street,
Sings without voice, rides without seat,
Plays o'er his tricks, like Æsop's ass,
A *gratis* fool to all who pass;
Who riots, tho' he loves not waste,
Whores without lust, drinks without taste,
Acts without sense, talks without thought,
Does ev'ry thing but what he ought;
Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
Of vice is vicious: who one hour
Proud without pride, the next will be
Humble without humility;
Whose vanity we all discern,
The spring on which his actions turn;
Whose aim in erring is to err,
So that he may be singular,
And all his utmost wishes mean
Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be seen;
Such (for when Flattery's soothing strain
Had robb'd the Muse of her disdain,
And found a method to persuade
Her heart to soften ev'ry shade,

Justice, enrag'd, the pencil snatch'd
From her degen'rate hand, and scratch'd
Out ev'ry trace, then, quick as thought,
From life this striking likeness caught)
In mind, in manners, and in mien,
Such Whiffle came, and such was seen
In the world's eye; but, (strange to tell!)
Misled by Fancy's magic spell,
Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
Was more than human in his own,
O bow! bow all to Fancy's throne,
Whose pow'r could make so vile an elf
With patience bear that thing himself.
But, mistress of each art to please,
Creative Fancy! what are these

In spite of law, and justice teach
For public good t' excuse the breach,
Within the sorrow of a wrinkle,
'Twixt eyes which could not shine but twinkle
Like centinels i' th' starry way,
Who wait for the return of day,
Almost burnt out, and seem to keep
Their watch like soldiers in their sleep,
Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r
Of law, must burn from hour to hour,
(Else they, without redemption, fall
Under the terrors of that Hall
Which, once notorious for a hop,
Is now become a justice shop)
Which, are so manag'd, to go out
Just when the time comes round about,
Which yet, thro' emulation, strive
To keep their dying light alive,
And (not uncommon, as we find
Amongst the children of mankind)
As they grow weaker would seem stronger,
And burn a little, little longer:
Fancy, betwixt such eyes enshrin'd,
No brush to daub, no mill to grind,
Thrice wav'd her wand around, whose force
Chang'd in an instant Nature's course,
And, hardly credible in rhyme,
Not only stopp'd but call'd back time,

The face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,
Down the neck ringlets spread their flame,
The neck admiring whence they came;
On the arch'd brow the Graces play'd,
On the full bosom Cupid laid;
Suns, from their proper orbits sent,
Became for eyes a supplement;
Teeth, white as ever teeth were seen,
Deliver'd from the hand of Green,
Started, in regular array,
Like trainbands on a grand field-day,
Into the gums, which would have fled,
But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red.
Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
And Lady———— was fifteen.
Here she made lordly temples rise
Before the pious Dashwood's eyes,
Temples which, built aloft in air,
May serve for show, if not for pray'r;
In solemn form herself, before,
Array'd like Faith, the Bible bore:
There, over Melcombe's feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phiz,
More of another world than this,
To a dwarf Muse a giant page,
The last grave fop of the last age,

In a superb and feather'd hearse,
Bescutcheon'd and betagg'd with verse,
Which to beholders from afar
Appear'd like a triumphal car,
She rode, in a cast rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the hallow'd plaid,
Naked, as when (in those drear cells
Where self-bless'd, self-curs'd, Madness dwells)
Pleasure, on whom, in Laughter's shape,
Frenzy had perfected a rape,
First brought her forth, before her time,
Wild witness of her shame and crime,
Driving before an idol band
Of driv'lling Stewarts hand in hand;
Some who, to curse mankind, had wore
A crown they ne'er must think of more,
Others whose baby brows were grac'd
With paper crowns and toys of paste:
She jigg'd, and, playing on the flute,
Spread raptures o'er the soul of Bute.
Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,
Which wrought the busy soul of man
To her full bent, the Civil Law,
Fit code to keep a world in awe,
Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
As Jewish frontlets were of old,
The famous Charter of our land
Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;

As one whom deepest thoughts employ,
But deepest thoughts of truest joy,
Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,
Before him troops of heroes walk'd,
Whom best he lov'd, of heroes crown'd,
By Tories guarded all:
Dull solemn pleasure i
He saw the honours of
He saw their lineal glor
And touch'd, or seeem'd
Not the most distant mark
No sign of axe or scaffold near,
Not one curs'd thought to cross his will
Of such a place as Tower Hill.
Curse on this Muse, a flippant jade,
A shrew, like ev'ry other maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peevishness and spleen:
Her tongue, (for as, when bound for life,
The husband suffers for the wife,
So if in any works of rhyme
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor culprit bards must always rue it,
Altho' 't is plain the Muses do it)
Sooner or later, cannot fail
To send me headlong to a jail.
Whate'er my theme, (our themes we choose
In modern days without a Muse,

Just as a father will provide
To join a bridegroom and a bride,
As if, tho' they must be the play'rs,
The game was wholly his, not theirs)
Whate'er my theme, the Muse, who still
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears
In fatal politics appears.
Time was, and, if I ought discern
Of Fate that time shall soon return,
When decent and demure at least,
As grave and dull as any priest,
I could see Vice in robes array'd,
Could see the game of Folly play'd
Successfully in Fortune's school,
Without exclaiming rogue or fool:
Time was, when nothing loath or proud,
I lacky'd with the fawning crowd,
Scoundrels in office, and would bow
To cyphers great in place; but now
Upright I stand, as if wise Fate,
To compliment a shatter'd state,
Had me, like Atlas, hither sent
To shoulder up the firmament,
And if I stoop'd, with gen'ral crack
The heav'ns would tumble from my back.

Time was, when rank and situation
Secur'd the great ones of the nation
From all control; satire and law
Kept only litile knaves in awe;
But now, decorum lost, I stand
Bemus'd, a pencil in m[illegible]
And, dead to ev'ry se[illegible]
Careless of safety and
The names of scoundr[illegible]
And libel more than ha[illegible]
How can a statesman be secure
In all his villanies, if poor
And dirty authors thus shall dare
To lay his rotten bosom bare?
Muses should pass away their time
In dressing out the poet's rhyme
With bills and ribbands, and array
Each line in harmless taste, tho' gay.
When the hot burning fit is on
They should regale their restless son
With something to allay his rage,
Some cool Castalian beverage,
Or some such draught, (tho' they, 't is plain,
Taking the Muse's name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report)
As makes a Whitehead's ode go down
Or slakest he Feverette of Brown:

But who would in his senses think
Of Muses giving gall to drink,
Of that their folly should afford
To raving poets gun or sword?
Poets were ne'er design'd by Fate
To meddle with affairs of state,
Nor should (if we may speak our thought
Truly as men of honour ought)
Sound policy their age admit
To lanch the thunderbolts of wit
About those heads which, when they're shot,
Cann't tell if 't was by Wit or not.
These things well known, what devil, in
Can have seduc'd me thus to write
Out of that road, which must have led
To riches without heart or head,
Into that road which, had I more
Than ever poet had before
Of wit and virtue, in disgrace
Would keep me still, and out of place,
Which, if some judge (you'll understand
One famous, famous thro' the land
For making law) should stand my friend,
At last may in a pill'ry end;
And all this, I myself admit,
Without one cause to lead to it?—
For instance now—this book—The Ghost
Methinks I hear some critic post

Remark most gravely—"The first word
Which we about The Ghost have heard."
Peace, my good Sir!—not quite so fast—
What is the first may be the last,
Which is a point, all must agree,
Cannot depend on you and me.
Fanny, no Ghost of common mould,
Is not by forms to be controll'd;
To keep her state, and show her skill,
She never comes but when she will.
I wrote, and wrote, (perhaps you doubt,
And shrewdly, what I wrote about;
Believe me much to my disgrace,
I too am in the self-same case)
But still I wrote till Fanny came
Impatient, nor could any shame
On me, with equal justice, fall
If she had never come at all.
An underling, I could not stir
Without the cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the subject aid receive
Until she came and gave me leave.
So that, (ye sons of Erudition!
Mark, this is but a supposition,
Nor would I to so wise a nation
Suggest it as a revelation)
If henceforth, dully turning o'er
Page after page, ye read no more

Of Fanny, who, in sea or air,
May be departed God knows where,
Rail at jilt Fortune; but agree
No censure can be laid on me,
For sure (the cause let Mansfield try)
Fanny is in the fault, not I.
But to return—and this I hold
A secret worth its weight in gold
To those who write, as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,
Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and stile,
Make it but worth the reader's while,
And keep a passage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.
Thro' dirt who scruples to approach,
At Pleasure's call, to take a coach?
But we should think the man a clown
Who in the dirt should set us down.
But, to return—if Wit, who ne'er
The shackles of restraint could bear,
In wayward humour should refuse
Her timely succour to the Muse,
And, to no rules and orders ty'd,
Roughly deny to be her guide,
She must renounce Decorum's plan,
And get back when and how she can;
As parsons, who, without pretext,
As soon as mention'd, quit their text,

And, to promote sleep's genial pow'r
Grope in the dark for half an hour,
Give no more reason (for we know
Reason is vulgar, mean, and low)
Why they come ba[illegible])
That ever they com[illegible]
Into the road, to en[illegible]
Than they can give [illegible].
But, to return—This [illegible]host—
A mere amusement at the [illegible],
A trifle, fit to wear away
The horrors of a rainy day.
A slight shot silk, for summer wear,
Just as our modern statesmen are,
If rigid honesty permit
That I for once purloin the wit
Of him who, were we all to steal,
Is much too rich the theft to feel:
Yet in this Book, where Ease should join
With Mirth to sugar ev'ry line;
Where it should all be mere chit-chat,
Lively, good-humour'd, and all that;
Where honest Satire, in disgrace,
Should not so much as shew her face,
The shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
Breaks into Laughter's sacred grounds,
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
In science, trade, and politics.

But why should the distempered scold
Attempt to blacken men enroll'd
In Pow'r's dread book, whose mighty skill
Can twist an empire to their will,
Whose voice is Fate, and on their tongue
Law, liberty, and life, are hung,
Whom, on inquiry, Truth shall find
With Stewarts link'd time out of mind,
Superior to their country's laws,
Defenders of a tyrants cause,
Men who the same damn'd maxims hold,
Darkly, which they avow'd of old,
Who, tho' by diff'rent means, pursue
The end which they had first in view,
And, force found vain, now play their part
With much less honour, much more art?
Why, at the corners of the streets,
To ev'ry patriot drudge she meets,
Known or unknown, with furious cry
Should she wild clamours vent? or why,
The minds of groundlings to inflame,
A Dashwood, Bute, and Wyndham, name?
Why, having not to our surprise,
The fear of death before her eyes,
Bearing, and that but now and then,
No other weapon but her pen,
Should she an argument afford
For blood to men who wear a sword?

who can nicely trim and pare
it of honour to a hair;
our—a word of nice import,
ty trinket in a court,
n my Lord, quite in rapture, feels,
ing and rattling with his seals—
ir—a word which all the Nine
d be much puzzled to define—
ir—a word which torture mocks,
night confound a thousand Lockes—
n (for I leave to wiser heads,
fields of death prefer to beds
wn, to find out, if they can,
Honour is on their wild plan)
, to take it in their way,
his we sure may dare to say
out incurring an offence,
ge, law, honesty, or sense)
who, all spirit, life, and soul,
butchers of a buttonhole,
g more skill, believe it true
they must have more courage too;
who, without a place or name,
fortunes speechless as their fame,
d by the sword new fortunes carve,
rather die in fight than starve
ronations, a vast field,
h food of ev'ry kind might yield;

good sound food, at once most fit
purposes of health and wit?
Could not ambitious Satire rest,
Content with what she might digest?
Could she not feast on things of course,
A champion, or a champion's horse?
A champion's horse—no better say,
Tho' better figur'd on that day—
A horse, which might appear to us
Who deal in rhyme a Pegasus;
A rider who, when once got on,
Might pass for a Bellerophon,
Dropt on a sudden from the skies,
To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
To witch, with wand instead of whip,
The world with noble horsemanship,
To twist and twine both horse and man
On such a well-concerted plan,
That Centaur-like, when all was done,
We scarce could think they were not one?
Could she not to our itching ears
Bring the new names of new-coin'd peers,
Who walk'd, nobility forgot,
With shoulders fitter for a knot
Than robes of honour, for whose sake
Heralds, in form, were forc'd to make,
To make, because they could not find
Great predecessors to their mind?

ne not (tho' 't is doubtful since
he plumber is or prince)
a simple knights advance
doughty peer of France?
r he did a dukedom gain,
)inson was Aquitain?
r her City chiefs, disgrac'd
an empty table plac'd?
neglect! which, whilst they live,
nn't forget, and wont forgive;
neglect of all those rights
narch with City appetites,
ose canons which we find
tony time out of mind
i'd, which they ever hold
ıan any thing but gold?
:s to my stars—I now see shore—
iers and of courts no more—
ımbling on my City friends,
ıance, my guide, my purpose bends
ire&t, and shall pursue
ıt which I had first in view,
e shall with the reader sport
.ve seen him safe in port.
)e each fear—no more I bear
e wide regions of the air
er terrify'd, no more
:an's horrid paths explore.

Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Cross-roads to Allen I resign;
Allen! the honour of this nation,
Allen! himself a corporation;
Allen! of late notorious grown
For writings none, or all his own;
Allen! the first of letter'd men
Since the good Bishop holds his pen,
And at his elbow takes his stand
To mend his head and guide his hand.
But hold—once more, Digression! hence—
Let us return to common sense;
The car of Phœbus I discharge,
My carriage now a Lord May'r's barge.
Suppose we now—(we may suppose
In verse what would be sin in prose—)
The sky with darkness overspread,
And ev'ry star retir'd to bed;
The gewgaw robes of Pomp and Pride
In some dark corner thrown aside;
Great lords and ladies giving way
To what they seem to scorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And Nature taking place of Art;
Desire triumphant thro' the night,
And Beauty panting with delight;
Chastity, woman's fairest crown,
Till the return of morn laid down.

to be worn again as bright
not sully'd in the night;
'eremony, bus'ness o'er,
ing in form at Cottrell's door;
tion trudging all about
e the candles safely out,
g a mighty master-key,
d like Economy,
ing each lock with triple seals,
Av'rice creeping at her heels.
pose we, too, like sheep in pen,
lay'r and Court of Aldermen
n their barge, which thro' the deep,
owers more than half asleep,
slow, as overcharg'd with state;
es groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
elt that bauble heavier far
a whole fleet of men of war,
o'er each well-known faithful head
lib'ral hand his poppies shed,
lead by Dulness render'd fit,
nd his empire to admit.
the whole passage not a word,
e faint, weak, half-sound was heard:
ad prevail'd to overwhelm
eersman nodding o'er the helm;
owers, without force or skill,
e dull barge to drive at will;

The sluggish oars suspended hung,
And even Beardmore held his tongue,
Commerce, regardful of a freight
On which depended half her state,
Stepp'd to the helm with ready hand
She safely clear'd that bank of sand
Where, stranded, our west-country fleet
Delay and danger often meet,
Till Neptune, anxious for the trade,
Comes in full tides, and brings them aid.
Next (for the Muses can survey
Objects by night as well as day;
Nothing prevents their taking aim,
Darkness and light to them the same)
They pass'd that building which of old
Queen-mothers was design'd to hold,
At present a mere lodging-pen,
A palace turn'd into a den,
To barracks turn'd, and soldiers treat
Where dowagers have laid their head.
Why should we mention Surrey-street,
Where ev'ry week grave judges meet,
All fitted out with hum and ha,
In proper form to drawl out law,
To see all causes duly try'd,
'Twixt knaves who drive and fools who ride?
Why at the Temple should we stay?
What of the Temple dare we say?

ng'rous ground we tread on there,
words perhaps may actions bear;
e, as the brethren of the seas
ires, the lawyers ply for fees.
of that Bridge, most wisely made
rve the purposes of trade,
: great mart of all this nation,
opping up the navigation,
:o that sandbank adding weight
h is already much too great?—
of that Bridge, which, void of sense,
ell supply'd with impudence.
shmen, knowing not the Guild,
ght they might have a claim to build,
'aterson, as white as milk,
nooth as oil, as soft as silk,
:mn manner had decreed,
on the other side the Tweed
born and bred, and fully grown,
vith one Mylne, a man unknown,
ace, preferment, and renown,
ring, just arriv'd in Town:
Mylne! an artist perfect quite,
n his own and country's right,
to make a bridge as he,
glorious Pativinity,
ild inscriptions, worthy found
for ever under ground.

Much more, worth observation too,
Was this a season to pursue
The theme, our Muse might tell in rhyme:
The will she hath, but not the time;
For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,
(And when a goddess comes, we know,
Surpassing Nature acts prevail;
And boats want neither oar nor sail)
The vessel pass'd, and reach'd the shore
So quick, that thought was scarce before.
Suppose we now our City court
Safely deliver'd at the port,
And of their state regardless quite,
Landed, like smuggled goods, by night.
The solemn magistrate laid down,
The dignity of robe and gown,
With ev'ry other ensign gone,
Suppose the woollen night-cap on;
The flesh-brush us'd, with decent state,
To make the spirits circulate,
(A form, which to the senses true,
The liq'rish chaplain uses too,
Tho', something to improve the plan,
He takes the maid instead of man)
Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er,
To show the vigor of threescore,
The vigor of threescore and ten
Above the proof of younger men,

Suppose, the mighty Dulman led,
Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed?
Suppose, the moment he lies down,
No miracle in this great Town,
The drone as fast asleep as he
Must in the course
Who, truth for our
When up is never l
There let him sl vey.
The preparations for the
That day on which was to be shown
Court pride by City pride outdone.
The jealous mother sends away,
As only fit for childish play,
That daughter who, to gall her pride,
Shoots up too forward by her side.
The wretch, of God and man accurst,
Of all hell's instruments the worst,
Draws forth his pawns, and for the day
Struts in some spendthrift's vain array;
Around his awkward doxy shine
The treasures of Golconda's mine;
Each neighbour, with a jealous glare,
Beholds her folly publish'd there.
Garments well sav'd (an anecdote
Which we can prove or would not quote)
Garments well sav'd, which first were made
When tailors, to promote their trade,

Against the Picts in arms arose,
And drove them out, or made them clothes;
Garments immortal, without end,
Like names and titles, which descend
Successively from sire to son;
Garments, unless some work is done
Of note, not suffer'd to appear
'Bove once at most in ev / year,
Were now in solemn form laid bare
To take the benefit of air,
And, ere they came to be employ'd
On this solemnity, to avoid
That scent which Russia's leather gave,
From vile and impious moth to save.
Each head was busy, and each heart
In preparation bore a part;
Running together all about
The servants put each other out,
Till the grave master had decreed,
The more haste ever the worse speed.
Miss with her little eyes half-clos'd,
Over a smuggled toilet doz'd:
The waiting-maid, whom story notes
A very Scrub in petticoats,
Hir'd for one work, but doing all,
In slumbers lean'd against the wall;
Milliners, summon'd from afar,
Arriv'd in shoals at Temple-Bar,

r commanded to import
ads of foppery from court;
abour'd visible design
ove to be superbly fine;
, more pleasing, tho' more wild,
t otherwise her darling child,
y'd, with spirited disdain,
——— elegant and plain.
from the chambers of the east
ome prelude to the feast,
on-colour'd robe array'd,
ı a car by Vulcan made,
ork'd for Jove himself, each steed
ıettled, of celestial breed,
and pacing all the way,
brought the wish'd-for day,
ld her empire, till outrun
brave jolly groom the Sun.
rumpet—hark!—it speaks—it swells
ıd full harmony, it tells
ıe at hand when Dulman, led
ı, his citizens must head
ırch those troops which, at his call,
ow assembled to Guildhall,
ers of importance great
t and city, church and state.
end to end the sound makes way,
: the signal, and obey;

But Dulman, who, his charge forget,
By Morpheus fetter'd heard it not;
Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,
Hear any trumpet but the last.
Crape, ever true and trusty known,
Stole from the maid's bed to his own,
Then in the spirituals of pride
Planted himself at Dulman's side.
Thrice did the ever-faithful slave,
With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
And broke death's adamantine chain,
On Dulman call, but call in vain.
Thrice with an arm which might have made
The Theban boxer curse his trade,
The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
And thrice fell backward on his bed.
What could be done? Where force hath fail'd
Policy often hath prevail'd,
And what, an inference most plain,
Had been, Crape thought might be again.
Under his pillow (still in mind
The proverb kept, Fast bind fast find,)
Each blessed night the keys were laid,
Which Crape to draw away assay'd.
What not the pow'r of voice or arm,
Could do this did, and broke the charm;
Quick started he with stupid stare,
For all his little soul was there.

Behold him taken up, rubb'd down,
In elbow-chair and morning-gown;
Behold him, in his latter bloom,
Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume;
Behold him bending with the weight
Of robes, and trumpery of state;
Behold him (for the maxim's true,
Whate'er we by another do
We do ourselves, and, chaplain paid,
Like slaves in ev'ry other trade,
Had mutter'd over God knows what,
Something which he by heart had got)
Having as usual said his pray'rs,
Go titter-totter to the stairs;
Behold him for descent prepare,
With one foot trembling in the air;
He starts, he pauses on the brink,
And, hard to credit, seems to think;
Thro' his whole train (the chaplain gave
The proper cue to ev'ry slave)
At once, as with infection caught,
Each started, paus'd, and aim'd at thought;
He turns, and they turn; big with care,
He waddles to his elbow-chair,
Squats down, and silent for a season,
At last with Crape begins to reason;
But first of all he made a sign
That ev'ry soul but the divine

Should quit the room; in him, he knows,
He may all confidence repose.
"Crape—tho' I'm yet not quite awake—
Before [illegible] awful step I take,
On wh[illegible]y future all depends,
I ought to know my foes and friends.
My foes and friends—observe me still—
I mean not those who well or ill
Perhaps they w[illegible]ose who
Hav 't in their [illegible]oo.
Now if, attent[illegible]
In too much h[illegible],
Or thro' much z[illegible] Crape,
Deserving praise, into [illegible]
I, like a fool, am got, no doubt
I like a wise man should get out:
Note that remark without replies;
I say that to get out is wise,
Or by the very self-same rule
That to get in was like a fool.
The marrow of this argument
Must wholly rest on the event,
And therefore, which is really hard,
Against events too I must guard.
Should things continue as they stand,
And Bute prevail thro' all the land
Without a rival, by his aid
My fortunes in a trice are made;

Nay, honours on my zeal may smile,
And stamp me Earl of some great isle;
But if, a matter of much doubt,
The present minister goes out,
Fain would I know on what pretext
I can stand fairly with the next?
For as my aim, at ev'ry hour,
Is to be well with those in pow'r,
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I should not, like a blockhead, choose
To gain these so as those to lose:
'Tis good in ev'ry case you know,
To have two strings unto our bow."
As one in wonder lost, Crape view'd
His lord, who thus his speech pursu'd.
"This, my good Crape! is my grand point;
And as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is requir'd
To bring about the point desir'd.
What I would wish to bring about
Cannot admit a moment's doubt;
The matter in dispute, you know,
Is what we call the *Quomodo*.
That be thy task"—The rev'rend slave
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fix'd to the ground and rooted, stood
Just like a man cut out of wood,

Well hast thou judg'd thyself unmeet
Of such high argument to treat;
'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,
And all I said was but a joke.
Nor think a joke, Crape, a disgrace
Or to my person or my place;
The wisest of the sons of men
Have deign'd to use them now and then.
The only caution, do you see,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common use and men exempt,
Is that they may not breed contempt.
Great use they have when in the hands
Of one like me, who understands,
Who understands the time and place,
The persons, manner, and the grace,
Which fools neglect; so that we find,
If all the requisites are join'd,
From whence a perfect joke must spring:
A joke 's a very serious thing.
But to our bus'ness—My design,
Which gave so rough a shock to thine,
To my capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which like broad cloth I can with ease
Cut out in any shape I please.
Some, in my circumstance, some few,
Aye, and those men of genius too,

Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
When bus'ness call'd aloud for haste,
Torn myself thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,
And had, till thy great work was done,
All appetites as having none?
Hard is it, this great plan pursu'd
Of voluntary servitude,
Pursu'd without or shame or fear,
Thro' the great circle of the year,
Now to receive, in this grand hour,
Commands which lie beyond my pow'r,
Commands which baffle all my skill,
And leave me nothing but my will:
Be that accepted; let my Lord
Indulgence to his slave afford:
This task, for my poor strength unfit,
Will yield to none but Dulman's wit."
With such gross incense gratify'd,
And turning up the lip of pride,
"Poor Crape"—and shook his empty head—
"Poor puzzled Crape!" wise Dulman said,
Of judgment weak, of sense confin'd,
For things of lower note design'd,
For things within the vulgar reach,
To run of errands and to preach,
Well hast thou judg'd that heads like mine
Cannot want help from heads like thine;

Well hast thou judg'd thyself unmeet
Of such high argument to treat;
'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,
And all I said was but a joke.
Nor think a joke, Crape, a disgrace
Or to my person or my place;
The wisest of the sons of men
Have deign'd to use them now and then.
The only caution, do you see,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common use and men exempt,
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Which gave so rough a shock to thine,
To my capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which like broad cloth I can with ease
Cut out in any shape I please.
Some, in my circumstance, some few,
Aye, and those men of genius too,

Would (like a queen, of whom I read
The other day—her name is fled)—
In a book (where, together bound,
Whittington and his Cat I found;
A tale most true, and free from art,
Which all Lord Mayr's shou'd have by heart)
A queen (O might those days begin
Afresh when queens would learn to spin!)
Who wrought, and wrought, but, for some plot
The cause of which I 've now forgot,
During the absence of the sun
Undid what she by day had done)
Whilst they a double visage wear,
What sworn by day by night unswear.
Such be their arts, and such perchance
May happily their ends advance:
From a new system mine shall spring.
A *Locum-tenens* is the thing.
That 's your true plan—to obligate
The present ministers of state,
My shadow shall our court approach,
And bear my pow'r, and have my coach;
My fine state-coach! superb to view,
A fine state-coach, and paid for too!
To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain of those who 're out of place;
In the mean time I—that 's to say—
I proper, I myself—here stay.

But hold—perhaps unto the nation,
Who hate the Scot's administration,
To lend my coach may seem to be
Declaring for the ministry;
For where the City-coach is, there
Is the true essence of the May'r:
Therefore (for wise men are intent
Evils at distance to prevent,
Whilst fools the evils first endure,
And then are plagu'd to seek a cure)
No coach—a horse—and free from fear
To make our Deputy appear,
Fast on his back shall he be ty'd,
With two grooms marching by his side;
Then for a horse—thro' all the land,
To head our solemn City-band,
Can any one so fit be found
As he who in Artill'ry-ground,
Without a rider, noble sight!
Led on our bravest troops to fight?
But first, Crape, for my honour's sake,
A tender point, inquiry make
About that horse, if the dispute
Is ended, or is still in suit:
For whilst a cause, (observe this plan
Of justice) whether horse or man
The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 't is determin'd out and out,

That pow'r must tyranny appear
Which should, prejudging, interfere,
And weak faint judges overawe
To bias the free course of law.
You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, Crape, you must appear,
Whilst I in privacy sit here;
Here shall great Dulman sit alone,
Making this elbow-chair my throne,
And you, performing what I bid,
Do all as if I nothing did."
Crape heard, and speeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey:
Not without trouble, be assur'd,
A proper proxy was procur'd
To serve such infamous intent,
And such a lord to represent;
Nor could one have been found at all
On t' other side of London Wall.
The trumpet sounds—solemn and slow
Behold the grand procession go,
All moving on, cat after kind,
As if for motion ne'er design'd.
Constables, whom the laws admit
To keep the peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the second place
By virtue of a silver mace,

Which ev'ry Saturday is drawn,
For use of Sunday next ensuing.
Treasurers, who with empty key
Secure an empty treasury,
Churchwardens, who their course pursue
In the same state as to their pew;
Churchwardens of Saint Margaret's,
Since Poisson taught them pride and show,
Who in short transient pomp appear,
Like almanacks chang'd ev'ry year;
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
Charity carries the poor's box,
Not knowing that with private keys
They ope and shut it when they please.
Overseers who, by frauds, ensure
The heavy curses of the poor,
Unclean came flocking, bulls and bears,
Like beasts into the ark, by pairs.
Portentous, flaming in the van,
talk'd the Professor Sheridan,
man of wire, a mere pantine,
downright animal machine:
knows alone, in proper mode,
w to take vengeance on an ode,
d how to butcher Ammon's son
d poor Jack Dryden both in one;
all occasions next the chair
stands for service of the May'r,

And to instruct him how to use
His A's and B's, and P's and Q's:
O'er letters into tatters worn,
O'er syllables defac'd and torn,
O'er words disjointed, and o'er sense,
Left destitute of all defence,
He strides, and all the way he goes
Wades deep in blood o'er Criss-cross-row:
Before him ev'ry consonant
In agonies is seen to pant;
Behind, in forms not to be known,
The ghosts of tortur'd vowels groan.
Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace
And City-favour, came in place:
No children can their toils engage,
Their toils are turn'd to rev'rend age;
When a court-dame, to grace his brows
Resolv'd, is wed to City-spouse,
Their aid with Madam's aid must join
The awkward dotard to refine,
And teach, whence truest glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
Each bore in hand a kitt; and each,
To shew how fit he was to teach
A Cit, an Alderman, a May'r,
Led in a string a dancing bear.
Since the revival of Fingal
Custom, and custom 's all in all,

nds that we should have regard,
nigh seasons, to the bard.
ts like these, by vulgar tongue
l, should not be said, but sung,
ice to fill renown'd in fame,
h and mighty Lockman came,
'er forget in Dulman's reign,
oper order to maintain
formity of pride:
: brother Whitehead by his side
orse who proudly paw'd the ground,
t his fiery eyeballs round,
; and champing the rude bit,
or warlike purpose fit,
n and gen'rous blood disdain'd
or sports and pastimes rein'd,
'ymock, in his glorious station,
at the coronation.
our City Dymock came,
dispirited, and tame;
k of sense, his eyes half clos'd,
mighty dray-horse doz'd
'er could a horse provide
r such a man to ride,
l a man, with strictest care,
r such a horse to bear.
ound with instruments of death,
ht of him would stop the breath

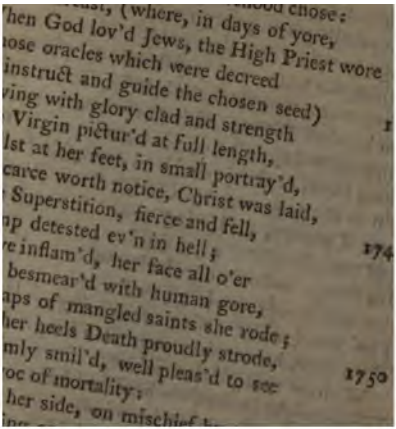
Of braggart Cowardice, and make
The very Court Drawcansir quake;
With dirks which, in the hands of Spite,
Do their damn'd bus'ness in the night,
From Scotland sent, but here display'd
Only to fill up the parade;
With swords unflesh'd, of maiden hue,
Which Rage or Valour never drew;
With blunderbusses taught to ride
Like pocket-pistols by his side,
In girdle stuck, he seem'd to be
A little moving armory.
One thing much wanting to complete
The sight, and make a perfect treat,
Was, that the horse, (a courtesy
In horses found of high degree)
Instead of going forward on,
All the way backward should have gone.
Horses, unless they breeding lack,
Some scruple make to turn their back,
Tho' riders, which plain truth declares,
No scruple make of turning theirs.
Far, far apart from all the rest,
Fit only for a standing jest,
The independent, (can you get
A better suited epithet?)
The independent Amyand came,
All burning with the sacred flame

Of liberty, which well he knows
On the great stock of slav'ry grows.
Like sparrow who, depriv'd of mate,
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From spray to spray no more will hop,
But sits alone on the house-top;
Or like himself, when all alone
At Croydon he was heard to groan,
Lifting both hands in the defence
Of interest and common sense;
Both hands, for, as no other man
Adopted and pursu'd his plan,
The left hand had been lonesome quite
If he had not held up the right:
Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a distant prize,
On which, in letters worthy note,
There twenty thousand pounds was wrote.
False trap, for credit sapp'd is found
By getting twenty thousand pound:
Nay, look not thus on me, and stare,
Doubting the certainty—to swear
In such a case I should be loth—
But Perry Cust may take his oath.
In plain and decent garb array'd,
With the prim Quaker Fraud came Trade;
Connivance, to improve the plan,
Habited like a juryman,

Judging as interest prevails,
Came next, with measures, weights, and scales,
Extortion next, of hellish caste,
A cub most damn'd, to shew his taste,
Forbid by fear, but not by shame,
Turn'd to a Jew, like —— current,
Corruption, Midas-like, beheld
Turning whate'er she touch'd to gold
Impotence, led by Lust and Pride,
Strutting with Ponton by her side;
Hypocrisy, demure and sad,
In garments of the priesthood clad,
So well disguis'd that you might swear,
Deceiv'd, a very priest was there;
Bankruptcy, full of ease and health,
And wallowing in well-saved wealth,
Came sneering thro' a ruin'd band,
And bringing B—— in her hand;
Victory, hanging down her head,
Was by a Highland stallion led;
Peace, cloth'd in sables, with a face
Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,
Which spake a deep and rooted shame
Both of herself and of her name;
Mourning creeps on, and, blushing, feels
War, grim War, treading on her heels,
Pale Credit, shaken by the arts
Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,

Taking no notice of a band
Which near her were ordain'd to stand,
Well nigh destroy'd by sickly fit,
Look'd wistful all around for Pitt:
Freedom—at that most hallow'd name
My spirits mount into a flame,
Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains
Ev'n to the cracking; thro' my veins
The tides of life more rapid run,
And tell me I am Freedom's son!—
Freedom came next! but scarce was seen,
When the sky, which appear'd serene
And gay before, was overcast:
Horror bestrode a foreign blast,
And from the prison of the north,
To Freedom deadly, storms burst forth.
A car, like those in which, we 're told,
Our wild forefathers warr'd of old,
Loaded with death, six horses bear
Thro' the blank region of the air.

s side by side,
c'd with Pride;
t must appear,
ake it clear.
of bitterness,
ords can ill express,
age, which springs
r holy things,
es as prophets wear,
c'd in Peter's chair,
racters of fire,
ible and dire,
where to the view
'd a rabble crew
; where all round
le men were found,
an devils, from the birth
work of hell on earth,
isitors, and Popes,
es, wheels, and ropes,
fram'd on horrid plan,
but the destroyer man
omote his selfish views,
to make or hearts to use,
consecrate her tricks,
and a crucifix,
ce of our dying Lord,
right a two-edg'd sword,
brows, in impious sport,
ith words of high import,


(where, in days of yore,
hen God lov'd Jews, the High Priest wore
ose oracles which were decreed
instruct and guide the chosen seed)
ving with glory clad and strength
Virgin pictur'd at full length,
lst at her feet, in small portray'd,
carce worth notice, Christ was laid,
Superstition, fierce and fell,
ap detested ev'n in hell;
re inflam'd, her face all o'er
besmear'd with human gore,
aps of mangled saints she rode;
her heels Death proudly strode,
mly smil'd, well pleas'd to see
oc of mortality:
her side, on mischief

Came ill-match'd riders side
And Poverty was yok'd wit
Union most strange it must
Till other Unions make it cl
Next, in the gall of bittern
With rage which words can
With unforgiving rage, whic
From a false zeal for holy thi
Wearing such robes as propl
False prophets plac'd in Pete
On which, in characters of f
Shapes antic, horrible and dir
Inwoven flam'd, where to th
In groups appear'd a rabble
Of sainted devils; where all
Vile relics of vile men were f
Who, worse than devils, fro
Perform'd the work of hell o
Jugglers, Inquisitors, and P
Pointing at axes, wheels, an
And engines, fram'd on hor
Which none but the destroye
Could, to promote his selfis
Have heads to make or heart
Bearing, to consecrate her tric
In her left hand a crucifix,
Remembrance of our dying
And in her right a two-edg'd
Having her brows, in impio
Adorn'd with words of hig

i peace, amongst men good will,
aring and forbearing still,"
in the heart's blood of those
:r death than falsehood chose:
ast, (where, in days of yore,
l lov'd Jews, the High Priest wore
cles which were decreed
t and guide the chosen seed)
th glory clad and strength
n pictur'd at full length,
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:rstition, fierce and fell,
:tested ev'n in hell;
lam'd, her face all o'er
near'd with human gore,
of mangled saints she rode;
heels Death proudly strode,
y smil'd, well pleas'd to see
of mortality:
:r side, on mischief bent,
g on each bad intent
bearing, savage, wild,
r fit of such a child,
: empire to advance
Death, came Ignorance.
)ks where dread command was plac'd,
ign pow'r by pride disgrac'd,

Where, loudly witnessing a mind
Of savage more than humankind,
Not choosing to be lov'd but fear'd,
Mocking at right, Misrule appear'd,
With eyeballs glaring fiery red,
Enough to strike beholders dead,
Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood
Pouring corruption forth and blood
From his chaf'd jaws: without remorse
Whipping and spurring on his horse,
Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,
Ev'n to the bone were open laid,
Came Tyranny, disdaining awe,
And trampling over sense and law:
One thing, and only one, he knew,
One object only would pursue;
Tho' less (so low doth passion bring)
Than man, he would be more than king.
With ev'ry argument and art
Which might corrupt the head and heart,
Soothing the phrensy of his mind,
Companion meet, was Flatt'ry join'd;
Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
Employ'd, whilst it conceal'd a hook;
When simple most, most to be fear'd;
Most crafty when no craft appear'd;
His tales no man like him could tell:
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might ev'n a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe,

nly cheating o'er and o'er
who had cheated been before.
latt'ry came, in evil hour,
ing the royal ear of pow'r,
grown by prostitution great,
l be first minister of state.
hin the chariot all alone,
eated on a kind of throne,
pebbles grac'd, a figure came,
ı Justice would, but dare not, name.
imes when Justice, without fear,
ot bring forth to public ear
ames of those who dare offend
t justice, and pervert her end;
f the Muse afford me grace,
ption shall supply the place.
oreign garments he was clad;
mine o'er the glossy plaid
v'rend honour; on his heart,
ght by the curious hand of Art,
er wrought, and brighter far
eav'nly or than earthly star,
a White Rose, the emblem dear
ı he ever must revere,
: dread lord who, with his host
hful native rebels lost,
ose black spirits doom'd to hell,
e from pow'r and virtue fell:

Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A Bonnet, most superbly grac'd
With mighty Thistles, nor forgot
The sacred motto, "Touch me not."
In the right hand a sword he bore
Harder than adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough north invade the south;
The reeking blade to view presents
The blood of helpless innocents,
And on the hilt, as meek become
As lambs before the shearers dumb,
With downcast eye, and solemn show
Of deep unutterable wo,
Mourning the time when Freedom reign'd,
Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd.
In his left hand, in wax imprest,
With bells and gewgaws idly drest,
An image, cast in baby mould,
He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold:
On this he fix'd his eyes; to this,
Bowing, he gave the loyal kiss,
And, for rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to desire the antitype.
What if to that Pretender's foes
His greatness, nay, his life, he owes?
Shall common obligations bind,
And shake his constancy of mind?
Scorning such weak and petty chains,
Faithful to James he still remains,

he the friend of George appear:
ıulation 's virtue here.
ous and mean, he with a frown
l awe, and keep all merit down,
ould to truth and justice bend,
outbully'd by his friend:
with the coward, with the brave
ıimself a coward slave:
by his fears, he has no heart
:e a great and open part:
in a subtle train he springs,
ecret, saps the ears of kings;
ıt ev'n there continues firm
t the resistance of a worm:
n a country where the will
:is law to all, he still
'd th' infection, with full aim
ead it wheresoe'er he came:
m he hated, law defy'd,
ostitute of power and pride:
: with ease explains away,
ads bewilder'd Sense astray;
to the credit of his brain
s the cause he cann't maintain,
ls on most familiar grounds,
here he cann't convince confounds:
s of rarest stamp and size,
ture false, he misapplies,
ırns to poison what was sent
poses of nourishment.

Paleness, not such as on his wings
The messenger of Sickness brings,
But such as takes its coward rise
From conscious baseness, conscious vice,
O'erspread his cheeks: disdain and pride,
To upstart fortunes ever ty'd,
Scowl'd on his brow: within his eye,
Insidious, lurking like a spy
To caution principled by fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodg'd cover'd mischief: passion hung
On his lip quiv'ring: on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large: within his breast
All that makes villain found a nest;
All that on hell's completest plan
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.
Soon as the car reach'd land he rose,
And with a look which might have froze
The heart's best blood, which was enough,
Had hearts been made of sterner stuff
In cities than elsewhere, to make
The very stoutest quail and quake,
He cast his baleful eyes around:
Fix'd without motion to the ground,
Fear waiting on surprise, all stood,
And horror chill'd their curdled blood;
No more they thought of pomp, no more
(For they had seen his face before)
Of law they thought; the cause forgot,
Whether it was or Ghost or plot,

. drew them there: they all stood more
atues than they were before.
at could be done? Could art, could force,
h, direct a proper course
ike this savage monster tame,
d him back the way he came?
neither art nor force, nor both,
do, a Lord of foreign growth,
d to that base wretch ally'd
ntry, not in vice and pride,
d; from the selfsame land
ews for our blaspheming band
ibblers, but deserving note)
oison came and antidote.
'd, the monster hung his head,
ke an empty vision fled;
in, like virgin snows, which run,
by the burning bawdy sun,
esick streams, dissolv'd in air;
ho from absence seem'd more fair,
smiling, freed from slavish awe;
y, Liberty, and Law,
ient of the galling chain,
oke of pow'r, resum'd their reign;
burning with the glorious flame
blic virtue, Mansfield came.

THE AUTHOR.

Accurs'd the man whom Fate ordains, in spi
And cruel parents teach, to read and write!
What need of letters? wherefore should we spel
Why write our names? a mark will do as well.
Much are the precious hours of youth misspen
In climbing Learning's rugged steep ascent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns vain monarch o'er a barren spot,
Whilst in the vale of ignorance below
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.
O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to wast
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules;
For sev'n long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to degrees;
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praise each senior blockhead's threadbare ta
And laugh till Reason blush, and spirits fail;
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And cap the fool whose merit is his place;
Vice Chancellors, whose knowledge is but small
nd Chancellors who nothing know at all,

Ill-brook'd the gen'rous spirit in those days
When learning was the certain road to praise,
When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd.
But now, when Dulness rears aloft her throne,
When lordly vassals her wide empire own,
When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
What now should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread,
To bear those labours which our fathers bore,
That crown withheld which they in triumph wore?
When with much pains this boasted learning 's got,
'Tis an affront to those who have it not:
In some it causes hate, in others fear,
Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at school:
The elder brother, to vast fortunes born,
Looks on all science with an eye of scorn;
Dependent brethren the same features wear,
And younger sons are stupid as the heir.
In senates, at the bar, in church and state,
Genius is vile, and learning out of date.
Is this—O death to think! is this the land
Where merit and reward went hand in hand?
Where heroes, parent-like, the poet view'd,
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd?
Where poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their patrons sanctified their praise?

Is this the land where, on our Spenser's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, description hung?
Where Johnson rigid Gravity beguil'd,
Whilst Reason thro' her critic fences smil'd?
Where Nature list'ning stood whilst Shakespeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made?
Is this the land where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large?
Where, finding in our laws a sure defence,
She mock'd at all restraints but those of sense?
Where, Health and Honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way, Affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a smile;
Bade those who dare obey the generous call
Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?
Is this the land where, in some tyrant's reign,
When a weak, wicked, ministerial train,
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd
Their country's ruin, and with bribes unmann'd
Those wretches who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,
Gave up our liberties, and sold our laws;
When Pow'r was taught by Meanness where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe;
When, like a leprous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread;
Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
The scourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;

Is this the land where, in those worst of times,
The hardy poet rais'd his honest rhymes
To dread rebuke, and bade Controlment speak
In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek;
Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muse who fear'd not law?
How do I laugh when men of narrow souls,
Whom folly guides and prejudice controls;
Who, one dull drowsy track of bus'ness trod,
Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
Who, form'd to dulness from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to Gospel-truth;
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their stock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when creatures, form'd like these,
Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime,
And hold not truth as truth if told in rhyme?
How do I laugh when Publius, hoary grown
In zeal for Scotland's welfare and his own,
By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend;
Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,

Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring Muse
Subjects more equal to her weakness choose;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
Nor dare to traffic in ambitious strains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought ode, or sonnet pertly trim,
Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Mason on the first of May?
"All sacred is the name and pow'r of kings;
"All states and statesmen are those mighty things
"Which, howsoe'er they out of course may roll,
"Were never made for poets to control."
Peace, peace, thou Dotard! nor thus vilely deem
Of sacred numbers, and their pow'r blaspheme.
I tell thee, Wretch! search all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no subject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whose weight
The poet cannot rise, and hold his state.
The blessed saints above, in numbers, speak
The praise of God, tho' there all praise is weak:
In numbers here below the bard shall teach
Virtue to soar beyond the villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse throat,
And raise his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted country, aw'd by men
Of slavish principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious, point of view,
Fit for an English poet to pursue,
Undaunted to pursue, tho', in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn.

How do I laugh when men, by Fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
And, mean themselves, are of their fathers vain;
Who would a Bill of Privilege prefer,
And treat a poet like a creditor,
The gen'rous ardour of the Muse condemn,
And curse the storm they know must break on them!
"What! shall a reptile bard, a wretch unknown,
"Without one badge of merit but his own,
"Great nobles lash, and lords, like common men,
"Smart from the vengeance of a scribbler's pen?"
What 's in this name of Lord, that I should fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honest blood of humble swains
Quick as the tide which swells a monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
Cannot make virtues in succession flow.
Wouldst thou, proud Man! be safely plac'd above
The censure of the Muse, deserve her love:
Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought;
Look back, and, by thy worthy father taught,
Who earn'd those honours thou wert born to wear,
Follow his steps, and be his virtue's heir:
But if, regardless of the road to fame,
You start aside, and tread the paths of shame;
If such thy life, that, should thy sire arise,
The sight of such a son would blast his eyes,

Would make him curse the hour which gave thee birth,
Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of earth,
Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead
In endless night to hide his rev'rend head:
If such thy life, tho' kings had made thee more
Than ever king a scoundrel made before;
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a king,
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muse should drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
To the keen question of the searching air.

Gods! with what pride I see the titled slave,
Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,
Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
How do I laugh when, with affected air,
(Scarce able thro' despite to keep his chair,
Whilst on his trembling lip pale Anger speaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of Conscience, which good men secures
From all those evil moments guilt endures,
And seems to laugh at those who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard!
" Satire, whilst envy and ill-humour sway
" The mind of man, must always make her way;
" Nor, to a bosom with discretion fraught,
" *Is all her* malice worth a single thought,
" *The wise* have not the will, nor fools the pow'r,
" *To stop* her headstrong course; within the hour,

:ft to herself, she dies ; opposing strife
:ves her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life ;
l things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
:an no patent for exemption claim,
ır would I wish to stop that harmless dart
hich plays around, but cannot wound my heart ;
ho' pointed at myself be Satire free ;
› her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me."
.ssembling Wretch! hence to the Stoic school,
there amongst thy brethren play the fool ;
'e, unrebuk'd, these wild vain doctrines preach :
s there a man whom Satire cannot reach ?
s there a man who calmly can stand by,
see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye ?
n Satire flies abroad on Falsehood's wing
t is her life, and impotent her sting ;
when to truth ally'd, the wound she gives
s deep, and to remotest ages lives.
n in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
ev'n by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
in her page, and stink to after times.
ast thou no feeling yet ? Come, throw off pride,
own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
—, who from the moment of his birth
e human nature a reproach on earth,
› never dar'd, nor wish'd, behind to stay,
n Folly, Vice, and Meanness, led the way,

Would blush, should he be told by Truth and Wit
Those actions which he blush'd not to commit.
Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.
But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course,
Carries me back to times when poets, bless'd
With courage, grac'd the science they profess'd,
When they, in honour rooted, firmly stood
The bad to punish, and reward the good;
When, to a flame by public virtue wrought,
The foes of Freedom they to justice brought,
And dar'd expose those slaves who dar'd support
A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court?
Ah! what are poets now? as slavish those
Who deal in verse as those who deal in prose.
Is there an Author, search the kingdom round,
In whom true worth and real spirit 's found?
The slaves of booksellers, or (doom'd by Fate
To baser chains) vile pensioners of state,
Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
Which Honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud;
Others, half-palsy'd only, mutes become,
And what makes Smollet write makes Johnson dumb.
Why turns yon' villain pale? why bends his eye
Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by?
Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with vice for virtue's sake?
No, no—like other worldlings, you will find
He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind.

ul the shock of int'rest cann't endure:
iim a pension then, and sin secure.
h laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
rtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn;
wards thrive, put Honesty to flight,
ıy shall prove, or try to prove, it right.
hou state-juggler! ev'ry paltry art,
:k the inmost closet of my heart,
thou 'rt my friend; by that base oath make way
y breast, and flatter to betray;
those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt
s the fraud, and points the villain out,
hose who daily at my board are fed,
nake them take my life who eat my bread.
ıthors for defence for praise depend,
n but well, and Murphy is thy friend;
shall ready stand with venal rhymes
nish guilt and consecrate thy crimes,
ke corruption in false colours shine,
ımn his own good name to rescue thine.
if thy niggard hands their gifts withhold,
ice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach:
y, if not rewarded, will impeach.
tho' each man of nice and juster thought,
ng his steps, decrees, by honour taught,
:r can be a friend who stoops so low
he base betrayer of a foe?
:ho' with thine together link'd his name
e *with thine* transmitted down to fame?

To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blast thine he'll blast his own.
To ope the fountain whence sedition springs,
To slander government and libel kings;
With Freedom's name to serve a present hour,
Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r;
To talk of William with insidious art,
Whilst a vile Stewart 's lurking in his heart,
And, whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,
Flatt'ring the living to abuse the dead,
Where is Shebbeare? O! let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a City-coach,
The pill'ry dare to name: the whole intent
Of that parade was fame, not punishment;
And that old staunch Whig, Beardmore, standing by,
Can in full court give that report the lie.

With rude unnat'ral jargon to support,
Half Scotch, half English, a declining court;
To make most glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond dispute, that black is white;
To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,
Make vice and virtue differ but in name;
To prove that chains and freedom are but one,
That to be sav'd must mean to be undone,
Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call
All opposites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock,
He calls forth children from the barren stock:
He, far beyond the springs of Nature led,
Makes women bring forth after they are dead;

a curious, new, and happy plan,
llock's sacred bands joins man to man;
o complete the whole, most strange, but true,
ne rare magic makes them fruitful too,
: from their loins, in the due course of years,
the rich blood of Guthrie's English Peers!
t thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
ning which Nature shudders but to name,
ning which makes the soul of man retreat,
he lifeblood run backward to her seat?
nou contrive, for some base private end,
selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,
:e him on, ev'n to his parting breath,
romise life to work him surer death?
n old in villany, and dead to grace,
i his heart, and Tyburn in his face,
d! a parson at thy elbow stands,
ing damnation, and with open hands,
o betray his Saviour for reward,
Atheist chaplain of an Atheist lord.
d to the church, and for the gown decreed,
was known that I should learn to read;
that was nothing, for my friends, who knew
mighty dulness of itself could do,
design'd me for a working priest,
op'd I should have been a dean at least:
emn'd, (like many more and worthier men,
hom I pledge the service of my pen)

Condemn'd (whilst proud and pamper'd sons of lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of rev'rend beggary to appear,
To pray, and starve on forty pounds a-year.
My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forsook the packhorse road,
Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears,
In throwing off that gown which Francis wears.
What creature 's that, so very pert and prim,
So very full of foppery and whim,
So gentle, yet so brisk; so wondrous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet,
Who looks as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God?
Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show;
The villain lurks beneath the cassock'd beau:
That 's an informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.
His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,
Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And fear alone restrains his coward mind;
Free him from that, no monster is so fell,
Nor is so sure a bloodhound found in hell.
His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanour, plausible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way,
And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey.

church—his plan of doctrine view—
:r is a Christian, dull, but true ;
ıe hallow'd hour of preaching 's o'er,
f doctrine 's never thought of more;
d by neglected on the shelf,
e priest is Gospel to himself.
ıd tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
hom, by a brave resentment led,
Oxford had not sunk in fame,
damn'd to everlasting shame)
he follows, and their crimes partakes ;
ıst, to vice alone he wakes,
ısly declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
he rails at blasphemy blasphemes.
the arts which policy supplies ?
e steps by which grave churchmen rise?
eav'n ! or, should it turn out so,
nine continue mean and low.
r arts whom interest controls ;
I have free and honest souls :
eferment which is gain'd by sin,
o' poor without, have peace within.

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END OF VOLUME SECOND.

BELL'S EDITION,
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.
CHURCHILL VOLUME III.
Infancy straining backward from the breast,
And the fond Father sits on Father side,
Laughs at his moods and Views his spleen with pride.

[redacted]

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHA. CHURCHILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Muse's office was by Heaven design'd
To please, improve, instruct, reform, mankind;
To make dejected Virtue nobly rise
Above the towering pitch of splendid Vice;
To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
And, trembling, crouch at Virtue's awful frown—
But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth—
Asham'd, she marks that passage with a blot,
And hates the line where candour was forgot. APOLOGY.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF JOHN BELL,
BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND,
BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1793.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHURCHILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. III.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

DUELLIST,	TIMES,
GOTHAM,	INDEPENDENCE,
PROPHECY OF FAMINE,	POETRY PROFESSORS.

Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heaven, indulgent, grant that prayer!)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams thro' the church-yard whilst his dinner 's drest,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies;
Whilst, (O what joy that pleasing flattery gives!)
Reading my Works, he cries--Here Churchill lives!

CANDIDATE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1793.

THE DUELLIST.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

THE clock struck twelve; o'er half the globe
Darkness had spread her pitchy robe:
Morpheus, his feet with velvet shod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even-tide,
Distill'd his poppies far and wide.
Ambition, who, when waking, dreams
f mighty but fantastic schemes,
'ho when asleep ne'er knows that rest
ith which the humbler soul is blest,
as building castles in the air,
odly to look upon and fair,
, on a bad foundation laid,
m'd at return of morn to fade.
ile Study by the taper's light,
ring away the watch of night,
ading, but with o'ercharg'd head
mber'd nothing that he read.

Starving 'midst plenty, with a face
Which might the court of Famine grace,
Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Gray Av'rice nodded o'er his gold.
Jealousy, his quick eye half clos'd,
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd;
And, mean distrust not quite forgot,
Slumber'd as if he slumber'd not.
Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
His hardy offspring sleeping round,
Snor'd restless Labour: by his side
Lay Health, a coarse but comely bride.
Virtue, without the doctor's aid,
In the soft arms of Sleep was laid;
Whilst Vice, within the guilty breast,
Could not be physic'd into rest.
Thou bloody Man! whose ruffian knife
Is drawn against thy neighbour's life,
And never scruples to descend
Into the bosom of a friend,
A firm fast friend by vice ally'd,
And to thy secret service ty'd,
In whom ten murders breed no awe
If properly secur'd from law;
Thou man of Lust! whom passion fires
To foulest deeds, whose hot desires
O'er honest bars with ease make way,
Whilst idiot Beauty falls a prey,

And to indulge thy brutal flame
A Lucrece must be brought to shame;
Who dost, a brave, bold sinner, bear
Rank incest to the open air,
And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down:
Thou simular of Lust! vain man,
Whose restless thoughts still form the plan
Of guilt, which, wither'd to the root,
Thy lifeless nerves cann't execute,
Whilst in thy marrowless dry bones
Desire without enjoyment groans:
Thou perjur'd Wretch! whom falsehood clothes
Ev'n like a garment, who with oaths
Dost trifle, as with brokers, meant
To serve thy ev'ry vile intent,
In the day's broad and searching eye
Making God witness to a lie,
Blaspheming heav'n and earth for pelf,
And hanging friends to save thyself:
Thou son of Chance! whose glorious soul,
On the four aces doom'd to roll,
Was never yet with honour caught,
Nor on poor virtue lost one thought;
Who dost thy wife, thy children, set,
Thy all, upon a single bet,
Risking, the deep'rate stake to try,
Here and hereafter on a die;

Who, thy own private fortune lost,
Dost game on at thy country's cost,
And, grown expert in sharping rules,
First fool'd thyself, now prey'st on fools:
Thou noble Gamester! whose high place
Gives too much credit to disgrace,
Who with the motion of a die
Dost make a mighty island fly,
The sums, I mean, of good French gold,
For which a mighty island sold;
Who dost betray intelligence,
Abuse the dearest confidence,
And, private fortune to create,
Most falsely play the game of state;
Who dost within the Alley sport
Sums which might beggar a whole court,
And make us bankrupts all, if Care,
With good Earl Talbot, was not there:
Thou daring Infidel! whom pride
And sin have drawn from Reason's side;
Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
Dost wish not to believe a God;
Whose hope is founded on a plan
Which should distract the soul of man,
And make him curse his abject birth;
Whose hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to lie down, for worms a feast,
To rot and perish like a beast;

Who dost, of punishment afraid,
And by thy crimes a coward made,
To ev'ry gen'rous soul a curse
Than hell and all her torments worse,
When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on Destruction as a friend,
Choosing to crumble into dust
Rather than rise, tho' rise you must:
Thou Hypocrite! who dost profane,
And take the patriot's name in vain,
Then most thy country's foe when most
Of love and loyalty you boast;
Who for the filthy love of gold
Thy friend, thy king, thy God, hast sold,
And, mocking the just claim of Hell,
Were bidders found thyself wouldst sell.
Ye Villains! of whatever name,
Whatever rank, to whom the claim
Of Hell is certain, on whose lids
That worm which never dies forbids
Sweet sleep to fall, come, and behold,
Whilst envy makes your blood run cold,
Behold, by pitiless Conscience led,
So Justice wills, that holy bed
Where Peace her full dominion keeps,
And Innocence with Holland sleeps.
Bid Terror, posting on the wind,
Affray the spirits of mankind;

Bid earthquakes, heaving for a vent,
Rive their concealing continent,
And, forcing an unthinly birth
Thro' the vast bowels of the earth,
Endeavour, in her monstrous womb,
At once all Nature to entomb,
Bid all that 's horrible and dire,
All that man hates and fears, conspire
To make night hideous as they can;
Still is thy sleep, thou virtuous Man!
Pure as the thoughts which in thy breast
Inhabit, and ensure thy rest;
Still shall thy Ayliff, night, thy mate,
Thy friendly justice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian angel, spread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.

Dark was the night, by Fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations shake,
Might tear up Freedom from the root,
Destroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.

Deep Horror held her wide domain;
The sky in sullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and thro' the air,
Which op'ning laid its bosom bare,
Loud thunders roll'd and lightning stream'd;
The owl at Freedom's window scream'd,

The screech-owl, prophet dire! whose breath
Brings sickness, and whose note is death;
The church-yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All sad and silent, thro' the gloom
The ghosts of men in former times,
Whose public virtues were their crimes,
Indignant stalk'd; sorrow and rage
Blank'd their pale cheek: in his own age
The prop of Freedom, Hampden there
Felt after death the gen'rous care;
Sidney, by grief, from heav'n was kept,
And for his brother patriot wept:
All friends of Liberty, when Fate
Prepar'd to shorten Wilkes's date,
Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own.
Hail! Liberty! a glorious word,
In other countries scarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of course,
Without or energy or force:
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd she springs,
Far, far beyond the reach of kings;
Fresh blooming from our mother Earth,
With pride and joy she owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids in our breasts her genius burn,
Bids us with all those blessings live
Which Liberty alone can give,

Or nobly with that spirit die
Which makes death more than victory.
Hail those old patriots, on whose tongue
Persuasion in the senate hung,
Whilst they the sacred cause maintain'd!
Hail those old chiefs, to honour train'd,
Who spread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd!
Shall men like these unmention'd sleep
Promiscuous with the common heap,
And (Gratitude forbid the crime!)
Be carried down the stream of time
In shoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On Lethe's stream like flags to rot?
No—they shall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of Fame,
Founded on honour's basis, fast
As the round earth to ages last.
Some virtues vanish with our breath;
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himself, his sithe thrown by,
Himself lost in eternity,
An everlasting crown shall twine
To make a Wilkes and Sidney join.
But should some slave-got villain dare
Chains for his country to prepare,
And, by his birth to slav'ry broke,
Make her too feel the galling yoke,

May he be evermore accurst,
Amongst bad men be rank'd the worst;
May he be still himself, and still
Go on in vice, and perfect ill;
May his broad crimes each day increase,
Till he cann't live nor die in peace;
May he be plung'd so deep in shame
That Satan may n't endure his name,
And hear, scarce crawling on the earth,
His children curse him for their birth;
May Liberty, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be still a slave,
Grant him what here he most requires,
And damn him with his own desires!
But should some villain, in support
And zeal for a despairing court,
Placing in craft his confidence,
And making honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepest shame,
Whilst filthy lucre is his aim;
Should such a wretch with sword or knife
Contrive to practise 'gainst the life
Of one who, honour'd thro' the land,
For Freedom made a glorious stand,
Whose chief perhaps his only crime
Is, (if plain Truth at such a time
May dare her sentiments to tell)
That he his country loves too well:

May he—but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to speak—
May he—O for a noble curse
Which might his very marrow pierce!—
The general contempt engage,
And be the Martin of his age!

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK II.

Deep in the bosom of a wood,
Out of the road, a temple stood;
Ancient, and much the worse for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair;
And tottering from side to side
Menac'd destruction far and wide,
Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Rising in order, most unsound,
Some rotten to the heart, aloof
Seem to support the tott'ring roof,
But to inspection nearer laid
Instead of giving wanted aid.
The structure, rare and curious made
By men most famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was suffer'd into dust to fall,
Or, just to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime,

A crime which Art would treason hold
To mention with those names of old.
Builders, who had the pile survey'd,
And those not Fluellens in their trade,
Doubted (the wise hand in a doubt
Merely sometimes to hand her out)
Whether (like churches in a brief
Taught wisely to obtain relief
Thro' Chancery, who gives her fees
To this and other charities)
It must not, in all parts unsound,
Be ripp'd and pull'd down to the ground;
Whether (tho' after ages ne'er
Shall raise a building to compare)
Art, if they should their art employ,
Meant to preserve, might not destroy;
As human bodies worn away,
Batter'd and hasting to decay,
Bidding the pow'r of Art despair,
Cannot those very med'cines bear
Which and which only can restore,
And make them healthy as before.
To Liberty, whose gracious smile
Shed peace and plenty o'er the isle,
Our grateful ancestors, her plain
But faithful children, rais'd this fane.
Full in the front, stretch'd out in length,
Where Nature put forth all her strength

In spring eternal, lay a plain
Where our brave fathers us'd to train
Their sons to arms, to teach the art
Of war, and steel the infant heart.
Labour, their hardy nurse, when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had strung;
Abstinence, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they first drew breath,
The best of doctors, with plain food,
Kept pure the channel of their blood;
Health in their cheeks bade colour rise,
And Glory sparkled in their eyes.
The instruments of husbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And, flattering a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place supply'd.
Their arrows to the head they drew;
Swift to the point their jav'lins flew;
They grasp'd the sword, they shook the spear;
Their fathers felt a pleasing fear,
And even Courage, standing by,
Scarcely beheld with steady eye.
Each stripling, lesson'd by his sire,
Knew when to close, when to retire;
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was himself a war.
Their wives, their mothers, all around,
Careless of order, on the ground

Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
And for a son's or husband's brow,
With eager fingers, laurel wove,
Laurel which, in the sacred grove,
Planted by Liberty, they find,
The brows of conquerors to bind,
To give them pride and spirits, fit
To make a world in arms submit.
What raptures did the bosom fire
Of the young, rugged, peasant sire,
When, from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with return of night,
He saw his babe resign the breast,
And, smiling, stroke those arms in jest,
With which hereafter he shall make
The proudest heart in Gallia quake!
Gods! with what joy, what honest pride,
Did each fond, wishing, rustic, bride
Behold her manly swain return!
How did her love-sick bosom burn,
Tho' on parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, pleasure height'ning all her charms,
She strain'd her warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilst love and glory fire,
A son, a son just like his sire!
Such were the men in former times,
Ere luxury had made our crimes

Our bitter punishment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign shore:
Such were the men who, free from dread,
By Edwards and by Henrys led,
Spread, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains:
Such were the men when lust of pow'r,
To work him wo in evil hour,
Debauch'd the tyrant from those ways
On which a king should found his praise;
When stern Oppression, hand in hand
With Pride, stalk'd proudly thro' the land;
When weeping Justice was misled
From her fair course, and Mercy dead:
Such were the men, in virtue strong,
Who dar'd not see their country's wrong,
Who left the mattock and the spade,
And, in the robes of war array'd,
In their rough arms, departing, took
Their helpless babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, swore to see
Those babes no more, or see them free:
Such were the men whom tyrant Pride
Could never fasten to his side
By threats or bribes, who, freemen born,
Chains, tho' of gold, beheld with scorn;
Who, free from ev'ry servile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from law,

From that broad gen'ral law which sense
Made for the general defence;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependent stations rise;
Could never be to slav'ry led,
For Property was at their head:
Such were the men, in days of yore,
Who, call'd by Liberty, before
Her temple on the sacred green
In martial pastimes oft' were seen—
Now seen no longer—in their stead,
To laziness and vermine bred,
A race who, strangers to the cause
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To interest, and slaves for pay.
Valour, how glorious on a plan
Of honour founded! leads their van;
Discretion, free from taint of fear,
Cool but resolv'd, brings up the rear;
Discretion, Valour's better half;
Dependence holds the gen'ral's staff.
In plain and home-spun garb array'd,
Not for vain show but service made,
In a green flourishing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an equipage,
In rules of Porterage untaught,
Simplicity, not worth a groat,

For years had kept the temple-door;
Full on his breast a glass he wore,
Thro' which his bosom open lay
To ev'ry one that pass'd that way:
Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face
But prouder heart, his vacant place
Corruption fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.
With belly round, and full fat face,
Which on the house reflected grace,
Full of good fare and honest glee,
The steward Hospitality,
Old Welcome smiling by his side,
A good old servant, often try'd,
And faithful found, who kept in view
His lady's fame and int'rest too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her state aground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern use) resign'd.
Half-starv'd, half-starving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,
Detested and detesting all,
Made up of avarice and gall,
Boasting great thrift, yet wasting more
Than ever steward did before,
Succeeded one who, to engage
The praise of an exhausted age,

Assum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himself Economy.
Within the temple, full in sight,
Where without ceasing day and night
The workman toil'd; where Labour bar'd
His brawny arm; where Art prepar'd,
In regular and even rows,
Her types, a Printing-press arose;
Each workman knew his task, and each
Was honest and expert as Leach.
Hence Learning struck a deeper root,
And Science brought forth riper fruit;
Hence Loyalty receiv'd support,
Even when banish'd from the court;
Hence Government gain'd strength, and hence
Religion sought and found defence;
Hence England's fairest fame arose,
And Liberty subdu'd her foes.
On a low, simple, turf-made throne,
Rais'd by Allegiance, scarcely known
From her attendants, glad to be
Pattern of that equality
She wish'd to all, so far as cou'd
Safely consist with social good,
The goddess sat; around her head
A cheerful radiance Glory spread:
Courage, a youth of royal race,
Lovelily stern, possess'd a place

On her left hand, and on her right
Sat Honour, cloth'd with robes of light;
Before her Magna Charta lay,
Which some great lawyer, of his day
The Pratt, was offic'd to explain,
And make the basis of her reign:
Peace, crown'd with olive, to her breast
Two smiling twinborn infants prest;
At her feet couching War was laid,
And with a brindled lion play'd:
Justice and Mercy, hand in hand,
Joint guardians of the happy land,
Together held their mighty charge,
And Truth walk'd all about at large:
Health for the royal troop the feast
Prepar'd, and Virtue was high priest.
Such was the fame our goddess bore,
Her temple such, in days of yore.
What changes ruthless Time presents!
Behold her ruin'd battlements,
Her walls decay'd, her nodding spires,
Her altars broke, her dying fires,
Her name despis'd, her priests destroy'd,
Her friends disgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herself (by ministerial arts
Depriv'd ev'n of the people's hearts,
Whilst they, to work her surer wo,
Feign her to monarchy a foe)

Exil'd by grief, self-doom'd to dwell
Withsome poor hermit in a cell;
Or, that retirement tedious grown,
If she walks forth she walks unknown,
Hooted and pointed at with scorn,
As one in some strange countryborn.
Behold a rude and ruffian race,
A band of spoilers, seize her place;
With looks which might the heart disseat,
And make life sound a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A staunch old bloodhound at their head,
Who, free from virtue and from awe,
Knew none but the bad part of law,
They rov'd at large; each on his breast
Mark'd with a grayhound * stood confest;
Controlment waited on their nod,
High-wielding Persecution's rod;
Confusion follow'd at their heels,
And a cast statesman held the seals;
Those seals for which he dear shall pay,
When awful Justice takes her day.
The Printers saw—they saw and fled—
Science declining hung her head;
Property in despair appear'd,
And for herselfdestruction fear'd;

* *The King's messengers bear this emblematical badge of their swiftness.*

Whilst under foot the rude slaves trod
The works of men and word of God;
Whilst, close behind, oh many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,
Which he did not, nay—could not, read,
A bold bad man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do mischief) set his mark
In the full day, the mark of Hell,
And on the Gospel stamp'd an L.
Liberty fled, her friends withdrew—
Her friends, a faithful chosen few;
Honour in grief threw up, and Shame,
Clothing herself with Honour's name,
Usurp'd his station: on the throne
Which Liberty once call'd her own,
(Gods! that such mighty ills should spring
Under so great, so good, a king,
So lov'd, so loving, thro' the arts
Of statesmen, curs'd with wicked hearts!)
For ev'ry darker purpose fit,
Behold in triumph Statecraft sit.

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK III.

Ah me! what mighty perils wait
The man who meddles with a state,
Whether to strengthen or oppose!
False are his friends and firm his foes:
How must his soul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from sin to sin!
What toils he suffers, what disgrace,
To get, and then to keep, a place!
How often, whether wrong or right,
Must he in jest or earnest fight,
Risking for those both life and limb
Who would not risk one groat for him!
Under the temple lay a cave,
Made by some guilty coward slave
Whose actions fear'd rebuke; a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue;
One passage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a cell,
Where Fraud in secret lov'd to dwell,
With all her tools and slaves about her,
Nor fear'd lest Honesty should rout her.
In a dark corner, shunning sight
Of man, and shrinking from the light,
One dull dim taper thro' the cell
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible

The face of darkness, she prepares,
Working unseen, all kinds of snares
With curious but destructive art.
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,
Gay stars their tinsel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a lord;
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
Wave plumes of feathers for the head;
Garters the hag contrives to make
Which, as it seems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious madmen feel
More firm and sure than chains of steel,
Which slipp'd just underneath the knee,
Forbid a freeman to be free.
Purses she knew (did ever curse
Travel more sure than in a purse?)
Which by some strange and magic bands
Enslave the soul and tie the hands.
Here Flatt'ry, eldest born of Guile,
Weaves with rare skill the silken smile,
The courtly cringe, the supple bow,
The private squeeze, the levee vow,
With which, no strange or recent case,
Fools in deceive fools out of place.
Corruption (who, in former times,
Thro' fear or shame conceal'd her crimes,
And what she did contriv'd to do it
So that the public might not view it)

Presumpt'ous grown, unfit was held
For their dark councils, and expell'd,
Since in the day her bus'ness might
Be done as safe as in the night.
Her eye down-bending to the ground,
Planning some dark and deadly wound,
Holding a dagger, on which stood,
All fresh and reeking, drops of blood,
Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
By Treason borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore,
By which, since they improv'd in trade,
Excisemen have their lanthorns made,
Assassination, her whole mind
Blood-thirsting, on her arm reclin'd;
Death grinning at her elbow stood,
And held forth instruments of blood,
Vile instruments, which cowards choose,
But men of honour dare not use;
Around his Lordship and his Grace,
Both qualify'd for such a place,
With many a Forbes and many a Dun,
Each a resolv'd and pious son,
Wait her high bidding; each prepar'd,
As she around her orders shar'd,
Proof 'gainst remorse, to run, to fly,
And bid the destin'd victim die,
Posting on Villany's black wing,
Whether he patriot is or king.

Oppression, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear,
Or, at the most, a rev'rend awe
To breed, usurp'd the garb of Law.
A book she held, on which her eyes
Were deeply fix'd, whence seem'd to rise
Joy in her breast; a book of might
Most wonderful, which black to white
Could turn, and, without help of laws,
Could make the worse the better cause.
She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd,
She wish'd, and what she wish'd believ'd,
To make that book for ever stand
The rule of wrong thro' all the land;
On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was Magna Charta wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter lesson, N——'s Creed.
Ready, ev'n with a look, to run
Fast as the coursers of the sun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-starv'd grayhounds took their stand.
A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a most ancient castle stood
Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
And soldiers on the watch kept guard;
In the front, openly, in black
Was wrote, The Tow'r; but on the back,

Mark'd with a secretary's seal,
In bloody letters, The Bastile.
Around a table, fully bent
On mischief of most black intent,
Deeply determin'd that their reign
Might longer last to work the bane
Of one firm patriot, whose heart, ty'd
To honour, all their pow'r defy'd,
And brought those actions into light
They wish'd to have conceal'd in night,
Begot, born, bred, to infamy,
A privy-council sat of three:
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour through the land of Bute.
The first (entitled to the place
Of honour both by gown and grace,
Who never let occasion slip
To take right hand of fellowship,
And was so proud, that should he meet
The Twelve Apostles in the street
He 'd turn his nose up at them all,
And shove his Saviour from the wall;
Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride
Still go together side by side)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a stirrup for the devil;
If in a journey to his mind
He 'd let him mount, and ride behind;

Who basely fawn'd thro' all his life,
For patrons first, then for a wife;
Wrote Dedications which must make
The heart of ev'ry Christian quake;
Made one man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him, as before
His God he left, and, drawn by pride,
Shifted about to t'other side)
Was by his sire a parson made,
Merely to give the boy a trade;
But he himself was thereto drawn
By some faint omens of the lawn,
And on the truly Christian plan
To make himself a gentleman,
A title in which Form array'd him,
Tho' Fate ne'er thought on 't when she made him.
The oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But took them, as all wise men do,
With an intent, if things should turn,
Rather to temporize than burn.
Gospel and loyalty were made
To serve the purposes of trade;
Religions are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wise,
Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, just like a glove:
All gods, all kings (let his great aim
Be answer'd), were to him the same.

A curate first, he read and read,
And laid in, whilst he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock,
Of reading such a mighty stock,
That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain
With more than she could well contain;
More than she was with spirits fraught
To turn and methodize to thought,
And which, like ill-digested food,
To humours turn'd and not to blood.
Brought up to London from the plow
And pulpit, how to make a bow
He try'd to learn; he grew polite,
And was the poet's parasite.
With wits conversing (and wits then
Were to be found 'mongst noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught, the flame,
And would be nothing, or the same.
He drank with drunkards, liv'd with sinners,
Herded with infidels for dinners;
With such an emphasis and grace
Blasphem'd, that Potter kept not pace:
He, in the highest reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdy songs to a psalm tune;
Liv'd with men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his salvation for a smile;
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at Gratio laugh with man;

Prais'd them, when living, in each breath,
And damn'd their mem'ries after death.
To prove his faith, which all admit
Is at least equal to his wit,
And make himself a man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote:
So long he wrote, and long, about it,
That ev'n believers 'gan to doubt it:
He wrote too of the inward light,
Tho' no one knew how he came by 't,
And of that influencing grace
Which in his life ne'er found a place:
He wrote too of the Holy Ghost,
Of whom no more than doth a post
He knew, nor, should an angel show him,
Would he or know or choose to know him.
Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry science
There was a natural alliance)
He wrote, t' advance his Maker's praise,
Comments on rhymes, and notes on plays,
And with an all-sufficient air
Plac'd himself in the critic's chair,
Usurp'd o'er reason full dominion,
And govern'd merely by opinion.
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain simple man of law,
He arm'd dead friends, to vengeance true,
T' abuse the man they never knew.

Examine strictly all mankind,
Most characters are mix'd we find,
And vice and virtue take their turn,
In the same breast to beat and burn.
Our priest was an exception here,
Nor did one spark of grace appear,
Not one dull dim spark, in his soul;
Vice, glorious Vice! possess'd the whole,
And, in her service truly warm,
He was in sin most uniform.
Injurious Satire! own at least
One sniv'ling virtue in the priest,
One sniv'ling virtue, which is plac'd,
They say, in or about the waist,
Call'd Chastity, the prudish dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this his wife (and in these days
Wives seldom without reason praise)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And swears that Tom was vastly wild.
Ripen'd by a long course of years,
He great and perfect now appears.
In shape scarce of the human kind,
A man without a manly mind;
No husband tho' he 's truly wed;
Tho' on his knees a child is bred
No father; injur'd, without end
A foe; and tho' oblig'd no friend;

A heart which virtue ne'er disgrac'd;
A head where learning runs to waste;
A gentleman well bred, if breeding
Rests in the article of reading;
A man of this world, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;
A judge of genius, tho' confess'd
With not one spark of genius bless'd;
Amongst the first of critics plac'd,
Tho' free from ev'ry taint of taste;
A Christian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks;
A great divine, as lords agree,
Without the least divinity.
To crown all, in declining age,
Inflam'd with church and party rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A false saint and true hypocrite.
  Next sat a lawyer, often try'd
In perilous extremes. When Pride
And Pow'r all wild and trembling stood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood,
This bold bad man arose to view,
And gave his hand to help them thro';
Steel'd 'gainst compassion, as they past
He saw poor Freedom breathe her last;
He saw her struggle, heard her groan;
He saw her helpless and alone,

Whelm'd in that storm, which, fear'd and prais'd
By slaves less bold, himself had rais'd.
Bred to the law, he from the first
Of all bad lawyers was the worst.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime;
He, for a prodigy design'd
To spread amazement o'er mankind,
Started full ripen'd all at once
A perfect knave and perfect dunce.
Who will for him may boast of sense,
His better guard is impudence:
His front, with ten-fold plates of brass
Secur'd, Shame never yet could pass,
Nor on the surface of his skin
Blush for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often, in contempt of laws,
To sound the bottom of a cause,
To search out ev'ry rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,
Hath he ta'en briefs on false pretence
And undertaken the defence
Of trusting fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, ev'n in open court,
Hath the wretch made his shame his

And laugh'd off, with a villain 's ease,
Throwing up briefs and keeping fees?
Such things as, tho' to rogu'ry bred,
Had struck a little villain dead.
Causes, whatever their import,
He undertakes to serve a court;
For he by heart this rule had got,
Pow'r can effect what law cannot.
Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;
If Genius yok'd with Worth appears,
His weak soul sickens at the sight,
And strives to plunge them down in night.
So loud he talks, so very loud,
He is an angel with the crowd,
Whilst he makes Justice hang her head,
And judges turn from pale to red.
Bid all that Nature, on a plan
Most intimate, makes dear to man,
All that with grand and gen'ralities
Binds good and bad, the fool and wise,
Knock at his heart; they knock in vain;
No entrance there such suitors gain:
Bid kneeling kings forsake the throne,
Bid at his feet his country groan;
id Liberty stretch out her hands,
eligion plead her stronger bands;
d parents, children, wife, and friends,
they come thwart his private ends,

Unmov'd he hears the groan'ral call,
And bravely tramples on them all.
Who will for him may cant and whine,
And let weak Conscience with her line
Chalk out their ways; such starving rules
Are only fit for cowards fools,
Fellows who credit what priests tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of hell;
His spirit dares contend with Grace,
And meets Damnation face to face.
Such was our lawyer; by his side
In all bad qualities ally'd,
In all bad counsels, sat a third,
By birth a lord; O sacred word!
O word most sacred! witness men-at
A privilege to run in debt;
Whence they at large exemption claim
From Satire, and her sexton Shame;
Whence they, depriv'd of all her force,
Forbid bold Truth to hold her course.
Consult his person, dress, and air,
He seems, which strength will might swear,
The master, or, by courtesy,
The captain, of a colliery.
Look at his visage, and agree
Half-hang'd he seems, just from the tree
Escap'd; a rope may sometimes break,
Or men be cut down by mistake.

He hath not virtue (in the school
Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
Nor hath he sense (which none can doubt
Who know the man) to live without.
His life is a continu'd scene
Of all that 's infamous and mean.
He knows not change, unless, grown nice
And delicate, from vice to vice;
Nature design'd him in a rage
To be the Wharton of his age,
But having giv'n all the sin,
Forgot to put the virtues in.
To run a horse, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch,
To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
To sweat a woman of the Town:

And that, ascending to the earth
Before the season of his birth,
Blasphemy, making way and room,
Had mark'd him in his mother's womb;
Too honest (for the worst of men
In forms are honest now and then)
Not to have, in the usual way,
His bills sent in; too great to pay;
Too proud to speak to, if he meets,
The honest tradesman whom he cheats;
Too infamous to have a friend;
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or good to name; beneath whose weight
Earth groans; who hath been spar'd by Fate
Only to shew, on mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with man.
Such were the three who, mocking sleep,
At midnight sat, in inmost deep,
Plotting destruction 'gainst a head
Whose wisdom could not be misled,
Plotting destruction 'gainst a heart
Which ne'er from honour would depart,
"Is he not rank'd amongst our foes?
"Hath not his spirit dar'd oppose
"Our dearest measures, made our name
"Stand forward on the roll of shame?
"Hath he not won the vulgar tribes
"*By scorning* menaces and bribes,

" And proving that his darling cause
" Is of their liberties and laws
" To stand the champion? In a word,
" Nor need one argument be heard
" Beyond this to awake our zeal,
" To quicken our resolves, and steel
" Our steady souls to bloody bent,
" (Sure ruin to each dear intent,
" Each flatt'ring hope) he, without fear,
" Hath dar'd to make the truth appear."
They said, and, by resentment taught,
Each on revenge employ'd his thought,
Each, bent on mischief, rack'd his brain
To her full stretch, but rack'd in vain:
Scheme after scheme they brought to view;
All were examin'd; none would do:
When Fraud, with pleasure in her face,
Forth issu'd from her hiding-place,
And at the table where they meet,
First having bless'd them, took her seat.
" No trifling cause, my darling Boys!
" Your present thoughts and cares employs;
" No common snare, no random blow,
" Can work the bane of such a foe;
" By Nature cautious as he 's brave,
" To honour only he 's a slave;
" In that weak part without defence
" We must to honour make pretence:

" That lure shall to his ruin draw
" The wretch who stands secure in law;
" Nor think that I have idly plann'd
" This full-ripe scheme; behold at hand,
" With three months training on his head,
" An instrument whom I have bred,
" Born of these bowels, far from sight
" Of virtue's false but glaring light,
" My youngest born, my dearest joy,
" Most like myself, my darling boy;
" He, never touch'd with vile remorse,
" Resolv'd and crafty in his course,
" Shall work our ends, complete our schemes,
" Most mine when most he Honour's seems;
" Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
" So firm and full a slave of Fraud."
She said, and from each envious eye
A discontented murmur run
Around the table; all in place
Thought his full praise their own disgrace,
Wond'ring what stranger she had got
Who had one vice that they had not;
When straight the portals open flew,
And, clad in armour, to their view
M——, the Duellist, came forth;
All knew and all confess'd his worth;
All justify'd, with smiles array'd,
The happy choice their dam had made.

GOTHAM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

FAR off (no matter whether east or west,
A real country, or one made in jest,
Not yet by modern Mandevilles disgrac'd,
Nor by map-jobbers wretchedly misplac'd)
There lies an island, neither great nor small,
Which for distinction sake I Gotham call.

The man who finds an unknown country out,
By giving it a name acquires, no doubt,
A Gospel title, tho' the people there
The pious Christian thinks not worth his care:
Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
The claim of Europe to the Western world.

Cast by a tempest on the savage coast,
Some roving buccaneer set up a post;
A beam, in proper form transversely laid,
Of his Redeemer's cross the figure made,
Of that Redeemer with whose laws his life,
From first to last, had been one scene of strife;
His royal master's name thereon engrav'd,
Without more process the whole race enslav'd,
Cut off that charter they from Nature drew,
And made them slaves to men they never knew.

Search ancient histories, consult records,
Under this title the most Christian lords

Hold (thanks to conscience) more than half the ball;
O'erthrow this title they have none at all;
For never yet might any monarch dare,
Who liv'd to truth, and breath'd a Christian air,
Pretend that Christ, (who came, we all agree,
To bless his people, and to set them free)
To make a convert ever one law gave
By which converters made him first a slave.

Spite of the glosses of a canting priest,
Who talks of charity but means a feast,
Who recommends it (whilst he seems to feel
The holy glowings of a real zeal)
To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
To give them heav'n whom they have robb'd of earth:
Never shall one, one truly honest man,
Who, bless'd with Liberty, reveres her plan,
Allow one moment that a savage sire
Could from his wretched race, for childish hire,
By a wild grant, their all, their freedom pass,
And sell his country for a bit of glass.

Or grant this barb'rous right, let Spain and France,
In slav'ry bred, as purchasers advance;
Let them, whilst conscience is at distance hurl'd,
With some gay bawble buy a golden world:
An Englishman, in charter'd freedom born,
Shall spurn the slavish merchandise, shall scorn
To take from others, thro' base private views,
What he himself would rather die than lose.

Happy the savage of those early times,
Ere Europe's sons were known and Europe's crimes!
Gold, cursed gold! slept in the womb of earth,
Unfelt its mischiefs, as unknown its worth;
In full content he found the truest wealth,
In toil he found diversion, food, and health;
Stranger to ease and luxury of courts,
His sports were labours and his labours sports;
His youth was hardy, and his old age green;
Life's morn was vig'rous, and her eve serene;
No rules he held but what were made for use,
No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce;
False lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true;
He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.

Happy, thrice happy, now, the savage race,
Since Europe took their gold and gave them grace!
Pastors she sends to help them in their need,
Some who cann't write, with others who cann't read;
And on sure grounds the Gospel pile to rear
Sends missionary felons ev'ry year:
Our vices, with more zeal than holy pray'rs,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs:
Her rank oppressions give them cause to rise,
Her want of prudence means and arms supplies,
Whilst her brave rage, not satisfy'd with life,
Rising in blood, adopts the scalping-knife:
Knowledge she gives, enough to make them know
How abject is their state, how deep their woe:

The worth of freedom strongly she explains, [chains:
Whilst she bows down and loads their necks with
Faith, too, she plants, for her own ends imprest,
To make them bear the worst and hope the best;
And whilst she teaches, on vile int'rest's plan,
As laws of God the wild decrees of man,
Like Pharisees, of whom the Scriptures tell,
She makes them ten times more the sons of Hell.

But whither do these grave reflections tend?
Are they design'd for any or no end?
Briefly but this—to prove that by no act
Which Nature made, that by no equal pact
'Twixt man and man, which might, if Justice heard,
Stand good; that by no benefits conferr'd,
Or purchase made, Europe in chains can hold
The sons of India and her mines of gold.
Chance led her there in an accursed hour;
She saw and made the country hers by pow'r;
Nor, drawn by virtue's love from love of fame,
Shall my rash folly controvert the claim,
Or wish in thought that title overthrown
Which coincides with and involves my own.

Europe discover'd India first; I found
My right to Gotham on the selfsame ground;
I first discover'd it, nor shall that plea
To her be granted and deny'd to me.
I plead possession, and, till one more bold
Shall drive me out, will that possession hold.

With Europe's rights my kindred rights .
Hers be the Western world, be Gotham m
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voic
The voice of gladness ; and on ev'ry tong
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king ;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotha
As on a day, a high and holy day,
Let ev'ry instrument of musick play,
Ancient and modern ; those which drew thei
(Punctilios laid aside) from Pagan earth,
As well as those by Christian made and Jew,
Those known to many, and those known to
Those which in whim and frolick lightly flot
nd those which swell the slow and solemn no
hose which (whilst Reason stands in wonder l
ake some complexions laugh and others cry;
ose which, by some strange faculty of soun
build walls up and raze them to the groun
se which can tear up forests by the roots,
make brutes dance like men, and men like br
se which, whilst Ridicule leads up the dan
clowns of Monmouth, ape the fops of Fr
e which, where Lady Dulness with Lord M
les, disdaining light and trifling airs,
v the feast with psalmody, and those
, planted in our churches to dispose

And lift the mind to Heaven, are disgrac'd
With what a foppish organist calls Taste:
All, from the fiddle (on which ev'ry fool,
The pert son of dull sire, discharg'd from school,
Serves an apprenticeship in college ease,
And rises thro' the gamut to degrees)
To those which (tho' less common, not less sweet)
From fam'd St. Giles's, and more fam'd Vine-street,
(Where Heav'n, the utmost wish of man to grant,
Gave me an old house, and an older aunt).
Thornton, whilst Humour pointed out the road
To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an ode;
All instruments, (attend, ye list'ning Spheres!
Attend, ye sons of men, and hear with ears)
All instruments, (nor shall they seek one hand
Impress'd from modern Musick's coxcomb band)
All instruments, self-acted, at my name
Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
Loud but yet sweet, to the according globe,
My praises, whilst gay Nature, in a robe,
A coxcomb doctor's robe, to the full sound
Keeps time, like Boyce, and the world dances round.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Infancy, straining backward from the breast,
Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth best
Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while
The mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,
And the fond father sits on t' other side,
Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with pride,
Shall murmur forth my name, while at his hand
Nurse stands interpreter thro' Gotham's land.

Childhood, who, like an April morn, appears
Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and displeas'd by starts, in passion warm,
In reason weak; who, wrought into a storm,
Like to the fretful billows of the deep,
Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep;
Who, with a fev'rish appetite oppress'd,
For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd,
His trembling lash suspended in the air,
Half-bent, and stroking back his long lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his top go down to prate of me.

Youth, who, fierce, fickle, insolent and vain,
Impatient urges on to Manhood's reign,
Impatient urges on, yet with a cast
Of dear regard looks back on Childhood past,
In the mid-chase, when the hot blood runs high,
And the quick spirits mount into his eye;
When pleasure, which he deems his greatest wealth,
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health;

When the chaf'd steed tugs proudly on the rein,
And ere he starts hath run o'er half the plain;
When, wing'd with fear, the stag flies full in view,
And in full cry the eager hounds pursue,
Shall shout my praise to hills which shout again,
And ev'n the huntsman stop to cry *Amen*.

Manhood, of form erect, who would not bow
Tho' worlds should crack around him; on his brow
Wisdom serene, to passion giving law,
Bespeaking love, and yet commanding awe;
Dignity into grace by mildness wrought,
Courage attemper'd, and refin'd by thought;
Virtue supreme enthron'd, within his breast
The image of his Maker deep impress;
Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,
With reason bless'd, and only less than God;
Manhood, tho' weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
Tho' Honour calls, in Danger's form array'd,
Tho' cloth'd with sackcloth, Justice in the gates,
By wicked elders chain'd, Redemption waits,
Manhood shall steal an hour, a little hour,
(Is 't not a little one?) to hail my pow'r.

Old Age, a second child, by Nature curst
With more and greater evils than the first;
Weak, sickly, full of pains, in ev'ry breath;
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;
Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,
From day to day, without one day to spare;

Without enjoyment covetous of pelf,
Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself;
His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd
Ev'n with the acting on his shatter'd brain,
Tho' the false registers of youth remain;
From morn to ev'ning babbling forth vain praise
Of those rare men who liv'd in those rare days,
When he, the hero of his tale, was young,
Dull repetitions falt'ring on his tongue;
Praising gray hairs, sure mark of Wisdom's sway,
Ev'n whilst he curses Time, which made him gray;
Scoffing at youth, ev'n whilst he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth restor'd,
Shall for a moment, from himself set free,
Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praise to me.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
Things without life shall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others praise be loud in mine.
The snow-drop, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on the herald of fair Flora's train;
The coxcomb crocus, flow'r of simple note,
Who by her side struts in a herald's coat;

The tulip, idly glaring to the view,
Who, tho' no clown, his birth from Holland drew,
Who, once full dress'd, fears from his place to stir,
The top of flow'rs, the More of a parterre;
The woodbine, who her elm in marriage meets,
And brings her dowry in surrounding sweets;
The lily, silver mistress of the vale,
The rose of Sharon, which perfumes the gale;
The jessamine, with which the queen of flow'rs
To charm her god adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,
Which brides, by the plain hand of Neatness drest,
Unenvy'd rival, wear upon their breast,
Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waist;
All flow'rs of various names and various forms,
Which the sun into strength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf daisy, which like infants clings
And fears to leave the earth from whence it springs,
To the proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,

The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
Forming a gloom thro' which, to spleen-struck minds,
Religion horror-stamp'd a passage finds,
The ivy crawling o'er the hallow'd cell
Where some old hermit 's wont his beads to tell
By day, by night; the myrtle ever green,
Beneath whose shade Love holds his rites unseen;
The willow, weeping o'er the fatal wave
Where many a lover finds a watry grave;
The cypress, sacred held when lovers mourn
Their true love snatch'd away; the laurel, worn
By poets in old time, but destin'd now
In grief to wither on a Whitehead's brow;
The fig, which, large as what in India grows,
Itself a grove, gave our first parents clothes;

All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others praise be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
The show'rs, which make the young hills, like young lambs,
Bound and rebound; the old hills, like old rams,
Unwieldy, jump for joy; the streams which glide,
Whilst Plenty marches smiling by their side,
And from their bosom rising Commerce springs;
The winds, which rise with healing on their wings,
Before whose cleansing breath Contagion flies;
The sun, who, travelling in eastern skies,
Fresh, full of strength, just risen from his bed,
Tho' in Jove's pastures they were born and bred,
With voice and whip can scarce make his steeds stir,
Step by step, up the perpendicular;
Who, at the hour of eve, panting for rest,
Boils on amain, and gallops down the west
As fast as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's sin,
Drove for a crown, or postboys for an inn;
The moon, who holds o'er night her silver reign,
Regent of tides, and mistress of the brain,
Who to her sons, those sons who own her pow'r
And do her homage at the midnight hour,

Gives madness as a blessing, but dispenses
Wisdom to fools, and damns them with their senses;
The stars, who, by I know not what strange right,
Preside o'er mortals in their own despite,
Who, without reason, govern those who most
(How truly judge from thence!) of reason boast,
And by some mighty magic yet unknown
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others praise be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
The moment, minute, hour, day, week, month, year,
Morning and eve, as they in turn appear;
Moments and minutes, which, without a crime,
Cann't be omitted in accounts of time,
Or if omitted, (proof we might afford)
Worthy by parliaments to be restor'd;
The Hours, which, dress'd by turns in black and white,
Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on Day and Night;
The Day, those hours I mean when light presides,
And Bus'ness in a cart with Prudence rides;
The Night, those hours I mean with darkness hung,
When Sense speaks free, and Folly holds her tongue,

The morn, when Nature rousing from her strife
With death-like sleep, awakes to second life;
The eve, when as unequal to the task
She mercy from her foe descends to ask;
The week, in which six days are kindly given
To think of earth, and one to think of heav'n;
The months, twelve sisters, all of diff'rent hue,
Tho' there appears in all a likeness too,
Not such a likeness as, thro' Hayman's works,
Dull Manneristl in Christians, Jews, and Turks,
Cloys with a sameness in each female face,
But a strange something born of Art and Grace,
Which speaks them all, to vary and adorn,
At diff'rent times of the same parents born;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others praise be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
Frore January, leader of the year,
Mine'd-pies in van and calves heads in the rear;
Dull February, in whose leaden reign
My mother bore a bard without a brain;
March, various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd cheeks,
By wilder Welshmen led, and crown'd with leeks;

April with fools, and May with bastards blest;
June with White Roses on her rebel breast;
July, to whom, the Dog-star in her train,
Saint James gives oysters and Saint Swithin rain;
August, who, banish'd from her Smithfield stand,
To Chelsea flies, with Dogget in her hand;
September, when by custom (right divine)
Geese are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's shrine,
Whilst the priest, not so full of grace as wit,
Falls to unbless'd, nor gives the saint a bit;
October, who the cause of freedom join'd,
And gave a second George to bless mankind;
November, who at once to grace our earth
Saint Andrew boasts and our Augusta's birth;
December, last of months, but best, who gave
A Christ to man, a Saviour to the slave,
Whilst, falsely grateful, man, at the full feast,
To do God honour makes himself a beast;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The seasons as they roll; Spring, by her side
Lech'ry and Lent, lay-folly and church-pride,

By a rank monk to copulation led,
A tub of sainted salt-fish on her head:
Summer, in light transparent gauze array'd,
Like maids of honour at a masquerade,
In bawdry gauze, for which our daughters leave
The fig, more modest, first brought up by Eve,
Panting for breath, inflam'd with lustful fires,
Yet wanting strength to perfect her desires,
Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat,
Stops at each step, and slumbers on his feet:
Autumn, when Nature, who with sorrow feels
Her dread foe Winter treading on her heels,
Makes up in value what she wants in length,
Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her strength,
Bids corn and fruits in full perfection rise,
Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without excise:
Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
By robes of furs, since furs became our own;
A hag, who, loathing all, by all is loath'd,
With weekly, daily, hourly, libels cloth'd,
Vile Faction at her heels, who, mighty grown,
Would rule the ruler, and foreclose the throne,
Would turn all state-affairs into a trade,
Make laws one day, the next to be unmade,
Beggar at home, a people fear'd abroad,
And, force defeated, make them slaves by fraud;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
The year, grand circle! in whose ample round
The seasons regular and fix'd are bound,
(Who, in his course repeated o'er and o'er,
Sees the same things which he had seen before;
The same stars keep their watch, and the same sun
Runs in the track where he from first hath run;
The same moon rules the night; tides ebb and flow,
Man is a puppet, and this world a show;
Their old dull follies old dull fools pursue,
And vice in nothing but in mode is new;
He —— a lord (now fair befall that pride,
He liv'd a villain, but a lord he dy'd!)
Dashwood is pious, Berkley fix'd as Fate,
Sandwich (thank Heav'n!), first Minister of State;
And, tho' by fools despis'd, by saints unbless'd,
By friends neglected, and by foes oppress'd,
Scorning the servile arts of each court elf,
Founded on honour, Wilkes is still himself;)
The year, encircled with the various train
Which waits and fills the glories of his reign,
Shall, taking up this theme, in chorus join,
And dumb to others praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing!

Thus far in sport—nor let our critics hence,
Who sell out Monthly trash, and call it Sense,
Too lightly of our present labours deem,
Or judge at random of so high a theme:
High is our theme, and worthy are the men
To feel the sharpest stroke of Satire's pen;
But when kind Time a proper season brings,
In serious mood to treat of serious things,
Then shall they find, disdaining idle play,
That I can be as grave and dull as they.

Thus far in sport—nor let half patriots, those
Who shrink from ev'ry blast of Pow'r which blows,
Who, with tame Cowardice familiar grown,
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to speak their own;
Who, lest bold truths (to do sage Prudence spite,
Should burst the portals of their lips by night,
Tremble to trust themselves one hour in sleep)
Condemn our course, and hold our caution cheap;
When brave Occasion bids, for some great end
When Honour calls the Poet as a friend,
Then shall they find that, ev'n on Danger's brink,
He dares to speak what they scarce dare to think.

GOTHAM.

BOOK II.

How much mistaken are the men who think
That all who will without restraint may drink,
May largely drink, ev'n till their bowels burst,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,
At the pure waters of the living well
Beside whose streams the Muses love to dwell!
Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
May play untaught, whilst, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, music comes of course.
Little do such men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly, racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,
To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest;
To know the times when Humour on the cheek
Of Mirth may hold her sports; when Wit should speak,
And when be silent; when to use the pow'rs
Of ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air;
To form (which few can do, and scarcely one,
One critic in an age, can find when done),

To form a plan, to strike a grand outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture shine
A full and perfect piece; to make coy Rhyme
Renounce her follies, and with Sense keep time;
To make proud Sense against her nature bend,
And wear the chains of Rhyme, yet call her Friend.
Some fops there are, among the scribbling tribe,
Who make it all their bus'ness to describe,
No matter whether in or out of place;
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as coxcomb Fancy brings,
The rags of beggars and the robes of kings.
Let dull Propriety in state preside
O'er her dull children, Nature is their guide,
Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of those tame drudges Judgment, Taste, and Sense,
Nor would forgive herself the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with Person, Place, and Time.
Let liquid gold emblaze the sun at noon,
With borrow'd beams let silver pale the moon;
Let surges hoarse lash the resounding shore,
Let streams meander, and let torrents roar;
Let them breed up the melancholy breeze
To sigh with sighing, sob with sobbing trees;
Let vales embroid'ry wear; let flow'rs be ting'd
With various tints: let clouds be lac'd or fring'd,
They have their wish; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they sigh for toys;

Give them the crown, the sceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r and rule the globe.
  Others there are who, in one solemn pace,
With as much zeal as Quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful ornament, depend
On sense to bring them to their journey's end:
They would not (Heav'n forbid!) their course delay,
Nor for a moment step out of the way,
To make the barren road those graces wear
Which Nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.
  Vain men! who blindly thwarting Nature's plan,
Ne'er find a passage to the heart of man;
Who, bred 'mongst fogs in academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not understand;
Who, destitute of humour, wit, and taste,
Let all their little knowledge run to waste,

And, with the voice of trumpets, thro' the streets
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one she meets;
Half who pass by are deaf, and t' other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.
Quit then, ye graver sons of letter'd Pride!
Taking for once Experience as a guide;
Quit this grand error, this dull college mode;
Be your pursuits the same, but change the road;
Write, or at least appear to write, with ease,
And if you mean to profit learn to please.
In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,
Because they wield the pen in Virtue's name:
Thrice sacred is that name, thrice bless'd the man
Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives, on such a plan!
This, in himself, himself of course must bless,
But cannot with the world promote success.
He may be strong, but, with effect to speak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak:
Plain rigid truths, which saints with comfort bear,
Will make the sinner tremble and despair.
True Virtue acts from love, and the great end
At which she nobly aims is to amend:
How then do those mistake who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cause
They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage
They make that goddess, whom they 'd have engage
Our dearest love, in hideous terror rise!
Such may be honest, but they cann't be wise.

In her own full and perfect blaze of light
Virtue breaks forth too strong for human sight;
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,
Shuts herself up in darkness for defence:
But to make strong conviction deeper sink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtless think,
Like God made man, she lays her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the ravish'd eye:
In earnest most when most she seems in jest,
She worms into and winds around the breast;
To conquer vice, of vice appears the friend,
And seems unlike herself to gain her end.
The sons of Sin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
To hush the painful memory, and keep
The tyrant Conscience in delusive sleep,

The patient feels a change as wrought by stealth,
And wonders on demand to find it health.

Some few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rhymes
In other lands, and here in other times,
Whom, waiting at their birth, the midwife Muse
Sprinkled all over with Castalian dews,
To whom true Genius gave his magic pen,
Whom Art by just degrees led up to men; [tween
Some few, extremes well shunn'd, have steer'd be-
These dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mean:
Sense in their works maintains her proper state,
But never sleeps, or labours with her weight:
Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay,
But never dares from sense to run astray:
So nice the master's touch, so great his care,
The colours boldly glow, not idly glare;
Mutually giving and receiving aid,
They set each other off like light and shade,
And, as by stealth, with so much softness blend,
'Tis hard to say where they begin or end:
Both give us charms, and neither gives offence;
Sense perfects grace, and grace enlivens sense.

Peace to the men who these high honours claim,
Health to their souls, and to their mem'ries fame!
Be it my task, and no mean task, to teach
A reverence for that worth I cannot reach:
Let me at distance, with a steady eye,
Observe and mark their passage to the sky;

From envy free, applaud such rising worth,
And praise their heav'n tho' pinion'd down to earth.
Had I the power I could not have the time,
Whilst spirits flow and life is in her prime,
Without a sin 'gainst pleasure, to design
A plan to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finish, and make ev'ry grace,
In itself charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on I seize the pen;
Rough as they run the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run discharge them on the Town;
Hence rude unfinish'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of Rhyme,
And the poor slattern Muse is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.

small compass of my careless page
s may find employment for an age;
nout my blunders they were all undone:
enty feed where Mason can feed one.
When Satire stoops, unmindful of her state,
praise the man I love, curse him I hate,
hen sense, in tides of passion borne along,
nking to prose, degrades the name of song,
he censor smiles, and, whilst my credit bleed
With as high relish on the carrion feeds
As the proud Earl fed at a turtle feast,
Who, turn'd by gluttony to worse than beas
Ate till his bowels gush'd upon the floor,
Yet still ate on, and dying call'd for more.
When loose Digression, like a colt unbrok
Spurning Connexion and her formal yoke,
Bounds thro' the forest, wanders far astra
From the known path, and loves to lose h
'Tis a full feast to all the mongrel pack
To run the rambler down and bring her b
When gay Description, Fancy's fairy
Wild without art, and yet with pleasur
Waking with Nature at the morning ho
To the lark's call, walks o'er the op'nir
Which largely drank all night of heav'
And, like a mountain nymph of Diar
So lightly walks she not one mark imp
Nor brushes off the dews nor soils the

When thus Description sports, even at the time
That drums should beat and cannons roar in rhyme,
Critics can live on such a fault as that
From one month to the other, and grow fat.
Ye mighty Monthly Judges! in a dearth
Of letter'd blockheads, conscious of the worth
Of my materials, which against your will
Oft' you 've confess'd, and shall confess it still;
Materials rich, tho' rude, inflam'd with thought,
Tho' more by fancy than by judgment wrought;
Take, use them as your own, a work begin,
Which suits your genius well, and weave them in,
Fram'd for the critic loom with critic art,
Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
Colour with colour mingling, light with shade,
To your dull taste a formal work is made,

Careless of such a trust, these harmless lays
May Friendship envy, and may Folly praise,
The crown of Gotham may some Scot assume,
And vagrant Stewarts reign in Churchill's room!
O my poor People! O thou wretched Earth!
To whose dear love, tho' not engag'd by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my service deeply sworn,
How, (by thy father can that thought be borne,
For monarchs, would they all but think like me,
Are only fathers in the best degree)
How must thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
Thy name be laugh'd to scorn, thy mighty hand
Be shorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confess'd,
Bless'd in thyself, to make thy neighbours bless'd,
Be robb'd of vigour! how must Freedom's pile,
The boast of ages, which adorns the isle,
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, secure from force and fraud;
How must that pile, by ancient Wisdom rais'd
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one short moment into ruins fall,
Should any slip of Stewart's tyrant race,
Or bastard or legitimate, disgrace
Thy royal seat of empire! but what care,
What sorrow, must be mine, what deep despair
And self reproaches, should that hated line
Admittance gain thro' any fault of mine!

Curs'd be the cause whence Gotham's evils spring,
Tho' that curs'd cause be found in Gotham's king.
Let War, with all his needy ruffian band,
In pomp of Horror stalk thro' Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood; let all her stately tow'rs
Sink in the dust; that court which now is ours
Become a den, where beasts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man;
Where yellow harvests rise be brambles found;
Where vines now creep let thistles curse the ground;
Dry in her thousand vallys be the rills;
Barren the cattle on her thousand hills;
Where Pow'r is plac'd let tigers prowl for prey;
Where Justice lodges let wild asses bray;
Let cormorants in churches make their nest,
And on the sails of commerce bitterns rest;

Let rains rush down, till Faith, with doubtful eye,
Looks for the sign of mercy in the sky;
Let Pestilence in all her horrors rise;
Where'er I turn let Famine blast my eyes;
Let the earth yawn, and, ere they 've time to think,
In the deep gulf let all my subjects sink
Before my eyes, whilst on the verge I reel,
Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel,
Not for myself, but them, I 'll kiss the rod,
And, having own'd the justice of my God,
Myself with firmness to the ruin give,
And die with those for whom I wish'd to live!

This, (but may Heav'n's more merciful decrees
Ne'er tempt his servant with such ills as these)
This, or my soul deceives me, I could bear;
But that the Stewart race my crown should wear,
That crown where, highly cherish'd, Freedom shone
Bright as the glories of the mid-day sun;
Born and bred slaves, that they, with proud misrule,
Should make brave freeborn men, like boys at school,
To the whip crouch and tremble!—O, that thought!
The lab'ring brain is ev'n to madness brought
By the dread vision; at the mere surmise
The thronging spirits as in tumult rise,
My heart, as for a passage, loudly beats,
And turn me where I will distraction meets.

O my brave Fellows! great in arts and arms,
The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms

To high achievements: can your spirits bend,
Thro' base control (ye never can descend
So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or let in Freedom's seat a Stewart reign?
If Fame, who hath for ages, far and wide,
Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,
The tyranny and falsehood, of those lords,
Contents you not, search England's fair records;
England! where first the breath of life I drew,
Where next to Gotham my best love is due;
There once they rul'd, tho' crush'd by William's hand,
They rul'd no more to curse that happy land.
The first who from his native soil remov'd
Held England's sceptre, a tame tyrant prov'd:
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with those thoughts which spring
In souls of vulgar stamp to be a king:
Spirit he had not, tho' he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-fac'd tyrant with applause;
On practices most mean he rais'd his pride,
And craft oft' gave what wisdom oft' deny'd.
Ne'er could he feel how truly man is blest
In blessing those around him; in his breast,
Crowded with follies, honour found no room:
Mark'd for a coward in his mother's womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timorous to punish or forgive.
To gain a crown which had in course of time,
By fair descent, been his, without a crime,

He bore a mother's exile; to secure
A greater crown he basely could endure
The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life:
Nay, by fond fear and fond ambition led,
Struck hands with those by whom her blood was shed.
Call'd up to pow'r, scarce warm on England's throne,
He fill'd her court with beggars from his own:
Turn where you would the eye with Scots was caught,
Or English knaves, who would be Scotsmen thought.
To vain expence unbounded loose he gave,
The dupe of minions, and of slaves the slave:
On false pretences mighty sums he rais'd,
And damn'd those senates rich whom poor he prais'd:
From empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilst a daughter fed,
He lavish'd sums, for her receiv'd, on men
Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.
Lies were his playthings, parliaments his sport;
Book-worms and catamites engross'd the court:
Vain of the scholar, like all Scotsmen since,
The pedant scholar! he forgot the prince;
And having with some trifles stor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd or wish'd to learn the arts to reign.
Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the crowd;
False friend, false son, false father, and false king,
False wit, false statesman, and false ev'ry thing:

When he should act he idly chose to prate,
And pamphlets wrote when he should save the state.
Religious, if religion holds in whim,
To talk with all he let all talk with him;
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for religion's sake, but argument;
More vain if some sly, artful, High-Dutch slave,
Or, from the Jesuit school, some precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace restor'd
By his full soldiership, worlds hail'd him Lord.
Pow'r was his wish, unbounded as his will,
The pow'r without control of doing ill;
But what he wish'd, what he made bishops preach,
And statesmen warrant, hung within his reach,
He dar'd not seize: fear gave, to gall his pride,
That freedom to the realm his will deny'd.
Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In ev'ry treaty of his own mean arts
He fell the dupe: peace was his coward care,
Ev'n at a time when justice call'd for war.
His pen he 'd draw to prove his lack of wit,
But rather than unsheath the sword submit.
Truth fairly must record; and, pleas'd to live
In league with mercy, justice may forgive
Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds resign'd to Spain,
But never can forgive a Raleigh slain.
At length (with white let Freedom mark that year),
Not fear'd by those whom most he wish'd to fear,

Not lov'd by those whom most he wish'd to love,
He went to answer for his faults above,
To answer to that God from whom alone
He claim'd to hold and to abuse the throne,
Leaving behind a curse to all his line,
The bloody legacy of Right Divine.

With many virtues which a radiance fling
Round private men, with few which grace a king,
And speak the monarch, at the time of life
When passion holds with reason doubtful strife,
Succeeded Charles, by a mean sire undone,
Who envy'd virtue even in a son.

His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
He took the man up ere he left the child;
His soul was eager for imperial sway
Ere he had learn'd the lesson to obey.
Surrounded by a fawning flatt'ring throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and humour strong;
Wisdom was treated as a noisome weed,
And all his follies let to run to seed.

What ills from such beginnings needs must spring!
What ills to such a land from such a king!
What could she hope! what had she not to fear!
Base Buckingham possess'd his youthful ear;
Strafford and Laud, when mounted on the throne,
Engross'd his love, and made him all their own;
Strafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow
The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now;

strove t' undo him in his turn and hour,
rst with pleasure, and the last with pow'r.
king (vain thought, disgraceful to the throne!)
ll mankind were made for kings alone,
subjects were but slaves, and what was whim,
rse, in common men, was law in him;
t with Prerogative, which Fate decreed
ard good kings, and tyrants to mislead;
n in a fair proportion to deny
ance dares not, which to hold too high
od can wish no coward king can dare,
eld too high no English subject bear:
'd by men of deep and subtle arts,
void of principle, and damn'd with parts,
saw his weakness, made their king their tool,
most a slave when most he seem'd to rule:
g all public steps for private ends,
'd by fav'rites, whom he called friends,
d not strength enough of soul to find
monarchs, meant as blessings to mankind,
heir great state, and stamp their fame undone,
what was meant for all they give to one.
ing uxorious whilst a woman's prate
ll'd the church and parcell'd out the state,
t (in the state not more than women read)
churchmen preach'd, and turn'd hispious head;
'd to see with ministerial eyes,
d to hear a loyal nation's cries;

Made to believe (what cann't a fav'rite do?)
He heard a nation hearing one or two;
Taught by state-quacks himself secure to thin
And out of danger ev'n on danger's brink;
Whilst pow'r was daily crumbling from his h
Whilst murmurs ran thro' an insulted land,
As if to sanction tyrants Heav'n was bound,
He proudly sought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious y
Did England, crush'd by pow'r and aw'd by fear
Whilst proud Oppression struck at Freedom's
Lament her senates lost, her Hampden mute:
Illegal taxes and oppressive loans,
In spite of all her pride, call'd forth her groan:
Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
And Loyalty was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage shook the sta
New courts were rais'd to give new doctrines we
State-Inquisitions kept the realm in awe,
And curs'd Star-Chambers made or rul'd the
Juries were pack'd, and judges were unsound;
Thro' the whole kingdom not one Pratt was fo

From the first moments of his giddy youth
He hated senates, for they told him truth:
At length against his will compell'd to treat,
Those whom he could not fright he strove to c
With base dissembling every grievance heard,
And often giving often broke his word.

O! where shall helpless Truth for refuge fly,
If kings who should protect her dare to lie?
Those who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
Sought in their country's good their monarch's fame;
Those who were anxious for his safety; those
Who were induc'd by duty to oppose,
Their truth suspected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes and traitors to his throne,
Nor found his fatal error till the hour
Of saving him was gone and past; till pow'r
Had shifted hands, to blast his hapless reign,
Making their faith and his repentance vain.
Hence (be that curse confin'd to Gotham's foes)
War, dread to mention, Civil War, arose;
All acts of outrage and all acts of shame
Stalk'd forth at large, disguis'd with Honour's name:
Rebellion, raising high her bloody hand,
Spread universal havoc thro' the land:
With zeal for party, and with passion drunk,
In public rage all private love was sunk;
Friend against friend, brother 'gainst brother stood,
And the son's weapon drank the father's blood:
Nature, aghast, and fearful lest her reign
Should last no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.
Unhappy Stewart! harshly tho' that name
Grates on my ear, I should have dy'd with shame
To see my king before his subjects stand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand;

At their commands to hear the monarch plead,
By their decrees to see that monarch bleed!
What tho' thy faults were many and were great?
What tho' they shook the basis of the state?
In royalty secure thy person stood,
And sacred was the fountain of thy blood.
Vile ministers, who dar'd abuse their trust,
Who dar'd seduce a king to be unjust,
Vengeance, with justice league'd, with pow'r made strong,
Had nobly crush'd. "The king could do no wrong."
Yet grieve not, Charles! northyhard fortunes blame;
They took thy life, but they secur'd thy fame.
Their greater crimes made thine like specks appear,
From which the sun in glory is not clear.
Hadst thou in peace and years resign'd thy breath,
At Nature's call hadst thou laid down in death,
As in a sleep, thy name, by Justice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.
Pity, the virtue of a gen'rous soul,
Sometimes the vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole.
Misfortunes gave what virtue could not give,
And bade, the tyrant slain, the Martyr live.
Ye Princes of the earth! ye mighty few!
Who worlds subduing cann't yourselves subdue,
Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great,
Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate,
Who own no law, no reason, but your will,
And scorn restraint, tho' 't is from doing ill,

Who of all passions groan beneath the worst,
Then only bless'd when they make others curst;
Think not for wrongs like these unscourg'd to live;
Long may ye sin, and long may Heav'n forgive;
But when ye least expect, in sorrow's day,
Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay;
Nor think that vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone;
No; like some base distemper, which remains
Transmitted from the tainted father's veins
In the son's blood, such broad and gen'ral crimes
Shall call down vengeance ev'n to latest times,
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterness and shame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam,

No matter how—he slept amongst the dead,
And James his brother reigned in his stead:
But such a reign—so glaring an offence
In ev'ry step 'gainst freedom, law, and sense
'Gainst all the rights of Nature's gen'ral plan
'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,
That the relation would mere fiction seem,
The mock creation of a poet's dream,
And the poor bards would, in this sceptic age
Appear as false as their historian's page.
Ambitious folly seiz'd the seat of wit,
Christians were forc'd by bigots to submit;
Pride without sense, without religion zeal,
Made daring inroads on the commonweal;
Stern Persecution rais'd her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of kings the pow'r of [illegible]
Conscience and fame were sacrific'd to Rome
And England wept at Freedom's sacred to[illegible]
Her laws despis'd, her constitution [illegible]
From its due nat'ral frame, her righ[illegible]
Beyond a coward's suff'rance, [illegible]
And healing justice from the crown [illegible]
Each moment pregnant with vile af[illegible]
patriot bishops sentenc'd to the [illegible]
Oxford (who yet loves the Stew[illegible]
led with arbitrary marks of sh[illegible]
pt—but wept not long; to ar[illegible]
pour's call th' avenging sword [illegible]

He saw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right, than take the pains to make them so.
Women rul'd all, and ministers of state
Were for commands at toilettes forc'd to wait;
Women, who have as monarchs grac'd the land,
But never govern'd well at second-hand.
To make all other errors slight appear,
In mem'ry fix'd stand Dunkirk and Tangier;
In mem'ry fix'd so deep, that time in vain
Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain.
Amboyna stands—Gods! that a king should ho
In such high estimate vile paltry gold,
And of his duty be so careless found,
That when the blood of subjects from the groun
For vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,
And, brib'd from honour, lay his thunders by,
Give Holland peace, whilst English victims groan
And butcher'd subjects wander'd unaton'd!
O! dear, deep injury to England's fame,
To them, to us, to all! to him deep shame!
Of all the passions which from frailty spring,
Av'rice is that which least becomes a king.
To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
Which thro' his reign he little understood
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
He reassum'd a bigot brother's claim,
And having made time-serving senates bow,
Suddenly dy'd, that brother best knew how.

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Her patriot bishops sentenc'd to the T
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Branded with arbitrary marks of sham
She wept—but wept not long; to ar
At Honour's call th' avenging sword s

Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,
And sent him in despair to beg his bread;
Whilst she, (may ev'ry state in such distress
Dare with such zeal, and meet with such success)
Whilst she, (may Gotham, should my abject mind
Choose to enslave rather than free mankind,
Pursue her steps, tear the proud tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuse the crown)
Whilst she, (thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
Written in gold, let Revolution stand)
Whilst she, secur'd in liberty and law,
Found what she sought, a saviour in Nassau.

GOTHAM.

BOOK III.

CAN the fond mother from herself depart?
Can she forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom she bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed,
To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whose life alone she seem'd to live?
Yes, from herself the mother may depart,
She may forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom she bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed,
To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whose life alone she seem'd to live;
But I cannot forget, whilst life remains,
And pours her current thro' these swelling veins,
Whilst Mem'ry offers up at Reason's shrine,
But I cannot forget that Gotham's mine.

Can the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her disnatur'd breast tear her young child,
Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
And dash the smiling babe against a stone?
Yes, the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her disnatur'd breast may tear her child,
Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
And dash the smiling babe against a stone;

But I, (forbid it, Heav'n!) but I can ne'er
The love of Gotham from this bosom tear,
Can ne'er so far true royalty pervert
From its fair course to do my people hurt.
With how much ease, with how much confidence,
As if, superior to each grosser sense
Reason had only, in full pow'r array'd,
To manifest her will, and be obey'd,
Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
The motions of the mind! with how much ease,
In such resolves, doth passion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law!
In empire young, scarce warm on Gotham's throne,
The dangers and the sweets of pow'r unknown,
Pleas'd, tho' I scarce know why, like some young child
Whose little senses each new toy turns wild,
How do I hold sweet dalliance with my crown,
And wanton with dominion! how lay down,
Without the sanction of a precedent,
Rules of most large and absolute extent,
Rules which from sense of public virtue spring,
And all at once commence a patriot king!
But, for the day of trial is at hand,
And the whole fortunes of a mighty land
Are stak'd on me, and all their weal or wo
Must from my good or evil conduct flow,
Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
As I assume that name deserve it too?

Have I well weigh'd the great the noble p
I 'm now to play? have I explor'd my h
That labyrinth of fraud, that deep dark
Where, unsuspected ev'n by me, may dw
Ten thousand follies? have I found out
What I am fit to do and what to bear?
Have I trac'd ev'ry passion to its rise,
Nor spar'd one lurking seed of treach'rou
Have I familiar with my nature grown?
And am I fairly to myself made known?
A patriot king—Why, 't is a name whi
The more immediate stamp of Heav'n, wh
The nearest, best, resemblance we can sh
Of God above thro' all his works below
To still the voice of discord in the lan
To make weak Faction's discontented b
Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay
With hunger pinch'd on their own vitals
Like brethren in the self-same int'rests
Like diff'rent bodies with one soul infor
To make a nation nobly rais'd above
All meaner thought grow up in common
To give the laws due vigour, and to hol
That secret balance temperate yet bold,
With such an equal hand, that those wh
May yet approve, and own my justice c
To be a common father, to secure
The weak from violence, from pride the

Vice and her sons to banish in disgrace,
To make Corruption dread to show her face;
To bid afflicted Virtue take new state,
And be at last acquainted with the great;
Of all religions to elect the best,
Nor let her priests be made a standing jest;
Rewards for worth with lib'ral hand to carve,
To love the arts, nor let the artists starve;
To make fair plenty thro' the realm increase,
Give fame in war, and happiness in peace;
To see my people, virt'ous, great, and free,
And know that all those blessings flow from me;
O! 't is a joy too exquisite, a thought,
Which flatters Nature more than flatt'ry ought;
'Tis a great, glorious, task, for man too hard,
But not less great, less glorious, the reward;
The best reward which here to man is giv'n,
'Tis more than earth, and little short of heav'n:
A task (if such comparison may be)
The same in nature, diff'ring in degree,
Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
Performs with ease, and yet performs to all.
How much do they mistake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown,
Because it glistens, must be lin'd with down!
With outside show and vain appearance caught,
They look no farther, and, by Folly taught,

Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
One of the many cares which lurk behind.
The gem they worship which a crown adorns,
Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might Reflection Folly's place supply!
Would we one moment use her piercing eye,
Then should we know what wo from grandeur springs,
And learn to pity not to envy kings.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,
His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his bus'ness, and his pleasure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a single hour
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.

Call'd up by health he rises with the day,
And goes to work as if he went to play,
Whistling off toils, one half of which might make
The stoutest Atlas of a palace quake;
'Gainst heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
Harden'd by constant use, without complaint
He bears what we should think it death to bear:
Short are his meals and homely is his fare;
His thirst he slakes at some pure neighb'ring brook,
Nor asks for sauce where Appetite stands cook.
When the dews fall, and when the sun retires
Behind the mountains, when the village fires,

hich, waken'd all at once, speak supper nigh,
distance catch, and fix his longing eye,
meward he hies, and with his manly brood
raw-bon'd cubs enjoys that clean coarse food
hich, season'd with good humour, his fond bride
ainst his return is happy to provide;
en, free from care, and free from thought, he creeps
o his straw, and till the morning sleeps.
Not so the king—with anxious cares oppress
bosom labours, and admits not rest:
glorious wretch! he sweats beneath the weight
majesty, and gives up ease for state:
'n when his smiles, which by the fools of pride
e treasur'd and preserv'd from side to side,
round the court, ev'n when compell'd by form
seems most calm, his soul is in a storm!
re, like a spectre, seen by him alone,
ith all her nest of vipers, round his throne
day crawls full in view; when night bids sleep,
eet nurse of Nature! o'er the senses creep,
hen Misery herself no more complains,
d slaves, if possible, forget their chains,
o' his sense weakens, tho' his eyes grow dim,
at rest which comes to all comes not to him.
'n at that hour Care, tyrant Care! forbids
e dew of sleep to fall upon his lids;
m night to night she watches at his bed,
w as one mop'd sits brooding o'er his head,

Anon she starts, and, borne on ravens wings,
Croaks forth aloud—Sleep was not made for kings.
Thrice hath the moon, who governs this vast ball,
Who rules most absolute o'er me and all,
To whom by full conviction taught to bow,
At new, at full, I pay the duteous vow;
Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since, (bless'd be that season, for before
I was a mere mere mortal, and no more,
One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life, to die and pass away)
Since I became a king, and Gotham's throne
With full and ample pow'r became my own;
Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since sleep, kind sleep! who like a friend supplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd these eyes:
Nor, if my toils are answer'd with success,
And I am made an instrument to bless
The people whom I love, shall I repine;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.
Mindful of that high rank in which I stand,
Of millions lord, sole ruler in the land,
Let me, and Reason shall her aid afford,
Rule my own spirit, of myself be lord.
With an ill grace that monarch wears his crown
Who, stern and hard of nature, wears a frown

'Gainst faults in other men, yet all the while
Meets his own vices with a partial smile.
How can a king (yet on record we find
Such kings have been, such curses of mankind)
Enforce that law 'gainst some poor subject elf
Which Conscience tells him he hath broke himself?
Can he some petty rogue to justice call
For robbing one, when he himself robs all?
Must not, unless extinguish'd, conscience fly
Into his cheek, and blast his fading eye,
To scourge th' oppressor, when the state, distress'd
And sunk to ruin, is by him oppress'd?
Against himself doth he not sentence give?
If one must die t' other 's not fit to live.
Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,
Which takes not solid virtue for its ground.
All envy pow'r in others, and complain
Of that which they would perish to obtain.
Nor can those spirits, turbulent and bold,
Not to be aw'd by threats nor bought with gold,
Be hush'd to peace, but when fair legal sway
Makes it their real int'rest to obey,
When kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
Not less in virtue than in pow'r excel.
Be that my object, that my constant care,
And may my soul's best wishes centre there;
Be it my task to seek, nor seek in vain,

And to those virtues which from reason spring,
And grace the man, join those which grace the king.
First, (for strict duty bids my care extend
And reach to all who on that care depend,
Bids me with servants keep a steady hand,
And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)
First, (and that method reason shall support)
Before I look into and purge my court,
Before I cleanse the stable of the state,
Let me fix things which to myself relate:
That done, and all accounts well settled here,
In resolution firm, in honour clear,
Tremble, ye Slaves! who dare abuse your trust,
Who dare be villains when your king is just.
Are there, amongst those officers of state
To whom our sacred pow'r we delegate,
Who hold our place and office in the realm,
Who, in our name commission'd, guide the helm;
Are there who, trusting to our love of ease,
Oppress our subjects, wrest our just decrees,
And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,
To speak a language which they never meant;
Are there such men, and can the fools depend
On holding out in safety to their end?
Can they so much, from thoughts of danger free,
Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of me,
To think that I will prove a statesman's tool,
And live a stranger where I ought to rule?

hat I to myself and to my state unjust,
ll I from ministers take things on trust,
d, sinking low the credit of my throne,
pend upon dependents of my own?
ll I, most certain source of future cares,
t use my judgment, but depend on theirs?
ll I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with state,
ve nothing but the name of being great,
tend at counsels which I must not weigh,
what they bid, and what they dictate say,
rob'd, and hoisted up into my chair,
ly to be a royal cipher there?
rish the thought—'t is treason to my throne—
d who but thinks it, could his thoughts be known,
sults me more than he who, leagu'd with Hell,
ll rise in arms, and 'gainst my crown rebel.
The wicked statesman, whose false heart pursues
train of guilt, who acts with double views,
d wears a double face; whose base designs
ike at his monarch's throne; who undermines
'n whilst he seems his wishes to support;
ho seizes all departments; packs a court;
aintains an agent on the judgment-seat
screen his crimes, and make his frauds complete;
w models armies, and around the throne
ill suffer none but creatures of his own;
nscious of such his baseness, well may try,
gainst the light to shut his master's eye,

To keep him coop'd, and far remov'd from thos
Who, brave and honest, dare his crimes disclos
Nor ever let him in one place appear
Where truth, unwelcome truth, may wound his
Attempts like these, well weigh'd, them
proclaim,
And whilst they publish baulk their author's
Kings must be blind into such snares to ru
Or, worse, with open eyes must be undone
The minister of honesty and worth
Demands the day to bring his actions forth
Calls on the sun to shine with fiercer rays,
And braves that trial which must end in p
None fly the day and seek the shades of
But those whose actions cannot bear the
None wish their king in ignorance to ho
But those who feel that knowledge must
Their hidden guilt; and, that dark mist
By which their places and their lives ar
Confusion wait them, and, by Justice l
In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's hea
Aware of this, and caution'd 'gains
Where kings have oft' been lost, shal
And rust in chains like these? shall
And, whilst my helpless subjects fal
To pow'r abus'd, in ignorance sit do
Nor dare assert the honour of my cr
When Stern Rebellion, (if that odi
Justly belongs to those whose only

Is to preserve their country; who oppose,
In honour leagu'd, none but their country's foes;
Who only seek their own, and found their cause
In due regard for violated laws)
When stern Rebellion, who no longer feels
Nor fears rebuke, a nation at her heels,
A nation up in arms, tho' strong not proud,
Knocks at the palace-gate, and, calling loud
For due redress, presents, from Truth's fair pen,
A list of wrongs not to be borne by men;
How must that king be humbled, how disgrace
All that is royal in his name and place,
Who, thus call'd forth to answer, can advance
No other plea but that of ignorance!
A vile defence, which, was his all at stake,
The meanest subject well might blush to make;
A filthy source, from whence shame ever springs;
A stain to all, but most a stain to kings.
The soul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
Panting for knowledge, rests not till inform'd;
And shall not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal,
Feel those brave passions which my subjects feel?
Or can a just excuse from ign'rance flow
To me, whose first great duty is—to know?
Hence, Ignorance!—thy settled, dull, blank eye
Would hurt me tho' I knew no reason why—
Hence, Ignorance!—thy slavish shackles bind
The free-born soul, and lethargy the mind—

, begot by Pride, who look'd with scorn
ry meaner match, of thee was born
grave inflexibility of soul
h Reason cann't convince nor fear control,
ch neither arguments nor pray'rs can reach,
nothing less than utter ruin teach—
ace, Ignorance!—hence to that depth of night
here thou wast born, where not one gleam of light
ay wound thine eye—hence to some dreary cell
Where monks with superstition love to dwell,
Or in some college sooth thy lazy pride,
And with the heads of colleges reside;
Fit mate for Royalty thou canst not be,
And if no mate for kings no mate for me.
Come, Study! like a torrent swell'd with rains,
Which rushing down the mountains o'er the plains
Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
Leaves seeds of future fruitfulness behind:
Come, Study!—painful tho' thy course, and slow,
Thy real worth by thy effects we know—
Parent of Knowledge, come—not thee I call
Who, grave and dull, in college or in hall
Dost sit, all solemn sad, and, moping, weigh
Things which, whenfound, thylabours cann't repa
Nor in one hand, fit emblem of thy trade,
A rod; in t'other, gaudily array'd,
A hornbook gilt and letter'd, call I thee,
Who dost in form preside o'er A, B, C—

Nor (Siren tho' thou art, and thy strange charms,
As 't were by magic, lure men to thy arms)
Do I call thee who, thro' a winding maze,
A labyrinth of puzzling pleasing ways,
Dost lead us at the last to those rich plains
Where in full glory real Science reigns;
Fair tho' thou art, and lovely to mine eye,
Tho' full rewards in thy possession lie
To crown man's wish, and do thy fav'rites grace,
Tho' (was I station'd in an humbler place)
I could be ever happy in thy sight,
Toil with thee all the day, and thro' the night
Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,
Fast rivetted on science, sleep defy,
Yet (such the hardships which from empire flow)
Must I thy sweet society forego,
And to some happy rival's arms resign
Those charms which can, alas! no more be mine.
No more from hour to hour, from day to day,
Shall I pursue thy steps, and urge my way
Where eager love of science calls; no more
Attempt those paths which man ne'er trod before;
No more the mountain scal'd, the desert crost,
Losing myself, nor knowing I was lost,
Travel thro' woods, thro' wilds, from morn to night,
From night to morn, yet travel with delight,
And having found thee lay me down content,
Own all my toil well paid, my time well spent.

Farewell, ye Muses! too—for such theme
Must not presume to dwell with mighty king
Farewell, ye Muses!—tho' it cuts my hea
Ev'n to the quick, we must for ever part.
When the fresh morn bade lusty Natur
When the birds sweetly twitt'ring thro' th
Tun'd their soft pipes; when from the nei
Sipping the dew, each zephyr stole perfume;
When all things with new vigour were inspi
And seem'd to say they never could be tir
How often have we stray'd, whilst spontive
Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings o
O'er hill, o'er dale! how often laugh'd to
Yourselves made visible to none but me!
The clown, his work suspended, gape and
And seem'd to think that I convers'd with

When the sun, beating on the parched
Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil;
When a faint languor crept thro' ev'ry bre
And things most us'd to labour wish'd fo
How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
Where safe, and fearless of the impious str
Some sacred Dryad liv'd; or in some gro
Where, with capricious fingers, Fancy wo
Her fairy bow'r, whilst Nature all the whil
Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with
Have we held converse sweet! how often
Fast by the Thames, in Ham's inspiring

Amongst those poets which make up your train,
And after death pour forth the sacred strain,
Have I, at your command, in verse grown gray,
But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay
Which might have drawn an angel from his sphere
And kept him from his office list'ning here!
When dreary Night, with Morpheus in her train,
Led on by Silence to resume her reign,
With darkness covering, as with a robe,
This scene of levity, blank'd half the globe,
How oft', enchanted with your heav'nly strains,
Which stole me from myself, which in soft chains
Of music bound my soul, how oft' have I,
Sounds more than human floating thro' the sky,
Attentive sat, whilst Night, against her will,
Transported with the harmony, stood still!
How oft' in raptures, which man scarce could bear,
Have I, when gone, still thought the Muses there,
Still heard their music, and, as mute as death,
Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry breath,
Lest, breathing all too rudely, I should wound
And mar that magic excellence of sound,
Then, sense returning with return of day,
Have chid the night which fled so fast away!
Such my pursuits, and such my joys of yore,
Such were my mates, but now my mates no more.
Flac'd out of Envy's walk (for Envy sure
Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,

Would never stoop to wound my homespun lays)
With some few friends, and some small share of praise,
Beneath oppression, undisturb'd by strife,
In peace I trod the humble vale of life.
Farewell these scenes of ease, this tranquil state;
Welcome the troubles which on empire wait:
Light toys from this day forth I disavow;
They pleas'd me once, but cannot suit me now:
To common men all common things are free,
What honours them might fix disgrace on me.
Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand,
Are all engross'd; each private view withstood,
And task'd to labour for the public good:
Be this my study; to this one great end
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action tend!
Let me the page of history turn o'er,
Th' instructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote
Of former kings; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame; and from the sacred tomb
Where righteous monarchs sleep, where laurels bloom
Unhurt by time, let me a garland twine
Which robbing not their fame may add to mine.
Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er those scenes, and in a hurry fly
Quick as a post which travels day and night;
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by false delight,

into barren theory betray'd,
: that monarchs are for action made.
am'rous Spring, repairing all his charms,
Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,
:, like a virgin to some lecher sold,
wretched months she lay benumb'd and cold;
the weak flow'r, which shrinking from the
rude north, and timorous of death, [breath
kind mother Earth for shelter fled,
n her bosom hid its tender head,
forth afresh, and, cheer'd by milder skies,
ı full splendor all her beauties rise,
ive is up in arms—expert to teach,
roudly, to be taught unwilling, each
from her fellow a new zeal to catch;
th in her limbs, and on her wings dispatch,
:e goes forth; from herb to herb she flies,
low'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs
treasur'd sweets, robbing those flow'rs which,
ot themselves made poorer by the theft, [left,
scents as lively, and their looks as fair,
the pillager had not been there.
doth she flit on pleasure's silken wing;
loth she, loit'ring, let the bloom of Spring
:d pass, and on the downy breast
ne fair flow'r indulge untimely rest:
loth she, drinking deep of those rich dews
ıchymist Night prepar'd, that faith abuse

Due to the hive, and, selfish in her toils,
To her own private use convert the spoils:
Love of the stock first call'd her forth to roam,
And to the stock she brings her booty home.
Be this my pattern—As becomes a king,
Let me fly all abroad on Reason's wing:
Let mine eye, like the lightning, thro' the earth
Run to and fro, nor let one deed of worth,
In any place and time, nor let one man,
Whose actions may enrich dominion's plan,
Escape my note: be all, from the first day
Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.
From those whom Time, at the desire of Fame,
Hath spar'd, let Virtue catch an equal flame:
From those who, not in mercy, but in rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, lesson'd to distil,
And, imitating Heav'n, draw good from ill:
Nor let these great researches in my breast
A monument of useless labour rest:
No—let them spread—th'effects let Gotham share,
And reap the harvest of their monarch's care:
Be other times and other countries known,
Only to give fresh blessings to my own.
Let me, (and may that God to whom I fly,
On whom for needful succour I rely
In this great hour, that glorious God of truth!
Thro' whom I reign, in mercy to my youth

Assist my weakness, and direct me right;
From ev'ry speck which hangs upon the sight
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
To spread the shades of error o'er my brain)
Let me, impartial, with unweary'd thought
Try men and things: let me, as monarchs ought,
Examine well on what my pow'r depends;
What are the gen'ral principles and ends
Of government; how empire first began:
And wherefore man was rais'd to reign o'er man.
Let me consider, as from one great source
We see a thousand rivers take their course,
Dispers'd, and into diff'rent channels led,
Yet by their parent still supplied and fed,
That government, (tho' branch'd out far and wide,
In various modes to various lands apply'd)
Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
In the main groundwork 's ev'ry where the same;
The same her view, tho' different her plan,
Her grand and gen'ral view the good of man.
Let me find out, by reason's sacred beams,
What system in itself most perfect seems,
Most worthy man, most likely to conduce
To all the purposes of gen'ral use:
Let me find too where, by fair reason try'd,
It fails when to particulars apply'd;
Why in that mode all nations do not join,
And chiefly why it cannot suit with mine.

Let me the gradual rise of empires trace,
Till they seem founded on Perfection's base;
Then (for when human things have made their way
To excellence they hasten to decay)
Let me, whilst Observation lends her clue,
Step by step to their quick decline pursue,
Enabled by a chain of facts to tell
Not only how they rose but how they fell.
Let me not only the distempers know
Which in all states from common causes grow,
But likewise those which, by the will of Fate,
On each peculiar mode of empire wait,
Which in its very constitution lurk,
Too sure at last to do its destin'd work:
Let me, forewarn'd, each sign, each system, learn,
That I my people's danger may discern,
Ere 't is too late wish'd health to reassure,
And, if it can be found, find out a cure.
Let me, (tho' great grave brethren of the gown
Preach all faith up, and preach all reason down,
Making those jar whom reason meant to join,
And vesting in themselves a right divine)
Let me thro' reason's glass, with searching eye,
Into the depth of that religion pry
Which law hath sanction'd: let me find out there
What 's form, what 's essence, what, like vagrant air,
We well may change; and what, without a crime,
Cannot be chang'd to the last hour of time:

id and insulting, on their monarch's head; [tread,
:n, whilst they made religion a pretence,
of the world they banish'd common sense;
:n some soft king, too open to deceit,
r and unsuspecting, join'd the cheat,
'd by mock piety, and gave his name
erve the vilest purposes of shame.
not, my People! where no cause of fear
justly rise—your king secures you here;
r king, who scorns the haughty prelate's nod,
deems the voice of priests the voice of God.
:t me, (tho' lawyers may perhaps forbid
r monarch to behold what they wish hid,
for the purposes of knavish gain
ild have their trade a mystery remain)
ne, disdaining all such slavish awe,
to the very bottom of the law;
ne (the weak dead letter left behind)
:h out the principles, the spirit find,
from the parts made master of the whole
the Constitution's very soul.
:t me, (tho' statesmen will no doubt resist,
to my eyes present a fearful list

Of men whose wills are opposite to mine,
Of men, great men! determin'd to resign)
Let me (with firmness, which becomes a king,
Conscious from what a source my actions spring,
Determin'd not by worlds to be withstood,
When my grand object is my country's good)
Unravel all low ministerial scenes,
Destroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,
And trap them step by step; let me well know
How places, pensions, and preferments, go;
Why Guilt's provided for when Worth is not,
And why one man of merit is forgot;
Let me in peace, in war, supreme preside,
And dare to know my way without a guide.
Let me, (tho' Dignity, by nature proud,
Retires from view, and swells behind a cloud,
As if the sun shone with less pow'rful ray,
Less grace, less glory, shining ev'ry day,
Tho' when she comes forth into public sight,
Unbending as a ghost she stalks upright,
With such an air as we have often seen,
And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen,
Nor at her presence tho' base myriads crook
The supple knee, vouchsafes a single look)
Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,
All terrors of dominion laid aside,
All ornament, and needless helps of art,
All those big looks which speak a little heart

Know (which few kings, alas! have ever known)
How affability becomes a throne,
Destroys all fear, bids love with rev'rence live,
And gives those graces pride can never give.
Let the stern tyrant keep a distant state,
And hating all men fear return of hate,
Conscious of guilt retreat behind his throne,
Secure from all upbraidings but his own:
Let all my subjects have access to me;
Be my ears open as my heart is free;
In full fair tide let information flow;
That evil is half cur'd whose cause we know.
And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched thing!
Who art afraid to look up to a king,
Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain,
And if I not redress thee may my reign
Close up that very moment—To prevent
The course of Justice from her fair intent
In vain my nearest dearest friend shall plead,
In vain my mother kneel—My soul may bleed,
But must not change—When Justice draws the dart,
Tho' it is doom'd to pierce a fav'rite's heart,
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim——
I know it duty and I feel it fame.

THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

A SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

WHEN Cupid first instructs his darts to fly
From the sly corner of some cookmaid's eye,
The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new desire
Within him stirs each time she stirs the fire;
Trembling and blushing he the fair one views,
And fain would speak, but cann't—without a Muse.

So to the sacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks to hills and rills proclaims
In simplest notes and all unpolish'd strains,
The loves of nymphs and eke the loves of swains.

Clad as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In rustic weeds—a cookmaid now no more—
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies—
Green moss her couch, her canopy the skies.
From aromatic shrubs the roguish gale
Steals young perfumes, and wafts them thro' the vale:
The youth turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
Fast by her side his am'rous descant plays.

s lowe, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens scream,
he full chorus dies a-down the stream.
streams, with music freighted, as they pass
nt the fair Lardella with a glass,
Zephyr, to complete the love-sick plan,
s his light wings, and serves her for a fan.
t when maturer Judgment takes the lead
e childish toys on Reason's altar bleed;
'd after some great man whose name breeds awe,
se ev'ry sentence fashion makes a law,
on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
founds his merit on our servile fears;
we discard the workings of the heart,
nature 's banish'd by mechanic art:
, deeply read, our reading must be shown;

Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods and trip it o'er our lawns; [Rome
Flow'rs which once flourish'd fair in Greece and
More fair revive, in England's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic suns adorn,
And roses blush, but blush without a thorn;
Landscapes unknown to dowdy Nature rise,
And new creations strike our wond'ring eyes.
For bards like these, who neither sing nor say,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleasure and attun'd to wo,
Who, if plain Commonsense her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at some ghost affrighted, start and stare,
And ask the meaning of her coming there.
For bards like these a wreath shall Mason bring,
Lin'd with the softest down of Folly's wing;
In Love's pagoda shall they ever doze,
And Gisbal kindly rock them to repose;
My Lord*—to letters as to faith most true—
At once their patron and example too—
Shall quaintly fashion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping streams,
Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dress up the tale of wo)

* Lyttelton.

From the green umbrage of some Druid's seat
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.
Me, whom no Muse of heav'nly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers when rash genius fires,
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time,
Who cannot follow where trim Fancy leads,
By prattling streams o'er flow'r-empurpled meads,
Who often, but without success, have pray'd
For apt Alliteration's artful aid,
Who would but cannot, with a master's skill
Coin fine new epithets which mean no ill:
Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
For pacing poesy and ambling wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.
Thou, Nature! art my goddess—to thy law
Myself I dedicate—hence, slavish awe,
Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules
Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools;
Hence those vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hue,
And bring the sober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare
Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear.
Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste
Of toil, which critics now mistake for taste,
Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,
Which art too thinly veil'd forbids to please,

By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) subdu'd,
However plain her dress and 'haviour rude,
To northern climes my happier course I steer,
Climes where the goddess reigns throughout the year,
Where undisturb'd by Art's rebellious plan
She rules the royal laird and faithful clan.
To that rare soil, where virtues clustering grow,
What mighty blessings doth not England owe!
What waggon-loads of courage, wealth, and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence!
To us she gives, disinterested friend!
Faith without fraud, and Stewarts without end.
When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous sons and take a share?
And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,
Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state,
Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the holy Martyr found?
Nor less our debt in science, tho' deny'd
By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the Ramsays, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints as well as t' other wrote:
Thence Home, disbanded from the sons of pray'r
For loving plays, tho' no dull dean was there;
Thence issu'd forth, at great Macpherson's call,
That old, new, epic pastoral Fingal;
Thence Malloch, friend alike of church and state,
Of Christ and Liberty, by grateful Fate

Rais'd to rewards which in a pious reign
All darling infidels should seek in vain;
Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
To this wise Town by simple patrons brought,
In simple manner utter simple lays,
And take with simple pensions simple praise.
Waft me, some Muse, to Tweed's inspiring stream,
Where all the little Loves and Graces dream,
Where, slowly winding, the dull waters creep,
And seem themselves to own the pow'r of sleep,
Where on the surface lead like feathers swims;
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a Syrian bath'd in Jordan's flood,
Wash off my native stains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of English pride,
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a patriot tide.

From solemn thought, which overhangs the brow
Of patriot Care when things are—God knows how;
From nice trim points, where Honour, slave to rule,
In compliment to Folly plays the fool;
From those gay scenes where Mirth exalts his pow'r,
And easy Humour wings the laughing hour;
From those soft better moments when desire
Beats high, and all the world of man 's on fire;
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At Friendship's summons will my Wilkes retreat,
And see, once seen before, that ancient seat,

That ancient seat, where Majesty display'd
Her ensigns long before the world was made!
Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind:
Not dup'd by party, nor Opinion's slave,
Those faculties which bounteous Nature gave
Thy honest spirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the smile nor dreads the frown of kings.
Let rude licentious Englishmen comply
With Tumult's voice, and curse they know not why;
Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile Faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee good humour tempers lively wit,
Enthron'd with Judgment Candour loves to sit,
And Nature gave thee, open to distress,
A heart to pity and a hand to bless.
Oft' have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted, Scot,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or starves at home, or practises, thro' fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.
When scribblers, to the charge by int'rest led,
The fierce North-Briton foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to Candour's call,
And injur'd by one alien rail at all;

On northern Pisgah when they take their stand
To mark the weakness of that Holy Land,
With needless truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public scorn,
Thy gen'rous soul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful but ill-natur'd page.
The Scots are poor, cries surly English pride;
True is the charge, nor by themselves deny'd.
Are they not then in strictest reason clear
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?
If, by low supple arts successful grown,
They sapp'd our vigour to increase their own;
If, mean in want, and insolent in pow'r,
They only fawn'd more surely to devour,
Rous'd by such wrongs should Reason take alarm,
And ev'n the Muse for public safety arm?
But if they own ingenuous Virtue's sway,
And follow where true Honour points the way;
If they revere the hand by which they 're fed,
And bless the donors for their daily bread,
Or, by vast debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful, found;
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become discreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but Justice cannot condemn.
"Into our places, states, and beds, they creep;"
They 've sense to get what we want sense to keep.

Once, be the hour accurs'd! accurs'd the place!
I ventur'd to blaspheme the chosen race.
Into those traps which men, call'd Patriots, laid,
By specious arts unwarily betray'd,
Madly I leagu'd against that sacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth:
But shall I meanly Error's path pursue,
When heav'nly Truth presents her friendly clue?
Once plung'd in ill shall I go farther in?
To make the oath was rash, to keep it sin.
Backward I tread the paths I trode before,
And calm Reflection hates what Passion swore.
Converted, (blessed are the souls which know
Those pleasures which from true conversion flow,
Whether to reason, who now rules my breast,
Or to pure faith, like Lyttelton and West)
Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim
To raise new trophies to the Scottish name,
To make (what can the proudest Muse do more?)
Ev'n Faction's sons her brighter worth adore;
To make her glories, stamp'd with honest rhymes,
In fullest tide roll down to latest times.
"Presumptuous wretch! and shall a Muse like thine,
"An English Muse! the meanest of the Nine,
"Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak strain
"Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane?
"Should he from toils of government retire,
"*And* for a moment fan the poet's fire;

ıld he, of sciences the moral friend,
ı curious each important search suspend,
/e unassisted Hill of herbs to tell,
l all the wonders of a cockleshell,
ing the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
ıld not the Home step forth and gain the prize?
f this wreath of honour might adorn
humble brows of one in England born,
umptuous still thy daring must appear;
ı all thy tow'ring hopes whilst I am here."
ıs spake a form, by silken smile, and tone
nd unvary'd, for the Laureate known,
; chief friend, Decorum's eldest son,
·y party found, and yet of none.
iry substance, this substantial shade,
'd I heard, and with respect obey'd.
m themes too lofty for a bard so mean
tion beckons to an humbler scene;
estless fever of ambition laid,
I retire, and seek the sylvan shade.
x the Muse disrob'd of all her pride,
the glare of verse by truth supply'd,
plain Nature pours a simple strain,
ı Bute may praise and Ossian not disdain,
ı! sublimest simplest bard of all,
ı English infidels Macpherson call,
round my head shall Honour's ensigns wave,
ensions mark me for a willing slave.

rds except as birds of passage flew;
e was known to hum, no dove to coo:
eams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
seen to glide, or heard to warble here:
ion's spring, which thro' the country ran,
h'd with bitter draughts the steady clan:
w'rs embalm'd the air but one White Rose,
on the tenth of June by instinct blows,
tinct blows at morn, and when the shades
zzly eve prevail by instinct fades.
, and but one, poor solitary cave,
paring of her favours, Nature gave;
ine alone (hard tax on Scottish pride!)
at once for man and beast supply'd.
snares without entangling briers spread,
istles, arm'd against the invader's head,
n close ranks, all entrance to oppose,
es! now held more precious than the Rose.
atures which, on Nature's earliest plan,
form'd to loathe and to be loath'd by man,
ow'd their birth to nastiness and spite,
to touch, and hateful to the sight;
res, which when admitted in the ark
saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
place within. Marking her noisome road
oison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad;
webs were spread of more than common size,
ill-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd flies:

In quest of food efts strove in vain to crawl;
Slugs pinch'd with hunger smear'd the slimy wall;
The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And Famine, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.

Here, for the sullen sky was overcast,
And summer shrunk beneath a wintry blast,
A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked swains.
The boys for shelter made a behind the sheep,
Of which those shepherds every day take keep,
Sickly crept on, and, with complainings rude,
On Nature seem'd to call and bleat for food.

JOCKEY. Sith to this cave by tempest we're come,
And within ken our flocks, under the wind, [fix'd
Safe from the pelting of this per'lous storm,
Are laid emong yon' thistles, dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by shepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
What if we tune some merry roundelay?
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

SAWNEY. Ah! Jockey, ill advisest thou, I wis,
To think of songs at such a time as this:
Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth.

Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.
JOCKEY. Still have I known thee for a silly swain;
Of things past help what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer Fortune's spite;
No sky is heavy if the heart be light:
Patience is sorrow's salve: what cann't be cur'd,
So Donald right areeds, must be endur'd.
SAWNEY. Full silly swain, I wot, is Jockey now;
How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,
When with a foreign loon she stole away,
Didst thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Apply'd those proverbs which you now apply?
JOCKEY. O she was bonny! all the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found?
More precious (tho' that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we Brimstone call,
Or that choice plant, so grateful to the nose,
Which in I know not what far-country grows,
Was Maggy unto me: dear do I rue
A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.
SAWNEY. Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
Thro' all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Curs'd be that year by ev'ry honest Scot,
And in the shepherds kalendar forgot,
That fatal year, when Jamie, hapless swain!
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain:

Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled,
Was seiz'd, and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

JOCKEY. Full sorely may we all lament that day,
For all were losers in the deadly fray;
Five brothers had I on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets dy'd.
Ah! silly swains! to follow war's alarms,
Ah! what hath shepherd's life to do with arms!

SAWNEY. Mention it not—There saw I strangers
In all the honours of our ravish'd Plaid;
Saw the Ferrara, too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side.
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay;
Bless'd those which fell! curs'd those which still sur-
To mourn Fifteen renew'd in Forty-five.

Thus plain'd the boys, when from her throne of
With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which in life's corrupted well
Mix'd at the birth not abstinence could quell,
Pale Famine rear'd the head; her eager eyes,
Where hunger ev'n to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start!
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell.

With double rows of useless teeth supply'd,
Her mouth from ear to ear extended wide,
Which when for want of food her entrails pin'd
She op'd, and, cursing, swallow'd nought but wind:
All shrivell'd was her skin; and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy sight to hide from human view
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd Plaid she threw.
"Cease," cry'd the goddess, "cease, despairing swains!
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains.
Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial Fortune never deign'd to smile,
Like Nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;
Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves,
Then into bondage by that nation brought
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought,
Whom still with unslak'd hate we view, and still,
The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal Nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life or throw away;
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book,

Branded as traitors, who for love of gold,
Would sell their god, as once their king they sold;
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still;
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promise of a better land:
There, like the sons of Isr'el, having trode
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns:
With some few natives join'd, some pliant few,
Who worship int'rest, and our track pursue;
There shall we, tho' the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owners leave.
For us the earth shall bring forth her increase;
For us the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown:
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And Scotsmen reap what they disdain'd to sow:
For us the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us the rain shall fall, the dew distil:
When to our wishes Nature cannot rise,
Art shall be tax'd to grant us fresh supplies;
His brawny arm shall drudging Labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain;
Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Hers all the toil, and all the profit ours:

For us the oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless travel thro' the deep;
The sail of commerce, for our use unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world;
For us sublimer heights shall science reach;
For us their statesmen plot, their churchmen preach:
Their noblest limbs of counsel we 'll disjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint:
Devouring War, imprison'd in the north,
Shall at our call in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Desolation stalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
He drives impet'ous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall at our bidding quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.
Think not, my sons! that this so bless'd estate
Stands at a distance on the roll of Fate;
Already big with hopes of future sway,
Ev'n from this cave I scent my destin'd prey.
Think not that this dominion o'er a race,
Whose former deeds shall time's last annals grace,
In the rough face of peril must be sought,
And with the lives of thousands dearly bought:
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laughs to scorn the blund'ring hero's heart

Into the snare shall our kind neighbours fall,
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.
When Rome, to prop her sinking empire, bore
Their choicest levies to a foreign shore,
What if we seiz'd, like a destroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood,
Gave an unbounded loose to manly rage,
And, scorning mercy, spar'd nor sex nor age?
When, for our interest too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent possess'd the throne,
What if we strove divisions to foment,
And spread the flames of civil discontent,
Assisted those who 'gainst their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled?
When restless Glory bade her sons advance,
And pitch'd her standard in the fields of France,
What if, disdaining oaths, an empty sound,
By which our nation never shall be bound,
Bravely we taught unmuzzled War to roam
Thro' the weak land, and brought cheap laurels home?
When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
Of law, religion, liberty, and sense,
When they against their lawful monarch rose,
And dar'd the Lord's anointed to oppose,
What if we still rever'd the banish'd race,
And strove the royal vagrants to replace,
With fierce rebellions shook th' unsettled state,
And greatly dar'd, tho' cross'd by partial Fate?

These facts, which might, where wisdom held the
Awake the very stones to bar our way, [sway,
There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an English brain:
Bless'd with that faith which mountains can remove,
First they shall dupes, next saints, last martyrs, prove.
Already is this game of Fate begun
Under the sanction of my darling son;
That son, of nature royal as his name,
Is destin'd to redeem our race from shame:
His boundless pow'r, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked straight;
Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,
And sink the mountain level to the plain.
Discord, whom in a cavern under ground
With massy fetters their late patriot bound,
Where her own flesh the furious hag might tear,
And vent her curses to the vacant air,
Where, that she never might be heard of more,
He planted Loyalty to guard the door,
For better purpose shall our chief release,
Disguise her for a time, and call her Peace.
Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit!
Shall the weak English help themselves to cheat;
To gain our love, with honours shall they grace
The old adherents of the Stewart race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites, are still the same:

To sooth our rage, the temporising brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude;
Against their saviour venom'd falsehoods frame,
And brand with calumny their William's name:
To win our grace (rare argument of wit!)
To our untainted faith shall they commit
(Our faith which, in extremest perils try'd,
Disdain'd and still disdains to change her side)
That sacred Majesty they all approve,
Who most enjoys and best deserves their love."

THE TIMES.

ime hath been, a boyish blushing time,
modesty was scarcely held a crime,
the most wicked had some touch of grace,
embled to meet Virtue face to face;
those who, in the cause of sin grown gray,
rv'd her without grudging day by day,
yet so weak an awkward shame to feel,
rove that glorious service to conceal:
etter bred, and than our sires more wise,
altry narrowness of soul despise,
tue ev'ry mean pretence disclaim,
re our crimes, and glory in our shame.
ie was, ere Temperance had fled the realm,
xury sat guttling at the helm
neal to meal, without one moment's space
'd for bus'ness, or allow'd for grace;
nity had so far conquer'd sense
ke us all wild rivals in expence,
ke one fool strive to outvie another,
'ry coxcomb dress against his brother;
nish'd Industry had left our shores,
abour was by Pride kick'd out of doors;
leness prevail'd sole queen in courts,
y yielded to a rage for sports;

.ch weak mind was with externals caught,
dissipation held the place of thought;
. gambling lords in vice so far were gone
.o cog the die, and bid the sun look on;
Ere a great nation, not less just than free,
Was made a beggar by Economy;
Ere rugged Honesty was out of vogue;
Ere Fashion stamp'd her sanction on the rogue;
Time was that men had conscience, that they made
Scruples to owe what never could be paid.
Was one then found, however high his name,
So far above his fellows damn'd to shame,
Who dar'd abuse and falsify his trust,
Who being great yet dar'd to be unjust?
Shunn'd like a plague, or but at distance view'd,
He walk'd the crowded streets in solitude;
Nor could his rank or station in the land
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
Such rigid maxims (O might such revive
To keep expiring Honesty alive!)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame deny'd,
Not just thro' principle but just thro' pride.
Our times more polish'd wear a diff'rent face;
Debts are an honour, payment a disgrace.
Men of weak minds, high plac'd on folly's list,
May gravely tell us trade cannot subsist,
Nor all those thousands who 're in trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt man and man is once destroy'd.

Why—be it so—we in that point accord,
But what is trade and tradesmen to a lord?
Faber from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradesmen in his ear,
Of tradesmen by his villany betray'd,
And, vainly seeking justice, bankrupts made.
What is 't to Faber? lordly as before
He sits at ease, and lives to ruin more:
Fix'd at his door, as motionless as stone,
Begging, but only begging for their own,
Unheard they stand, or only heard by those,
Those slaves in livery, who mock their woes.
What is 't to Faber? he continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in state.
The helpless widow, wrung with deep despair,
In bitterness of soul pours forth her pray'r,
Hugging her starving babes with streaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the skies.
What is 't to Faber? he stands safe and clear,
Heav'n can commence no legal action here;
And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears
The name of Privilege, 'gainst vulgar awe;
He feels no conscience, and he fears no law.
Nor think, acquainted with small knaves alone,
Who have not shame outliv'd and grace outgrown,
The great world hidden from thy reptile view,
That on such men, to whom contempt is due,

Contempt shall fall, and their vile author's name
Recorded stand thro' all the land of shame.
No—to his porch, like Persians to the sun,
Behold contending crowds of courtiers run;
See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
All sworn to keep his crimes in countenance:
Nor wonder at it—they partake the charge,
As small their conscience and their debts as large.
Propp'd by such clients, and without control
From all that's honest in the human soul;
In grandeur mean, with insolence unjust,
Whilst none but knaves can praise and fools will
Caress'd and courted, Faber seems to stand [trust,
A mighty pillar in a guilty land.
And (a sad truth, to which succeeding times
Will scarce give credit when 't is told in rhymes)
Did not strict Honour with a jealous eye
Watch round the throne, did not true Piety
(Who, link'd with Honour for the noblest ends,
Ranks none but honest men amongst her friends)
Forbid us to be crush'd with such a weight,
He might in time be minister of state.
But why enlarge I on such petty crimes?
They might have shock'd the faith of former times,
But now are held as nothing—We begin
Where our sires ended, and improve in sin;
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice and folly for our sons to do.

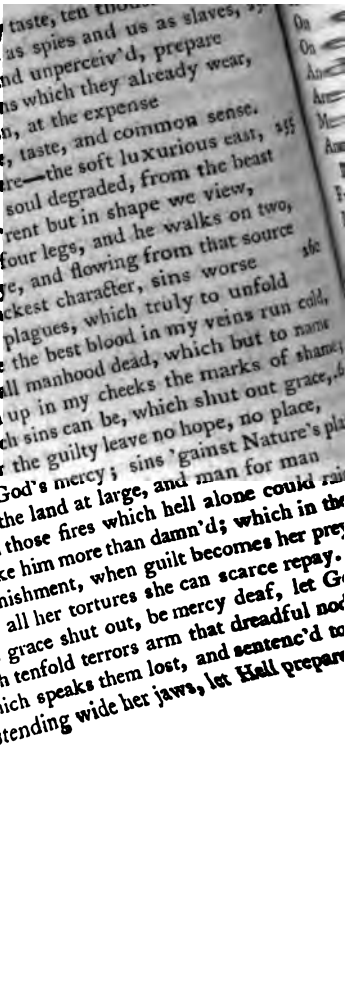
Nor deem this censure hard; there 's not a place
Most consecrate to purposes of grace
Which Vice hath not polluted; none so high,
But with bold pinion she hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleasure; none so low,
But she hath crept into it, made it know
And feel her pow'r: in courts, in camps, she reigns,
O'er sober citizens and simple swains;
Ev'n in our temples she hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.
More to increase the horror of our state,
To make her empire lasting as 'tis great,
To make us, in full-grown perfection, feel
Curses which neither art nor time can heal,
All shame discarded, all remains of pride,
Meanness sits crown'd, and triumphs by her side;
Meanness, who gleans out of the human mind
Those few good seeds which Vice had left behind,
Those seeds which might in time to virtue tend,
And leaves the soul without a pow'r to mend;
Meanness, at sight of whom, with brave disdain,
The breast of Manhood swells, but swells in vain,
Before whom Honour makes a forc'd retreat,
And Freedom is compell'd to quit her seat;
Meanness, which like that mark by bloody Cain
Borne in his forehead for a brother slain,
God in his great and all-subduing rage
Ordains *the standing* mark of this vile age.

The venal hero trucks his fame for gold,
The patriot's virtue for a place is sold;
The statesman bargains for his country's shame,
And for preferment priests their God disclaim.
Worn out with lust, her day of lech'ry o'er,
The mother trains the daughter which she bore
In her own paths; the father aids the plan,
And, when the innocent is ripe for man,
Sells her to some old lecher for a wife,
And makes her an adulteress for life;
Or in the Papers bids his name appear,
And advertises for a L——r.
Husband and wife (whom Av'rice must appl
Agree to save the charge of pimp and bawd
These parts they play themselves, a frugal p
And share the infamy the gain to share,
Well pleas'd to find, when they the profits
That they have play'd the whore and rogu
Nor are these things (which might impl
Of shame still left) transacted in the dar
No—to the public they are open laid,
And carry'd on like any other trade,
Scorning to mince damnation, and too
To work the works of darkness in a cl
In fullest vigour Vice maintains her s
Free are her marts, and open at noon.
Meanness, now wed to Impudence,
In darkness skulks, and trembles,

When the light breaks upon her coward eye,
Boldly she stalks on earth, and to the sky
Lifts her proud head, nor fears lest time abate,
And turn her husband's love to canker'd hate,
Since Fate, to make them more sincerely one,
Hath crown'd their loves with Montague their son;
A son so like his dam, so like his sire,
With all the mother's craft, the father's fire,
An image so express in ev'ry part,
So like in all bad qualities of heart,
That, had they fifty children, he alone
Would stand as heir-apparent to the throne.
With our own island-vices not content,
We rob our neighbours on the continent,
Dance Europe round, and visit ev'ry court,
To ape their follies and their crimes import;
To diff'rent lands for diff'rent sins we roam,
And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home,
Nobly industrious to make Vice appear
In her full state, and perfect only here.
To Holland, where politeness ever reigns,
Where primitive sincerity remains,
And makes a stand; where Freedom in her course
Hath left her name, tho' she hath lost her force
In that as other lands; where simple Trade
Was never in the garb of Fraud array'd;
Where Av'rice never dar'd to shew his head;
Where, like a smiling cherub, Mercy led

By Reason blessed the sweet-blooded race,
And Cruelty could never find a place;
To Holland for that Charity we mean
Which happily begins and ends at home.
France, in return for peace and pow'r restor'd,
For all those countries which the hero's sword
Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown
Into her lap, and made once more her own;
France hath afforded large and rich supplies
Of vanities full trimm'd, of polish'd lies,
Of soothing flatteries, which thro' the ears
Steal to and melt the heart, of slavish fears
Which break the spirit, and of abject fraud—
For which, alas! we need not send abroad.
Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth—
Gives us that jealousy which, born of Fear
And mean Distrust, grows not by Nature here—
Gives us that superstition which pretends
By the worst means to serve the best of ends—
That cruelty which, stranger to the brave,
Dwells only with the coward and the slave,
That cruelty which led her Christian bands
With more than savage rage o'er savage lands
Bade her, without remorse, whole countries thin,
And hold of nought but mercy as a sin.
Italia, nurse of ev'ry softer art,
Who feigning to refine unmans the heart;

Who lays the realms of Sense and Virtue waste;
Who mars whilst she pretends to mend our taste;
Italia, to complete and crown our shame,
Sends us a fiend, and Legion is his name.
The farce of greatness without being great,
Pride without pow'r, titles without estate,
Souls without vigour, bodies without force,
Hate without cause, revenge without remorse,
Dark mean revenge, murder without defence,
Jealousy without love, sound without sense,
Mirth without humour, without wit grimace,
Faith without reason, Gospel without grace,
Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,
Men without manhood, women without heart;
Half-men, who, dry and pithless, are debarr'd
From man's best joys--no sooner made than marr'd--
Half-men, whom many a rich and noble dame,
To serve her lust and yet secure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as we capons feed,
To glut our appetites at last decreed;
Women who dance in postures so obscene,
They might awaken shame in Aretine;
Who, when retir'd from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the mysteries of Night,
Might make the Muses, in a corner plac'd
To view their monstrous lusts, deem Sappho chaste:
These, and a thousand follies rank as these,
A thousand faults, ten thousand fools, who please

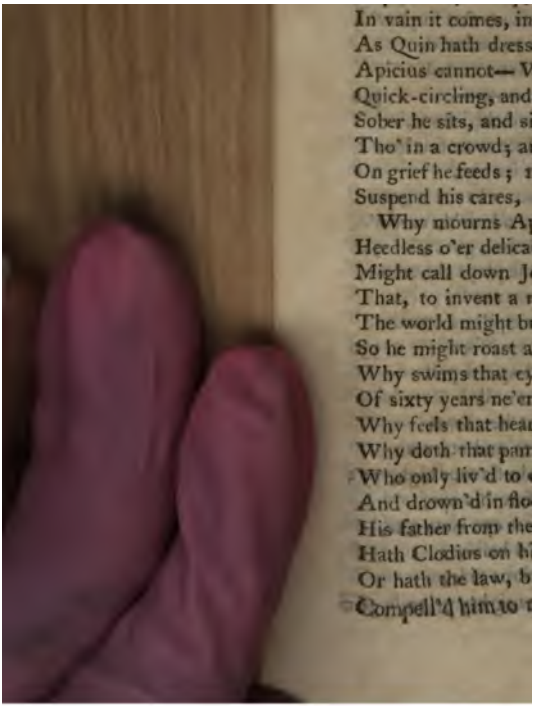


ur pall'd and sickly taste, ten thou
us spies and us as slaves,
Who serve our foes
nd unperceiv'd, prepare
Why by degrees, a
Our necks for chain
s which they already wear,
Madly we entertain, at the expense
Of fame, of virtue, taste, and common sense.
Nor stop we here—the soft luxurious east,
Where man, his soul degraded, from the beast
In nothing diff'rent but in shape we view,
They walk on four legs, and he walks on two,
Attracts our eye, and flowing from that source
Sins of the blackest character, sins worse
Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold
Would make the best blood in my veins run cold,
And strike all manhood dead, which but to name
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of shame;
Sins, if such sins can be, which shut out grace,
Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place,
Ev'n in God's mercy; sins 'gainst Nature's pla
Possess the land at large, and man for man
Burn in those fires which hell alone could rai
To make him more than damn'd; which in the
Of punishment, when guilt becomes her prey
With all her tortures she can scarce repay.
Be grace shut out, be mercy deaf, let G
With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful nod
Which speaks them lost, and sentenc'd to
Distending wide her jaws, let Hell prepare

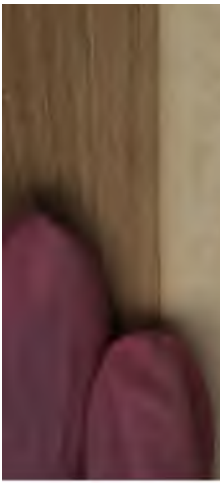
se who thus offend amongst mankind,
ıore fierce, and tortures more refin'd:
h, which groans beneath their monstrous
ı, alas! they meet a different fate; [weight,
ilst the laws, false grace, false mercy, shown,
ght to wear a softness not their own,
om the beasts would spurn, should they appear
st the honest herd, find refuge here.
ınger by vain fear or shame controll'd,
ng, too long, security grown bold,
g rebuke, they brave it in our streets,
ımley ev'n at noon his mistress meets:
ic in their crimes, so daring grown,
most take a pride to have them known,
ch unnat'ral villain scarce endures
ce a secret of his vile amours.
ıe we will, at ev'ry time and place,
confronts and stares us in the face;
ly in public at our very doors,
ce the bread from much more honest whores;
who are mean high paramours secure,
e rich guilty screen the guilty poor;
ı too proud to feel from reason awe,
ose who practise it too great for law.
nan! the pride and happiness of man,
ıt whose soft endearments Nature's plan
ın a blank, and life not worth a thought;
n! by all the Loves and Graces taught,

With softest arts, and sure tho' hidden skill,
To humanize and mould us to her will;
Woman! with more than common grace form'd here,
With the persuasive language of a tear
To melt the rugged temper of our isle,
Or win us to her purpose with a smile;
Woman! by Fate the quickest spur decreed,
The fairest, best, reward of ev'ry deed
Which bears the stamp of honour, at whose name
Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dar'd beyond belief, whilst o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcasses of princes slain,
Confusion proudly strode, whilst Horror blew
The fatal trump, and Death stalk'd full in view;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by,
As having lost its use: no more the eye,
With female beauty caught, in wild amaze
Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;
No more the heart, that seat where Love resides,
Each breath drawn quick and short, in fuller tides
Life posting thro' the veins, each pulse on fire,
And the whole body tingling with desire,
Pants for those charms which Virtue might engage
To break his vow and thaw the frost of Age,
Bidding each trembling nerve, each muscle, strain,
And giving pleasure which is almost pain.
Women are kept for nothing but the breed;
For pleasure we must have a Ganymede,

A fine fresh Hylas, a delicious boy,
To serve our purposes of beastly joy!
Fairest of nymphs where ev'ry nymph is fair,
Whom Nature form'd with more than common care,
With more than common care whom Art improv'd,
And both declar'd most worthy to be lov'd,
——— neglected wanders, whilst a crowd
Pursue and consecrate the steps ———
She, hapless maid! born in a wretched hour,
Wastes life's gay prime in vain, like some fair flow'r
Sweet in its scent, and lively in its hue,
Which withers on the stalk from whence it grew,
And dies uncropp'd; whilst he, admir'd, caress'd,
Belov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome guest,
With brutes of rank and fortune plays the whore,
For this unnat'ral lost a common sew'r.
Dine with Apicius—at his sumpt'ous board
Find all the world of dainties can afford—
And yet (so much distemper'd spirits pall
The sickly appetite) amidst them all
Apicius finds no joy, but whilst he carves
For ev'ry guest the landlord sits and starves.
The forest haunch, fine, fat, in flavour high,
Kept to a moment, smokes before his eye,
But smokes in vain; his heedless eye runs o'er,
And loathes what he had deify'd before:
The turtle, of a great and glorious size,
Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize,



Hath some bold creditor, against his will,
Brought in and forc'd him to discharge a bill
Where eating had no share? hath some vain wench
Run out his wealth and forc'd him to retrench?
Hath any rival glutton got the start,
And beat him in his own luxurious art?
Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay,
Or dress'd old dainties in a newer way?
Hath his cook, worthy to be flain with rods,
Spoil'd a dish fit to entertain the gods?
Or hath some varlet, cross'd by cruel Fate,
Thrown down the price of empires in a plate?
None, none of these—his servants all are try'd,
So sure, they walk on ice and never slide;
His cook, an acquisition made in France,
Might put a Cloe out of countenance;
Nor, tho' old Holles still maintains his stand,
Hath he one rival glutton in the land.
Women are all the objects of his hate;
His debts are all unpaid, and yet his state
In full security and triumph held,
Unless for once a knave should be expell'd:
His wife is still a whore, and in his pow'r,
The woman gone, he still retains the dow'r:
Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
Which mix'd the draught and kindly sent him there)
His father sleeps, and till the last trump shake
The corners of the earth, shall not awake.



Didst thou not mind, too, how
The monstrous lecher, tempted
All other dainties, thither turn'
How he seem'd inly to reproach
Who strove his fix'd attention
And how he wish'd, ev'n at the
Like Janus, to have had a doubl
His cause of grief behold in th
Apicius dotes, and Corydon is
Vain and unthinking stripling
Meets thy too curious eye, and,
Flatt'ring, presents in smiles th
Why dost thou bless the gods w
Blame their large bounties, and
Curse, curse thy beauty, for it
When thy hot lord, to work th
Bids show'rs of gold into thy b
Suspect his gifts, nor the vile g

From 'mongst the herd the fairest and the best
Carefully singled out, and richly drest,
With grandeur mock'd, for sacrifice decreed,
Only in greater pomp at last to bleed.
Be warn'd in time, the threaten'd danger shun,
To stay a moment is to be undone.
What tho', temptation proof, thy virtue shine,
Nor bribes can move nor arts can undermine?
All other methods failing, one resource
Is still behind, and thou must yield to force.
Paint to thyself the horrors of a rape,
Most strongly paint, and whilst thou canst escape:
Mind not his promises—they 're made in sport—
Made to be broke—was he not bred at court?
Trust not his honour, he 's a man of birth;
Attend not to his oaths—they 're made on earth,
Not register'd in heav'n—he mocks at grace,
And in his creed God never found a place—
Look not for Conscience—for he knows her not,
So long a stranger she is quite forgot—
Nor think thyself in law secure and firm—
Thy master is a lord and thou a worm,
A poor mean reptile never meant to think,
Who being well supply'd with meat and drink,
And suffer'd just to crawl from place to place,
Must serve his lusts, and think he does thee grace.
Fly then whilst yet 't is in thy pow'r to fly.
But whither canst thou go? on whom rely

For wish'd protection? Virtue 's sure to meet
An armed host of foes in ev'ry street.
What boots it of Apicius fearful grown,
Headlong to fly into the arms of Stone?
Or why take refuge in the house of pray'r,
If sure to meet with an Apicius there?
Trust not old age, which will thy faith betray;
Saint Socrates is still a goat tho' gray:
Trust not green youth; Florio will scarce go de
And at eighteen hath surfeited the Town:
Trust not to rakes—alas! 't is all pretence—
They take up raking only as a fence
'Gainst common fame—place H—— in thy vi
He keeps one whore as Barrowby kept two:
Trust not to marriage—T—— took a wife,
Who chaste as Dian might have pass'd her life
Had she not, far more prudent in her aim,
(To propagate the honours of his name,
And save expiring titles) taken care,
Without his knowledge, to provide an heir:
Trust not to marriage, in mankind unread;
S——'s a marry'd man, and S—— new wed.
Wouldst thou be safe? society forswear,
Fly to the desert, and seek shelter there;
Herd with the brutes—they follow Nature's pla
There 's not one brute so dangerous as man
In Afric's wilds—'mongst them that refuge fi
Which lust denies thee here among mankind:

Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
Pique thy vain pride on manhood: on all four
Walk, as you see those honest creatures do,
And quite forget that once you walk'd on two.
But if the thoughts of solitude alarm,
And social life hath one remaining charm;
If still thou art to jeopardy decreed
Amongst the monsters of Augusta's breed,
Lay by thy sex thy safety to procure,
Put off the man, from men to live secure;
Go forth a woman to the public view,
And with their garb assume their manners too.
Had the light-footed Greek of Chiron's school
Been wise enough to keep this single rule,
The maudlin hero, like a puling boy
Robb'd of his plaything, on the plains of Troy
Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
And plac'd his minion in his mistress' room.
Be not in this than catamites more nice,
Do that for virtue which they do for vice—
Thus shalt thou pass untainted life's gay bloom,
Thus stand uncourted in the drawing-room;
At midnight thus untempted walk the street,
And run no danger but of being beat.
Where is the mother whose officious zeal,
Discreetly judging what her daughters feel
By what she felt herself in days of yore,
Against that lecher man makes fast the door?

Who not permits, ev'n for the sake of pray'r,
A priest uncastrated to enter there,
Nor (could her wishes and her care prevail)
Would suffer in the house a fly that 's male?
Let her discharge her cares, throw wide her doors,
Her daughters cannot if they would be whores;
Nor can a man be found, as Times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them so.
Tho' they more fresh more lively than the morn,
And brighter than the noonday sun, adorn
The works of Nature; tho' the mother's grace
Revives improv'd in ev'ry daughter's face,
Undisciplin'd in dull Discretion's rules,
Untaught and undebauch'd by boarding-schools,
Free and unguarded let them range the Town,
Go forth at random, and run pleasure down,
Start where she will; discard all taint of fear,
Nor think of danger when no danger 's near,
Watch not their steps—they 're safe without thy care,
Unless, like Jennets, they conceive by air,
And ev'ry one of them may die a nun,
Unless they breed like carrion in the sun.
Men, dead to pleasure as they 're dead to grace,
Against the law of Nature set their face,
The grand primeval law, and seem combin'd
To stop the propagation of mankind.
Vile pathics read the Marriage Act with pride,
And fancy that the law is on their side.

Broke down, and strength a stranger to his bed,
Old L——, tho' yet alive, is dead;
T—— lives no more, or lives not to our isle;
No longer bless'd with a Cz——'s smile;
T—— is at P—— disgrac'd,
And M—— grown gray perforce grows chaste;
Not to the credit of our modest race
Rises one stallion to supply their place.
A maidenhead, which twenty years ago
In mid December the rank fly would blow
Tho' closely kept, now when the Dogstar's heat
Inflames the marrow, in the very street
May lie untouch'd, left for the worms by those
Who daintily pass by and hold their nose.
Poor plain Concupiscence is in disgrace,
And simple Lech'ry dares not show her face,
Lest she be sent to Bridewell: bankrupts made,
To save their fortunes bawds leave off that trade
Which first had left off them; to Well-close Square
Fine fresh young strumpets (for Dodd preaches there)
Throng for subsistence: pimps no longer thrive,
And pensions only keep L—— alive.
Where is the mother who thinks all her pain
And all her jeopardy of travail gain
When a manchild is born, thinks ev'ry pray'r
Paid to the full, and answer'd in an heir?
Shortsighted Woman! little doth she know
What streams of sorrow from that source may flow;

Little suspect, while she surveys her boy,
Her young Narcissus, with an eye of joy
Too full for continence, that Fate could give
Her darling as a curse; that she may live,
Ere sixteen winters their short course have run,
In agonies of soul to curse that son.

Pray then for daughters, ye wise Mothers! pray;
They shall reward your love, not make ye gray
Before your time with sorrow: they shall give
Ages of peace and comfort; whilst ye live
Make life most truly worth your care, and save,
In spite of death, your memories from the grave.
That sense, with more than manly vigour fraught,
That fortitude of soul, that stretch of thought,
That genius great beyond the narrow bound
Of earth's low walk, that judgment perfect found
When wanted most, that purity of taste
Which critics mention by the name of Chaste;
Adorn'd with elegance, that easy flow
Of ready wit which never made a foe;
That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,
Those pow'rs of pleasing, with that will to please,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,
Ev'n from the currish Pope extorted praise,
We see transmitted in her daughter shine,
And view a new Lepel in Caroline.

Is a son born into this world of wo?
In never-ceasing streams let sorrow flow;

Be from that hour the house with sables hung,
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue
Ev'n from the moment that he first began
To wail and whine; let him not see a man:
Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye;
Give him no opportunity to buy,
Or to be bought; B——, tho' rich, was sold,
And gave his body up to shame for gold.
Let it be bruited all about the Town
That he is coarse, indelicate, and brown,
An antidote to lust; his face deep scarr'd
With the small-pox, his body maim'd and marr'd,
Ate up with the king's-evil, and his blood
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
Where dwells corruption, making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running sore.
Shouldst thou report him as by Nature made
He is undone, and by thy praise betray'd:
Give him out fair, lechers, in number more,
More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the door
Of Lot in Sodom, shall to thine repair,
And force a passage tho' a god is there.
Let him not have one servant that is male;
Where lords are baffled servants oft' prevail.
Some vices they propose, to all agree;
H—— was guilty, but was M—— free?
Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,
Rather than trust his morals to a monk——

Monks we all know—we who have liv'd at home
From fair report, and travellers who roam
More feelingly—nor trust him to the gown,
'Tis oft' a covering in this vile Town
For base designs: ourselves have liv'd to see
More than one parson in the pillory.
Should he have brothers, (image to thy view
A scene which, tho' not public made, is true)
Let not one brother be to t' other known,
Nor let his father sit with him alone;
Be all his servants female, young, and fair;
And if the pride of Nature spur thy heir
To deeds of venery, if, hot and wild,
He chance to get some score of maids with c
Chide, but forgive him; whoredom is a crim
Which more at this than any other time
Calls for indulgence, and 'mongst such a
To have a bastard is some sign of grace.
Born in such Times, should I sit tame
Suppress my rage, and saunter thro' the
As one who knew not or who shar'd th
Should I at lesser evils point my rhyme
And let this giant sin, in the full eye
Of Observation, pass unwounded by?
Tho' our meek wives passive obedienc
Patiently bear those wrongs for whic
With the brave spirit of their dams
To plant a dagger in each husband'

To cut off male-increase from this fair isle,
And turn our Thames into another Nile;
Tho' on his Sunday the smug pulpiteer,
Loud 'gainst all other crimes, is silent here,
And thinks himself absolv'd in the pretence
Of decency which, meant for the defence
Of real virtue, and to raise her price,
Becomes an agent for the cause of vice;
Tho' the law sleeps, and thro' the care they take
To drug her well may never more awake;
Born in such Times, nor with that patience curst
Which saints may boast of, I must speak or burst.
But if, too eager in my bold career,
Haply I wound the nice and chaster ear,
If, all unguarded, all too rude, I speak,
And call up blushes in the maiden's cheek,
Forgive, ye Fair!—my real motives view,
And to forgiveness add your praises too.
For you I write—nor wish a better plan,
The cause of woman is most worthy man—
For you I still will write, nor hold my hand
Whilst there 's one slave of Sodom in the land.
Let them fly far, and sculk from place to place,
Not daring to meet Manhood face to face,
Their steps I 'll track, nor yield them one retreat
Where they may hide their heads or rest their feet,
Till God in wrath shall let his vengeance fall,
And make a great example of them all,

INDEPENDENCE.

HAPPY the bard (tho' few such bards we find)
Who 'bove controlment dares to speak his mind,
Dares unabash'd in ev'ry place appear,
And nothing fears but what he ought to fear:
Him Fashion cannot tempt, him abject Need
Cannot compel, him Pride cannot mislead
To be the slave of Greatness, to strike sail
When, sweeping onward with her peacock's tail,
Quality in full plumage passes by;
He views her with a fix'd contemptuous eye,
And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due state,
And is above conversing with the great.
Perish those slaves, those minions of the quill,
Who have conspir'd to seize that sacred hill
Where the Nine Sisters pour a genuine strain,
And sunk the mountain level with the plain;
Who with mean private views and servile art,
No spark of virtue living in their heart,
Have basely turn'd apostates; have debas'd
Their dignity of office; have disgrac'd,
Like Eli's sons, the altars where they stand,
And caus'd their name to stink thro' all the land;
Have stoop'd to prostitute their venal pen
For the support of great but guilty men;

Have made the bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that thing we call a Lord.
What is a Lord? Doth that plain simple word
Contain some magic spell? As soon as heard,
Like an alarum bell on Night's dull ear,
Doth it strike louder, and more strong appear
Than other words? Whether we will or no,
Thro' Reason's court doth it unquestion'd go
Ev'n on the mention, and of course transmit
Notions of something excellent, of wit
Pleasing tho' keen, of humour free tho' chaste,
Of sterling genius with sound judgment grac'd,
Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
And honour which not malice can impeach?
Believe it not—'t was Nature's first intent
Before their rank became their punishment.
They should have pass'd for men, nor blush'd to prize
The blessings she bestow'd—She gave them eyes,
And they could see--she gave them ears--they heard--
The instruments of stirring, and they stirr'd—
Like us, they were design'd to eat, to drink,
To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think;
Till they, by pride corrupted, for the sake
Of singularity disclaim'd that make;
Till they, disdaining Nature's vulgar mode,
Flew off, and struck into another road,
More fitting Quality, and to our view
Came forth a species altogether new,

hing we had not known, or could not know,
ıothing of God's making here below.
: exclaim'd with wonder—Lords are things
ı never made by me were made by kings.
ord (nor let the honest and the brave,
ue old noble, with the fool and knave
ıix his fame; curs'd be that thought of mine
ı with a B— and F— should Grafton join)
d (nor here let Censure rashly call
ıt contempt of some abuse of all,
as of late, when Sodom was my theme,
ır my purpose and my Muse blaspheme,
se she stops not, rapid in her song,
ıke exceptions as she goes along,
well she hopes to find another year
ole Minority exceptions here)
e. mere Lord, with nothing but the name,
h all his worth, and title all his fame,
on another man, himself a blank,
cless he lives, or must some grandsire thank
nuggled honours and ill-gotten pelf;
d owes all to Nature and himself.
ds! how my soul is burnt up with disdain,
I see men, whom Phœbus in his train
: view with pride, lackey the heels of those
n Genius ranks amongst her greatest foes!
hat's the cause? why, these same sons of scorn,
anks to them, were to a title born,

Whilst in a kind of parliament below
Men stare at those above, and want to know
What they're transacting: Reason takes her stand
Just in the midst, a balance in her hand,
Which o'er and o'er she tries, and finds it true;
From either side, conducted full in view,
A man comes forth, of figure strange and queer;
We now and then see something like them here.
The first was meagre, flimsy, void of strength,
But Nature kindly had made up in length
What she in breadth deny'd: erect and proud,
A head and shoulders taller than the crowd,
He deem'd them pigmies all: loose hung his skin
O'er his bare bones: his face so very thin,
So very narrow, and so much beat out,
That physiognomists have made a doubt,
Proportion lost, expression quite forgot,
Whether it could be call'd a face or not:
At end of it howe'er, unbless'd with beard,
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd:
With legs which we might well conceive that Fate
Meant only to support a spider's weight,
Firmly he strove to tread, and with a stride,
Which show'd at once his weakness and his pride,
Shaking himself to pieces, seem'd to cry,
Observe, good People! how I shake the sky.
In his right hand a paper did he hold,
On which at large, in characters of gold,

Distinct and plain for those who run to see;
Saint Archibald had wrote 2, 12, 2, 6.
This with an air of scorn he flung afar
Twirl'd into Reason's scales, and on that bar,
Which from his soul he hated yet admir'd,
Quick turn'd his back, and as he came retir'd,
The judge to all around his name declar'd;
Each goddess titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove stood
And the whole people cry'd, with one accord,
Good Heaven bless us all! is that a Lord?

Such was the first—The second was a man
Whom Nature built on quite a different plan;
A bear whom, from the moment he was born,
His dam despis'd, and left unlick'd in scorn;
A Babel which, the pow'r of art outdone,
She could not finish when she had begun:
An utter Chaos, out of which no might
But that of God could strike one spark of light.

Broad were his shoulders, and from blade to blade
A H—— might at full length have laid;
Vast were his bones, his muscles twisted strong;
His face was short, but broader than 't was long;
His features, tho' by Nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge
And bury meaning, save that we might spy
Sense low'ring on the penthouse of his eye:
His arms were two twin oaks; his legs so stout
That they might bear a Mansion-house about;

Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Design'd by Fate a much less weight to bear.
O'er a brown cassock which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A sight most strange and awkward to behold,
He threw a covering of blue and gold.
Just at that time of life when man by rule,
The fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He started up a fop, and, fond of show,
Look'd like another Hercules turn'd beau.
A subject met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;
Hogarth would draw him (Envy must allow)
Ev'n to the life, was Hogarth living now.
With such accoutrements, with such a form,
Much like a porpoise just before a storm,
Onward he roll'd: a laugh prevail'd around;
Ev'n Jove was seen to simper; at the sound
(Nor was the cause unknown, for from his youth
Himself he studied by the glass of truth)
He join'd their mirth; nor shall the gods condemn
If whilst they laugh'd at him he laugh'd at them.
Judge Reason view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd thro' his soul, and quite forgot his face,
And from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard
Plac'd in her other scale, the name of Bard.
Then, (for she did as judges ought to do,
She nothing of the case beforehand knew,

Nor wish'd to know; she neverstretch'd the laws,
Nor basely to anticipate a cause
Compell'd solicitors, no longer free,
To shew those briefs she had no right to see)
Then she with equal hand her scales held out,
Nor did the cause one moment hang in doubt;
She held her scales out fair to public view,
The Lord, as sparks fly upwards, upwards flew,
More light than air, deceitful in the weight;
The Bard preponderating kept his state;
Reason approv'd, and with a voice, whose sound
Shook earth, shook heaven, on the clearest ground
Pronouncing for the Bards a full decree,
Cry'd—"Those must honour them who honour me;
They from this present day, where'er I reign,
In their own right precedence shall obtain:
Merit rules here; be it enough that birth
Intoxicates and sways the fools of earth."

Nor think that here, in hatred to a lord,
I 've forg'd a tale, or alter'd a record;
Search when you will (I am not now in sport),
You 'll find it register'd in Reason's court.

Nor think that Envy here hath strung my lyre,
That I depreciate what I most admire,
And look on titles with an eye of scorn,
Because I was not to a title born.
By Him that made me I am much more proud,
More inly satisfy'd, to have a crowd

at me as I pass, and cry—" That's [illegible]
r but honest bard, who dares be free
st corruption," than to have a train
k'ring lever slaves to make me [illegible]
ngs I ought to blush for; to [illegible]
ive but in the motion of my eye;
I am less than man my [illegible]
make me think that I am [illegible]
call past times, bring back [illegible]
the great noble born [illegible]
n the face of peril, [illegible]
gs which his legal [illegible]
t well dismesit; [illegible]
extremes [illegible]
knowing [illegible]

A gen'ral blessing wheresoe'er he turn'd,
Patron of learning, nor himself unlearn'd:
Ever awake at Pity's tender call,
A father of the poor, a friend to all;
Recall such times, and from the grave bring back
A worth like this, my heart shall bend or crack,
My stubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
And ev'ry Muse conspire to swell his fame,
Till Envy shall to him that praise allow
Which she cannot deny to Temple now.
This justice claims, nor shall the bard forget,
Delighted with the task, to pay that debt,
To pay it like a man, and in his lays,
Sounding such worth, prove his own right to praise.
But let not Pride and Prejudice misdeem,
And think that empty titles are my theme:
Titles with me are vain and nothing worth;
I rev'rence virtue, but I laugh at birth.
Give me a lord that 's honest, frank, and brave,
I am his friend, but cannot be his slave;
Tho' none indeed but blockheads would pretend
To make a slave where they may make a friend.
I love his virtues, and will make them known,
Confess his rank, but cann't forget my own.
Give me a lord who, to a title born,
Boasts nothing else, I 'll pay him scorn with sc
What! shall my pride (and pride is virtue here)
Tamely make way if such a wretch appear?

all I uncover'd stand, and bend my knee
o such a shadow of nobility,
shred, a remnant? he might rot unknown
or any real merit of his own,
nd never had come forth to public note
ad he not worn by chance his father's coat.
o think a M—— worth my least regards
treason to the majesty of bards.
By Nature form'd (when for her honour's sake
ne something more than common strove to make,
Then, overlooking each minute defect,
nd all too eager to be quite correct,
her full heat and vigour she impress'd
er stamp most strongly on the favour'd breast),
he bard, (nor think too lightly that I mean
hose little piddling witlings who o'erween
f their small parts, the Murphys of the stage,
he Masons and the Whiteheads of the age,
Vho all in raptures their own works rehearse,
nd drawl out measur'd prose which they call Verse)
he real bards, whom native genius fires,
Vhom ev'ry maid of Castaly inspires,
et him consider wherefore he was meant,
et him but answer Nature's great intent,
nd fairly weigh himself with other men,
Vould ne'er debase the glories of his pen,
Vould in full state like a true monarch live,
Nor bate one inch of his prerogative.

Methinks I see old Wingate frowning here,
(Wingate may in the season be a cyder,
Tho' now, against his will, of figures sick,
He's forc'd to diet on arithmetic,
Ev'n whilst he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,
Who cries old clothes to sell about the streets)
Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
His Tyburn bob turn'd to a dress'd bag wig)
I hear him cry—"What doth this jargon mean?
Was ever such a damn'd dull blockhead seen?
Majesty—Bard—Prerogative—Disdain
Hath got into and turn'd the fellow's brain:
To Bethlem with him—give him whips and stripes—
I'm very sensible he's mad in law.
A saucy groom, who trades in reason, thus
To set himself upon a par with us!
If this here's suffer'd, and if that there fool
May when he pleases send us all to school,
Why, then our only bus'ness is outright
To take our caps and bid the world good night.
I've kept a bard myself these twenty years,
But nothing of this kind in him appears;
He, like a thorough true-bred spaniel, licks
The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which kicks;
He fetches and he carries, blacks my shoes,
Nor thinks it a discredit to his Muse:
A creature of the right chameleon hue,
He wears my colours, yellow or true blue,

Just as I wear them: 't is all one to him
Whether I change thro' conscience or thro' whim.
Now this is something like; on such a plan
A bard may find a friend in a great man;
But this proud coxcomb—Zounds! I thought that all
Of this queer tribe had been like my old Paul."
Injurious thought! accursed be the tongue
On which the vile insinuation hung,
The heart where 't was engender'd! curs'd be those,
Those bards, who not themselves alone expose,
But me, but all, and make the very name
By which they 're call'd a standing mark of shame!
Talk not of custom—'t is the coward's plea,
Current with fools, but passes not with me;
An old stale trick, which Guilt hath often try'd
By numbers to o'erpow'r the better side.
Why tell me then that from the birth of Rhyme,
No matter when, down to the present time,
As by th' original decree of Fate,
Bards have protection sought amongst the great;
Conscious of weakness have apply'd to them
As vines to elms, and twining round their stem
Flourish'd on high? to gain this wish'd support
Ev'n Virgil to Mecænas paid his court.
As to the custom, 't is a point agreed,
But 't was a foolish diffidence, not need,
From which it rose; had bards but truly known
That strength which is most properly their own,

Without a lord, unpropp'd, th
And overtopp'd those giants o
But why, when present time
Must I go back to the Augus
Why, anxious for the living,
Into the mansions of the ancie
Can they find patrons no whe
And must I seek Mecænas in
Name but a Wingate, twenty
Start up, and from report Mec
Under his colours lords are pro
Forgetting that Mecænas was
They mention him, as if to us
Was in some measure to partal
Tho' Virgil, was he living, in
Might rot for them, or perish
See how they redden and the ch
Virgil, and in The Fleet—for
Hence, ye vain Boasters! to T
And ask, with blushes ask, if
Patrons in days of yore wer
Were men of taste, and had a
To rule in letters—some of th
To read off hand, and never
Some of them, too, to such a n
Was learning risen, for them
And kept their secretaries, as
Do many other foolish thing

Our patrons are of quite a diff'rent strain,
With neither sense nor taste; against the grain
They patronize for fashion's sake—no more—
And keep a bard just as they keep a whore.
M———— (on such occasion I am loth
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled ev'n to read,
Nor could deserve their clergy by their creed:
Others can write, but such a Pagan hand,
A Willes should always at our elbow stand:
Many, if begg'd, a chancellor of right
Would order into keeping at first sight.
Those who stand fairest to the public view
Take to themselves the praise to others due,
They rob the very 'spital, and make free
With those, alas! who 've least to spare—We see
———— hath not had a word to say
Since winds and waves bore Singlespeech away.
Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,
Expected that the bard should make his bow
At coming in, and ev'ry now and then
Hint to the world that they were more than men;
But, like the patrons of the present day,
They never bilk'd the poet of his pay.
Virgil lov'd rural ease, and, far from harm,
Mecænas fix'd him in a neat snug farm,
Where he might free from trouble pass his days
In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.

Horace lov'd wine, and thro' his friend at court
Could buy it off the key in ev'ry port:
Horace lov'd mirth, Mecænas lov'd it too;
They met, they laugh'd, as Gray and I may do,
Nor in those moments paid the least regard
To which was minister and which was bard.

Not so our patrons—grave as grave can be,
They know themselves, they keep up dignity.
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
That men of fortune rank with men of wit:
Wit if familiar made will find her strength—
'Tis best to keep her weak and at arm's length.
'Tis well enough for bards if patrons give,
From hand to mouth, the scanty means to live.
Such is their language, and their practice such;
They promise little, and they give not much.
Let the weak bard, with prostituted strain,
Praise that proud Scot whom all good men disdain;
What 's his reward? why, his own fame undone,
He may obtain a patent for the run
Of his lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
With offal fed, to court the cook in rhyme;
Or (if he strives true patriots to disgrace)
May at the second table get a place,
With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,
And play at crambo o'er his gill of wine.

And are there bards who, on Creation's file,
Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair isle

The air of freedom, with so little gall,
So low a spirit, prostrate thus to fall
Before these idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a stone?
Better and much more noble to abjure
The sight of men, and in some cave, secure
From all the outrages of Pride, to feast
On Nature's sallads, and be free at least.
Better, (tho' that, to say the truth, is worse
Than almost any other modern curse)
Discard all sense, divorce the thankless Muse,
Critics commence, and write in the Reviews;
Write without tremor; Griffiths * cannot read;
No fool can fail where Langhorne can succeed.
But (not to make a brave and honest pride
Try those means first she must disdain when try'd)
There are a thousand ways, a thousand arts,
By which, and fairly, men of real parts
May gain a living, gain what Nature craves;
Let those who pine for more live and be slaves.
Our real wants in a small compass lie,
But lawless appetite with eager eye,
Kept in a constant fever, more requires,
And we are burnt up with our own desires.
Hence our dependence, hence our slav'ry, springs:
Bards if contented are as great as kings.

* Publisher of The Monthly Review.

Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill;
We may be independent if we will.
The man who suits his spirit to his state
Stands on an equal footing with the great:
Moguls themselves are not more rich, and he
Who rules the English nation not more free.
Chains were not forg'd more durable and strong
For bards than others, but they 've worn them long,
And therefore wear them still; they 've quite forgot
What freedom is, and therefore prize her not.
Could they, tho' in their sleep, could they but know
The blessings which from Independence flow;
Could they but have a short and transient gleam
Of liberty, tho' 't was but in a dream,
They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
But once made freemen would be always free.
The Muse, if she one moment freedom gains,
Can never more submit to sing in chains.
Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
The bird repays his keeper with his song;
But if some playful child sets wide the door
Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,
With love of liberty begins to burn,
And rather starves than to his cage return.
Hail, Independence!—by true reason taught
How few have known and priz'd thee as they ought!
Some give thee up for riot; some, like boys,
Resign thee in their childish moods for toys;

mbition some, some avarice, misleads,
nd in both cases Independence bleeds.
broad in quest of thee how many roam,
or know they had thee in their reach at home!
me, tho' about their paths, their beds about,
ave never had the sense to find thee out:
:hers, who know of what they are possest,
ke fearful misers lock thee in a chest,
or have the resolution to produce,
, these bad times, and bring thee forth for use.
ail, Independence!—tho' thy name's scarce known,
ho' thou, alas! art out of fashion grown,
ho' all despise thee, I will not despise,
or live one moment longer than I prize
hy presence, and enjoy. By angry Fate [late,
ow'd down, and almost crush'd, thou cam'st, tho'
hou cam'st upon me like a second birth,
nd made me know what life was truly worth.
ail, Independence! never may my cot,
ill I forget thee, be by thee forgot:
hither, O thither! oftentimes repair;
otes, whom thou lovest too, shall meet thee there:
il thoughts but what arise from joy give o'er;
ace dwells within, and Law shall guard the door.
O'erweening Bard! Law guard thy door! what law?
he law of England—To control and awe
hose saucy hopes, to strike that spirit dumb,
ehold in state Administration come!

Why, let her come, in all her terrors too;
I dare to suffer all she dares to do.
I know her malice well, and know her pride,
I know her strength, but will not change my side.
This melting mass of flesh she may control
With iron ribs, she cannot chain my soul.
No—to the last resolv'd her worst to bear,
I 'm still at large, and independent there.
Where is this minister? where is the band
Of ready slaves who at his elbow stand
To hear and to perform his wicked will?
Why for the first time are they slow to ill?
When some grand act 'gainst law is to be done
Doth —— sleep? doth blood-hound —— run
To L——, and worry those small deer,
When he might do more precious mischief here?
Doth —— turn tail? doth he refuse to draw
Illegal warrants, and to call them Law?
Doth —— at G——d kick'd, from G——d run,
With that cold lump of unbak'd dough his son,
And, his more honest rival Ketch to cheat,
Purchase a burial-place where three ways meet?
Believe it not; —— is —— still,
And never sleeps when he should wake to ill:
—— doth lesser mischiefs, by the by,
The great ones till the term in petto lie:
—— lives, and, to the strictest justice true,
Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due.

O my poor Country!—weak, and overpower'd
By thine own sons—ate to the bone—devour'd
By vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,
With unavailing grief thy wrongs I see,
And for myself not feeling feel for thee.
I grieve, but cann't despair—for, lo! at hand
Freedom presents a choice but faithful band
Of loyal patriots; men who greatly dare
In such a noble cause: men fit to bear
The weight of empires; Fortune, Rank, and Sense,
Virtue and Knowledge, leagu'd with Eloquence,
March in their ranks; Freedom from file to file
Darts her delighted eye, and with a smile
Approves her honest sons, whilst down her cheek,
As 't were by stealth (her heart too full to speak),
One tear in silence creeps, one honest tear,
And seems to say, Why is not Granby here?
O ye brave Few! in whom we still may find
A love of virtue, freedom, and mankind,
Go forth—in majesty of wo array'd,
See! at your feet your Country kneels for aid,
And (many of her children traitors grown)
Kneels to those sons she still can call her own;
Seeming to breathe her last in ev'ry breath,
She kneels for freedom, or she begs for death—
Fly then each duteous son, each English chief,
And to your drooping parent bring relief.

Go forth—nor let the Siren voice of Ease
Tempt ye to sleep whilst tempests swell the seas;
Go forth—nor let Hypocrisy, whose tongue
With many a fair, false, fatal art is hung,
Like Bethel's fawning prophet, cross your way,
When your great errand brooks not of delay;
Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all she meets,
Trembling and pale—A lion in the streets—
Damp your free spirits; let not threats affright,
Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight.
Be as one man—Concord success ensures—
There 's not an English heart but what is yours.
Go forth—and Virtue, ever in your sight,
Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
Go forth—the champions of your native land,
And may the battle prosper in your hand—
It may, it must—ye cannot be withstood—
Be your hearts honest as your cause is good.

HE POETRY PROFESSORS *.

D England has not lost her pray'r,
l George the Good has got an heir;
oyal babe, a Prince of Wales;
oets! I pity all your nails—
at reams of paper will be spoil'd,
at graduses be daily soil'd,
nky fingers, greasy thumbs,
ıting the word that never comes!
ow academics pump their wits,
l lash in vain their lazy tits;
ain they whip, and lash, and spur,
callous jades will never stir,
can they reach Parnassus' hill,
ev'ry method which they will:
, should the tits get on for once,
ı rider is so grave a dunce
t, as I 've heard good judges say,
s ten to one they 'd lose their way;
' not one wit bestrides the back
outhful drudge, ycleped Hack,
fine-bred things of mettled blood,
'd from Apollo's royal stud,

* This poem was not published in Churchill's name, but mitted by many to be his, and therefore it was thought er to annex it to this edition of his Works.

Greek, Roman, nay, Arabian steeds,
Or those our mother-country breeds.
Some ride ye in and ride ye out,
And to come home go round about,
Nor on the green sward nor the road,
And that I think they call an Ode:
Some take the pleasant country air,
And smack their whips and drive a pair.
Each horse with bells which chink and chime,
And so they march—and that is rhyme:
Some copy with prodigious skill
The figures of a butter bill,
Which with great folks of erudition
Shall pass for Coptic or Phœnician;
While some, as patriot love prevails,
To compliment a Prince of Wales,
Salute the royal babe in Welsh,
And send forth gutt'rals like a belch.
What pretty things imagination
Will fritter out in adulation!
The Pagan gods shall visit earth
To triumph in a Christian's birth,
While Classic poets, pure and chaste,
Of trim and academic taste,
Shall lug them in by head and shoulders,
To be or speakers or beholders.
Mars shall present him with a lance
To humble Spain and conquer France;

The Graces, buxom, blithe, and gay,
Shall at his cradle dance the Hay;
And Venus with her train of Loves
Shall bring a thousand pair of doves
To bill, to coo, to whine, to squeak,
Thro' all the dialects of Greek.
How many swains of Classic breed
Shall deftly tune their oaten reed,
And bring their Doric nymphs to Town,
To sing their measures up and down,
In notes alternate, clear, and sweet,
Like ballad-singers in a street!
While those who grasp at reputation,
From imitating imitation,
Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
From precious fragments in the Greek,
And rob the 'spital and the waste
For sense, and sentiment, and taste.
What Latin hodge podge, Grecian hash,
With Hebrew roots and English trash,
Shall academic cooks produce
For present show and future use!
Fellows who 've soak'd away their knowledge
In sleepy residence at college,
Whose lives are like a stagnant pool,
Muddy and placid, dull and cool,
Mere drinking, eating, eating, drinking,
With no impertinence of thinking;

Who lack no farther erudition
Than just to set an imposition,
To cramp, demolish, and dispirit,
Each true-begotten child of Merit;
Censors who, in the day's broad light,
Punish the vice they act at night;
Whose charity with self begins,
Nor covers others venial sins;
But that their feet may safely tread
Take up hypocrisy instead,
As knowing that must always hide
A multitude of sins beside;
Whose rusty wit is at a stand
Without a fresh man at their hand,
(Whose service must of course create
The just return of sevenfold hate)
Lord! that such good and useful men
Should ever turn to books agen!
  Yet matter must be gravely plann'd,
And syllables on fingers scann'd,
And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
Till Lady Muse is gone to bed;
What hunting, changing, toiling, sweating,
To bring the useful epithet in!
  Where the crampt measure kindly shows
It will be verse but should be prose;
So when 't is neither light nor dark,
To 'prentice spruce or lawyer's clerk,

The nymph who takes her nightly stand
At some sly corner in the Strand,
Plump in the chest, tight in the boddice,
Seems to the eye a perfect goddess,
But canvass'd more minutely o'er,
Turns out an old, stale, batter'd, whore.
Yet must these sons of gowned ease,
Proud of the plumage of degrees,
Forsake their apathy awhile,
To figure in the Roman style,
And offer incense at the shrine
Of Latin poetry divine.
Upon the throne the goddess sits,
Surrounded by her bulky wits;
Fabricius, Cooper, Calepine,
Ainsworthus, Faber, Constantine,
And he who like Dodona spoke,
De sacra quercu, Holyoak;
These are her counsellors of state,
Men of much words, and wits of weight.
Here Gradus, full of phrases clever,
Lord of her treasury for ever,
With lib'ral hand his bounty deals,
Sir Cento Keeper of the Seals.
Next to the person of the queen
Old Madam Prosody is seen,
Talking incessant, altho' dumb,
Upon her fingers to her thumb.

And all around her portraits hung
Of heroes in the Latin tongue,
Italian, English, German, French,
Who most laboriously intrench
In deep parade of language dead,
What would not in their own be said
Without impeachment of that taste
Which Latin idiom turns to chaste.
Santolius here, whose flippant muse
Sought refuge in a Roman cloke,
With dull Commirius at his side,
In all the pomp of Jesuit pride,
Menage the pedant figur'd there,
A trifler with a solemn air;
And there, in loose unseemly view,
The graceless easy Loveling too.

'Tis here grave poets urge their claim
For some thin blast of tiny fame;
Here bind their temples drunk with praise,
With half a sprig of wither'd bays.

O Poet! if that honour'd name
Befits such idle childish aim,
If Virgil ask thy sacred care,
If Horace charm thee, oh! forbear
To spoil, with sacrilegious hand,
The glories of the Classic land,
Nor sow thy dowlas on the satin
Of their pure uncorrupted Latin.

etter be native in thy verse——
/hat is Fingal but genuine Erse?
/hich all sublime sonorous flows,
ike Hervey's Thoughts, in drunken prose.
Hail, Scotland! hail! to thee belong
ll pow'rs, but most the pow'rs of song;
/hether the rude unpolish'd Erse
alk in the buckram prose or verse,
r Bonny Ramsay plesse thee mo',
/ho sang sae sweetly a' his wo.
aught, and say who knows so well?
he secondsighted Muse can tell,
he happy lairds shall laugh and sing
/hen England's Genius droops his wing;
› shall thy soil new wealth disclose,
› thy own Thistle choke the Rose.
But what comes here? methinks I see
. walking university.
e how they press to cross the Tweed,
nd strain their limbs with eager speed!
/hile Scotland, from her fertile shore,
ries, "On, my sons! return no more."
Hither they haste with willing mind,
or cast one longing look behind,
n ten-toe carriage to salute
he King and Queen and Earl of Bute.
› more the gallant northern sons
›out forth their strings of Latin puns,

Nor course all languages to frame
The quibble suited to their name,
As when their ancestors bevers'd
That glorious Stewart James The First,
But with that elocution's grace,
That Oriental flashy lace,
Which the fam'd Irish Tommy Puff
Would sow on sentimental stuff,
'Twang with a sweet pronunciation
The flow'rs of bold imagination.
Macpherson leads the flaming van,
Laird of the new Fingalian clan,
While Jacky Home brings up the rear,
With new-got pension, neat and clear,
Three hundred English pounds a-year,
While sister Peg, our ancient friend,
Sends Macs and Donalds without end:
To George a while they tune their lays,
Then all their choral voices raise
To heap their panegyric wit on
Th' illustrious chief and our North Briton.
Hail to the Thane whose patriot skill
Can break all nations to his will!
Master of sciences and arts,
Mecænas to all men of parts,
Whose fost'ring hand and ready wit
Shall find us all in places fit;

So shall thy friends no longer roam,
But change to meet a settled home.
Hail, mighty Thane! for Scotland born,
To fill her almost empty horn;
Hail to thy ancient glorious stem,
Not they from kings, but kings from them!

The six following lines are not inserted in any former edition of Mr. Churchill's works, though well known to be written by him.

PROUD Buckingham, for law too mighty grown,
A patriot dagger prob'd, and from the throne
Sever'd its minion. In succeeding times
May all those fav'rites who adopt his crimes
Partake his fate, and ev'ry Villiers feel
The keen deep searchings of a Felton's steel!

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THE END.

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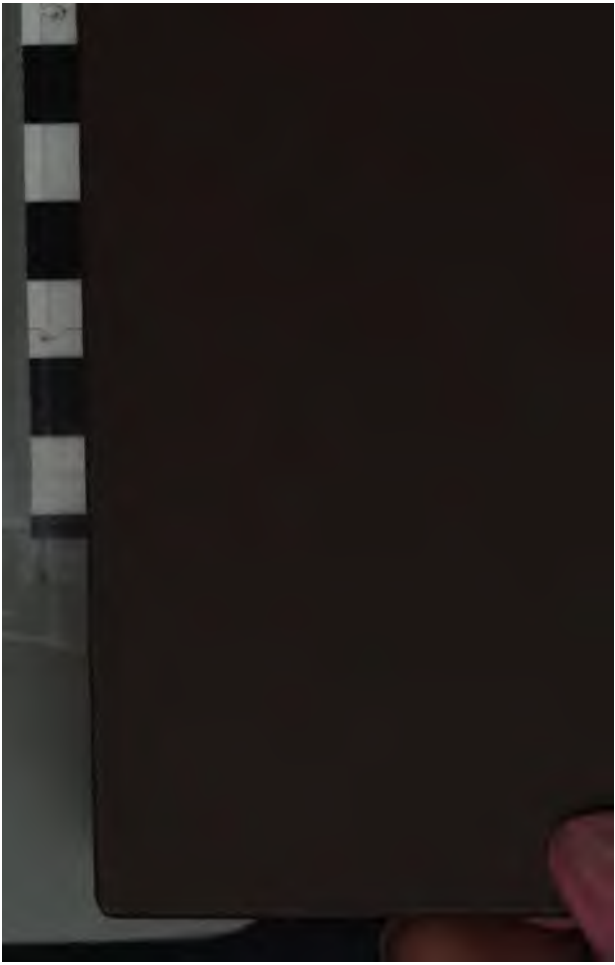
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